Hawaii
OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

BY
JOHN R. MUSICK

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HAWAII...

OUR NEW POSSESSIONS

AN ACCOUNT OF TRAVELS AND ADVENTURE, WITH SKETCHES OF THE SCENERY, CUSTOMS AND MANNERS, MYTHOLOGY AND HISTORY OF HAWAII TO THE PRESENT, AND AN APPENDIX CONTAINING THE TREATY OF ANNEXATION TO THE UNITED STATES.

BY
JOHN R. MUSICK
AUTHOR OF THE "COLUMBIAN HISTORICAL NOVELS"

Illustrated

With Fifty-six Full Page Plates, Containing Over One Hundred Half-Tone Reproductions from Photographs, with Border Decorations by PHILIP E. FLINTOFF and Thirty-four Pen Sketches by FREELAND A. CARTER

ALSO A MAP OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

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PREFACE

THO many books have been written about the Hawaiian Islands, no American volume has appeared since the recent change in the order of things there. With all that has been published in books and the columns of the newspapers about Hawaii, people in our Eastern and Middle States know comparatively little about the country. That there exists in the world a place where

"No chilling winds, nor poisonous breath"

can come, may seem impossible. And yet this is true of Hawaii, for there are no poisonous reptiles or insects, and few poisonous plants in the whole group of islands. The delightful climate, the unsurpassable scenery, the healthfulness and beauty of these islands entitle them to the name of Paradise of the Pacific. They are also of great agricultural and commercial importance. The interchange of commerce between the islands and this country is valued at fifteen million dollars per annum, and could be increased to seventy-five millions, or perhaps a hundred. Only one fourth of the agricultural lands of the islands are

in cultivation. There are about one hundred thousand inhabitants on the islands, while they are capable of supporting in comfort half a million or more.

While they lack the historical interest of Southern Europe, they are said to surpass it in natural scenery. Small as they are, the greatest active volcano in the world is on one of them. Here is also found the crater of the greatest extinct volcano in the world. The people are not savages, and nowhere is life and property more safe. Under the new social and political order of things Hawaii has taken a new start in the world; her relations to the United States will be closer in the future than they have been in the past, and it is a fitting time that our people should learn more of their history, industries, and mode of living.

I made a journey to each of the islands, visited every point of interest on them, and have endeavored to give a truthful and unbiased representation of the country, its industries, resources, and history. Like all countries the islands have a story, and like all stories this one has two sides; I heard both, and selected what to me seems most reliable.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness for information used in this volume to Prof. W. D. Alexander, Professor Lyons, Mr. H. M. Whitney, Mr. Thomas G. Thrum, Dr. C. T. Rodgers, Mr. L. D. Timmons

of *The Star*, also to *The Pacific Commercial Advertiser* and *Evening Bulletin* of Honolulu, and to Mr. Sereno Bishop, one of the oldest missionaries on the island.

Trusting this new candidate for public favor may meet with the success of preceding volumes from the same pen, it is now given to the world.

JOHN R. MUSICK.

KIRKSVILLE, MO., September 1, 1897.

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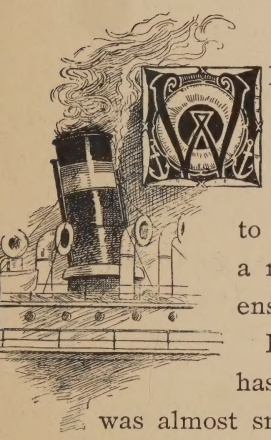
HAWAII

CHAPTER I

HONOLULU



WE had crossed a stormy sea. There had been gales, fogs, accidents, and illness, but after a long tempestuous voyage we awoke early one morning to find our good ship *Australia* entering a new harbor, while a new world still enshrouded in darkness lay before us.

It was still dark when I awoke and hastened to the upper deck. The sea was almost smooth, and a gentle breeze was wafting us toward land. Groping my way to the seat just before the main skylight, I sat down and tried to pierce the darkness with eyes still heavy from sleep. For a while I thought myself the only passenger on deck, but I was mistaken, for as the gray tints of dawn began to spread over the surface of the now tranquil waters I made out the form of a man. It was the priest, Father Pamphile de Veus-

ter, on his way to give his life service to the lepers on dread Molokai. No doubt he had come on deck, that in the darkness and silence he might offer up one more prayer to God before he left the outside world to dwell among the afflicted and unclean. That venerable man had spent nearly the entire voyage on the upper deck. Rarely did the wind blow so hard or the waves roll so high as to keep him below. With his breviary and rosary, he could be seen at nearly all hours seated on one of the stationary benches engaged in his devotions.

As day dawned, and the dark outlines of the silent priest became more and more distinct, a murmur of voices arose from below. The passengers were hurriedly tumbling out of their berths and dressing. Two bells struck shortly after I reached the deck, and a few minutes later Senator Waterhouse of Honolulu, who was regarded as an authority on the islands, came up and said we were approaching Oahu.

"Molokai is just off our larboard, and as soon as it is light enough you can see it," he declared. "We were within three miles of it last night, but it was so dark, and the coast so dangerous, that the captain put about and stood out to sea instead of entering the channel."

In a little while we saw what seemed misty-looking clouds in the distance, which we were assured were the mountains of Molokai. It was at first quite diffi-

cult to distinguish between the dimly outlined mountain ranges and the clouds which hovered about them. When it had grown a little lighter Oahu could be seen ahead of us. First we discerned a long needle-like point of land called Kualoa Point, and then Mukapu Point, between which and Koko Head lies the Waimanalo valley. Vessels approaching the islands are first seen from this valley, and their arrival telephoned to Honolulu.

The shadows melted away as we glided over the summer sea, and a hundred pairs of anxious eyes drank in the beautiful scene.

> "Land ahead, its fruits are waving
> O'er the hills of fadeless green—"

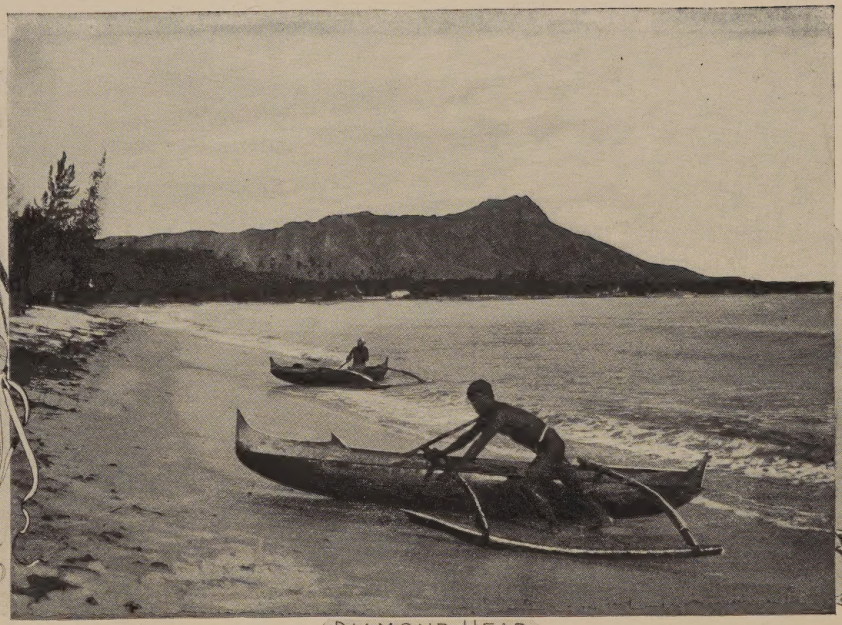
The outline of mountain peaks and low-lying beach, against which the restless surf eternally dashed, seemed at first a dream, but anon dawned into a glorious reality. Nearer and nearer to that fairyland our bark glided, until the high rocky promontories, cloud-capped and sky-piercing, became boldly outlined. A pale-blue mist lay on the hills and in the valley, giving to them a softness no painter's brush can imitate. As we approached the island, the hills and mountains underwent continual changes. First the blue mists, growing golden along the lines where the rays of the rising sun fell, were gradually tinted with a deeper red, until the sun burst in fiery

splendor on the whole magnificent scene. Along the sides of those hills, red with the glory of the morning glow, there appeared faint streaks of emerald which deepened in richness, until by the aid of our glasses we could see hills and mountains clothed with verdure to their very summits.

Soon we were near enough to see fields of waving cane in the valley. Tho the valley comprises many thousands of acres, when first seen from the sea it does not look to be more than a hundred square yards in area. Like flakes of snow the houses could be seen nestling among the orange groves, waving palms, or algarobas, while down nearer to the beach the tall coconuts with their umbrella-like tops, towered above all. A school of dolphins and a cloud of flying-fish attracted the attention of the passengers.

"Rabbit Island" next came in view. It lies near the shore, and from the ship seems a long barren rock. This is an island of historic interest, as it is the place from which the arms were landed in January, 1895, when the rebels attempted to overthrow the young republic. Koko Head, an extinct volcano, was passed, and beyond it lay Diamond Head. We were told that when we passed that point we should be able to see the bay of Honolulu.

Diamond Head, like some mighty sphinx or lion couchant, guarding the approach to an earthly paradise, was next approached. It is an extinct volcano,



DIAMOND HEAD.

and, properly fortified, would be the Gibraltar of the Pacific.

Our vessel glided around the mountain sentry, and the Pearl of the Pacific, Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands, burst on our view. What Havana is to the West Indies and New York to the United States, Honolulu is to the island republic. Snuggling at the foot of wondrously picturesque hills which rise abruptly into a continuous range of dark-blue background, lapped by the waves of a perpetual summer sea, the city, as seen from the outside reef, is very beautiful in its setting. The balmy air, the dark outlying hills, the abundant vegetation, the emerald green at the harbor bar, the softness and depth of the blue skies, and the gorgeous sunshine bathing all the landscape with glory, greeted us with tropical welcome.

The long low shore, extending from Diamond Head to the city, lay on our right. Tall coconuts, waving palms, date-trees, and banana plantations, with the far receding hills of unfading green, and a hundred little nooks in which the warm light loves to dwell, formed an enchanting scene.

The pilot boat, at first a mere speck, drew rapidly nearer to us, growing larger as it advanced until it was alongside the *Australia*. It brought not only the pilot, but members of the Board of Health. Our detention was of short duration. The investigation of

the health officers was only formal, and then the pilot, taking charge of the wheel, steered the storm-beaten *Australia* toward her dock.

The United States cruiser *Bennington* was the only war-ship in the harbor at this time; there were, however, a number of other vessels, giving to the city the appearance of a seaport town. Native canoes—long slender boats each hollowed from a tree, having a round keel, and supported by a sort of a runner-like outrigger to keep it from capsizing—were darting over the harbor. Many of the natives were amusing themselves with toy ships, which with sails set were gliding over the water, while their proud owners watched them from their little boats. The *Australia* being an old acquaintance was greeted with shouts and cheers of welcome; while some of the native boats ran alongside of us, and their occupants climbed on board. When our ship came to the dock, it seemed as if the whole town had turned out to meet us. A cloud of dark faces, with only a white one here and there to break the monotony, appeared on the wharf. Continuous shouts and yells arose from the crowd, and when the gangplank was thrown out there was a rush from below, which drove back all who attempted to land. After one or two ineffectual attempts to go ashore, I threw myself into a steamer-chair, with such resignation as I was capable of, and listened to the unintelligible clatter going on about me.

But all things must have an end, and after the first ebullitions of joy at meeting friends, the throng began to flow back to the dock, and swarm about the custom-house officers in a far corner. I followed in the wake of the crowd, and soon came upon a dark-skinned official who demanded the privilege of ransacking my luggage. The inspection over, I boarded a hack, the native driver cracked his whip, and we drove out from under the great shed to the street. The first street-view of Honolulu shocked me. The street was fairly well filled with lady equestrians, of all shades from snowy white to sooty, riding astride. In *pau* or divided skirts they mounted horses masculine fashion, and dashed along in a manner that was quite astounding to a "*haole*" (foreigner).

I was driven through a gate into a delightful lawn or garden, and up to the door of the hotel. Alighting, I stepped upon the *lanai*, or piazza, where the landlady came and turned me over to the tender mercies of a pair of Japanese girls, who carried my luggage and conducted me to my apartment. My room was large and sunny. A large window opened on the porch to the west, from which one had an excellent view of the great inner court surrounded by cottages. That inner court was a veritable flower-garden, park, and tennis-court combined. Altho we

were approaching the winter season, the whole gorgeous scene was bathed in the sunlight of June. The traveler from the north is struck with the peculiarity of the houses of the tropics. They are without any means of heating. None save the cook-houses ever have a stove, furnace, or chimney.

Tho Honolulu is a tropical town in every respect, it is impossible for one to be on shore an hour without realizing that, after all, the controlling forces in this wonderful land are not tropical but American. Wherever there is directing energy, organizing power, enterprise, or action, there one will find the American or Americanized European. Americanism predominates in the intelligent and ruling spirits of the island. This is shown in a hundred ways. The republic was declared on the Fourth of July in order that the day might be doubly endeared to the hearts of the American people. Almost as much interest is manifested here in the affairs of the United States as in the States themselves. Candidates for the Presidency of the United States are always voted upon in Honolulu, as if Hawaii was a part of this government. At the election held in Honolulu on November 3, 1896, McKinley carried the city over Bryan by a considerable majority. The American is chief in business and politics. He is in the church, the school, the counting-room, on the railroad and steamer, at the drydock and foundry,

HONOLULU, FROM PUNCH BOWL.

at the lumber-yard, at the mill and towboat. He is on the wharf when you land, on the street as you pass, at the hotel when you register. Nothing goes on successfully without him. He fills teeth, cuts hair, mends shoes, builds houses, sells furniture, medicines, drugs, and hardware. In fact, you rub up against him everywhere, at least where there is evidence of combined intelligence and progress.

Such is the American who has made his home in this land of sunshine. Tho he fully retains his race characteristics, and walks and sits beneath the palms and gorgeous flowering trees as he would beneath the elms and oaks of his native land, seeming indeed to be a foreigner in the presence of this unique vegetation, yet he is its author, having made Honolulu what it is by his thrift and enterprise. He has introduced foreign plants and encouraged their growth. When the white man came, Honolulu was a treeless, sandy plain, with a fringe of coconuts along the shore. The Honolulu of to-day is the creation of the foreigner, the result of his handiwork. You will find English, Spanish, Germans, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, South Sea Islanders, and representatives of nearly every nation in the city, but the American element predominates in intelligence and influence.

The whites of Hawaii seem to have imbibed some of the better qualities of the natives, chief of which is hospitality. The stranger is here received with a

Southern warmth, and no pains spared to make him feel at home.

Honolulu dates its existence as a town from 1816. Before this date it was a mere fishing-village. At the time mentioned there were several white men on the islands, whose romantic careers rival that of Captain John Smith. Among them was a man named Young, who had been taken from an American vessel, the *Eleanor*, and another sailor, a mate on the schooner *The Fair American*, who had been captured by the king, Kamehameha. The captain and the crew of *The Fair American* were killed by the savages, but Kamehameha spared Young and Davis because they were expert in the use of firearms. When all the islands had been brought under control of Kamehameha, John Young was made governor of Hawaii, the largest island of the group.

Young was a man of more than ordinary ability. He became a true subject of Kamehameha, and his successor to the throne. In 1815 he advised the erection of a fort at Honolulu, to command the harbor. He was given full power to direct this construction, and early in January, 1816, the fort was begun, and completed the same year. This fort was nearly square, measuring between three and four hundred feet on a side, with walls about twelve feet high and twenty feet thick. It was built of hard rock, and embrasured for cannon. It stood on the seaward side of

what is now Queen Street, and across the lower part of Fort Street. About forty guns—six-, eight-, and twelve-pounders—were afterward mounted, and the fort placed under command of Captain Beckley.

In November, 1820, the king moved his court to Honolulu, Mr. Thurston and his wife, two pioneer missionaries, accompanying him. Ever since, Honolulu has been the seat of government for the islands and has grown to a city of about thirty thousand.

CHAPTER II

Waikiki and the Pali

Street scenes in Honolulu are varied, beautiful, and picturesque. The streets are narrow, and, when it rains, muddy and disagreeable. The rains are so warm that, even tho one becomes drenched, he feels little discomfort. In some parts of the city it may rain every day for weeks at a time, while not two hundred yards away not a drop falls. Nuuanu Valley is noted for its continued showers. A rain-cloud can nearly always be seen hovering at the head of the valley against the mountain-side. Nuuanu Avenue is often visited by showers, tho the remainder of the city may be bathed in sunshine. The constant rain in this valley has given rise to a joke. It is said that a gentleman who lived at the upper end of the avenue, which takes its name from the valley, trying to direct a stranger to his house, said:

"Go up Nuuanu Avenue to the second shower, turn to the right, and the third house is mine!"

Simultaneous rain and sunshine has given to the Sandwich Islands the name of the "Land of Rainbows," certainly very appropriate, for there was

scarcely a day when I was on the islands that I did not see a rainbow, while the beautiful phenomenon of lunar rainbows is also common.

Honolulu has that air of quiet and repose after dark common to tropical towns. The traveler from the Northern latitude is struck at the shortness of twilight in the tropics. This peculiarity is explained by the fact that the motion of the earth upon its axis is about two hundred miles per hour faster in the tropics than in the latitude of the Northern United States. When the sun sets it is dark; there is no after-glow; business houses are closed, and a peaceful quiet pervades the place. The Sabbaths are observed with Puritanic strictness, appropriate to the land of missionaries.

There are no professional beggars in the city; at least I neither saw nor heard of any; the blind boy of Hilo, a familiar object, comes nearest to being one of any person I saw, yet he would scorn to be called a beggar. He is sometimes called the blind whistler. He carries a bag about his shoulder in which are a number of bamboo whistles of various sizes, and it is said he can imitate the whistle of any steamer that comes to the harbor. For the amusement he affords on the street corners, he expects the bystanders to contribute a nickel or dime.

As structures, the residences of Honolulu are not usually imposing or grand, but the tropical trees,

shrubs, and plants with which they are surrounded give to them a charm that more than makes up for their lack of architectural beauty. The most beautiful tree that grows is the royal palm, which in the Sandwich Islands reaches its highest perfection. Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, in her "Around the World with the White Ribbon," says:

"The royal palm, combining the beauty of architecture in its perfectly symmetrical, highly polished, and beautifully colored columnar trunks, with the swaying grace of its long plume-like leaves, easily takes a place second to none in the vegetable world."

There are few lawns in the city in which the palm does not grow. The Hawaiian, especially of American ancestry, devotes particular care to his lawns and gardens. The approach to the house is usually between two rows of bright-leaved shrubs, well trimmed and dotted with flowers, while beyond either side of these hedgerows is a veritable flower-garden and tropical forest, such as no painter's brush can reproduce on canvas. Leaves of crimson, emerald, and gold, the tall cactus often reaching the height of twenty or more feet, the broad-leaved banana, and flowers of every hue, make the lawns look like fairy-land. Oranges, dates, and figs grow in the gardens. The banyan, the tree-fern, and a hundred other varieties are found in profusion. As a rule the American has adopted the Southern fashion of building houses.

NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS.

Instead of having one grand imposing structure, his home is a cluster of cottages. The great family parlor is one house, next in order is the guest-house, the cook-house, and spare cottages, all tasty and neat, snuggled like a hamlet in green bowers and blooming plants. After all, it is not the houses that attract the attention of the visitor, but the rubber-trees, the banyan, the bamboo, the litchee, the avocado, the mango, the brilliant and gaudy bougainvillia, the prolific plumeria, the night-blooming cereus, and bright and attractive crotons and oleanders. During the heat of the day the houses have a deserted look, for there are so many shady nooks and cool, inviting retreats in the garden that one does not care to stay in a house.

The most popular resort of the people of Oahu is the famous Waikiki—(Wy-kee-keé), the accent being on the last syllable. Waikiki is the seaside and pleasure-resort of the island. It is the Long Branch of Honolulu, its Brighton or Trouville. There are a number of private residences, picturesque-looking bungalows and cottages, but all airy, comfortable, and close to the murmuring sea. A beautiful grove of towering coconut-trees adds to the tropical charm of the place. The southern portion of this grove used to be a favorite abode of the kings of Oahu before the conquest of the island, and after that event it belonged to the family of Kameha-

meha the conqueror. Bath-houses that equal those in Long Branch are found here, and sea-bathing in January is as pleasant as in July. There is no clearer water, no finer beach, no smoother bottom in any of the many famous watering-places than are found at Waikiki. The sharks, sometimes dangerous in the South, are seldom or never seen within the reef at this place.

Everybody who goes to Honolulu must see Waikiki. I had not been in the city a week before I was induced to pay a visit to the famous Sans Souci—the house at Waikiki which had sheltered Robert Louis Stevenson. Boarding one of the plain, airy cars drawn by a span of lazy mules, one afternoon, I made the journey at an easy gait. Such a trip is full of interest. From the open car one gazes out upon the quaint houses, some European, some Oriental, and others on the American plan. A cosmopolitan people are to be seen upon the streets. I observed that mine was the only white face in the car. The Chinese and Hawaiians predominated, but there was a sprinkling of Japs among the people. At one of the cross-streets we stopped to pick up a white gentleman, who seemed a plain, unassuming business man.

On out into the suburbs we were whirled, with the sea on one side, the great banana plantations on the other. The half-mile bridge, an old plantation, two very beautiful and picturesque spots, lay on our

left, and a romantic forest beyond. Innumerable native huts, with half-naked children running about them, were on either side. Far out to sea was a native canoe with three fishermen in it. The day was fine; the blue sea, clear sky, and balmy breeze made existence delightful. I soon became engaged in conversation with the white passenger, whose name was Thomas E. Evans, and who gave me considerable information, pointing out the historic points as we passed them. He lived at the famous house Sans Souci, and invited me to go there with him, which I gladly consented to do. Mr. Evans had been a great favorite with the kings and queens of Hawaii, and is a rank royalist. His wife at one time was one of the queen's maids of honor. The manager of the place showed me the room, which had been occupied by Robert Louis Stevenson, the famous author, whose "Dr. Jeykl and Mr. Hyde" has been read by all the English-speaking world. He described Mr. Stevenson as a small, nervous man, a cigarette and opium fiend. He said he could be quite sociable when he was in the mood, but at times was irritable.

After a bath in the famous bathing-place, Mr. Evans and I returned to the lanai to rest and talk. He gave me his reasons for being a royalist.

"The kings and queens have always treated me well," he said. "All I have I owe to them, and I will never go back on a friend."

"Are you the man who worked up the lottery scheme?" I asked, remembering that a person named Evans was mixed up with the plan.

"Yes, I am the originator of that unholy enterprise," he answered with a smile.

"What was the object?"

"To raise money for the Government," he replied. "There is a great deal of sentimental talk about lotteries, but money is sent out of the country every year for them, and we had just as well have one at home. I went to Chicago and made arrangements with a syndicate of capitalists there. They were to give us $500,000 per annum for the franchise for twenty-five years. It was our plan immediately to put in a subsidy of $100,000 per year for a cable, connecting the islands with San Francisco; $100,000 per annum was to go to build the Oahu Railroad around the islands; $25,000 per annum was to go toward the encouragement of tourists' travel; $75,000 per annum was to go to roads and bridges, and $125,000 to the opening of Pearl Harbor. All these subsidies were to continue for twenty-five years."

Mr. Evans did not state what was to become of the remaining $75,000 per annum, but it was no doubt to go to the firm in remuneration for wear and tear of conscience.

"Had not the Government been overthrown,"

Mr. Evans continued, "I would have had a good thing."

I remained at Sans Souci until a late hour, then walked down the broad beautiful beach road to the end of the street-car line, waited until a car came, and returned to the city.

Next day I climbed the gorgeous Punch Bowl, that kisses the deep blue sky flecked with airy clouds on the *mauka* side of the city. But here let me pause to explain what is meant by the *mauka* and *makai* side of the city. These two terms are indispensable in Hawaii. *Mauka* means toward the mountain, and *makai* toward the sea. The islands are more or less circular in form with mountains in the interior, consequently from any given point the direction toward the interior is *mauka*, while the opposite is *makai*, or toward the sea. Neither whites nor natives know much of the points of the compass. At Honolulu they have the *mauka* side and *makai* side, and Waikiki side and Ewa side. I once inquired of a gentleman where a certain business house was, and he answered:

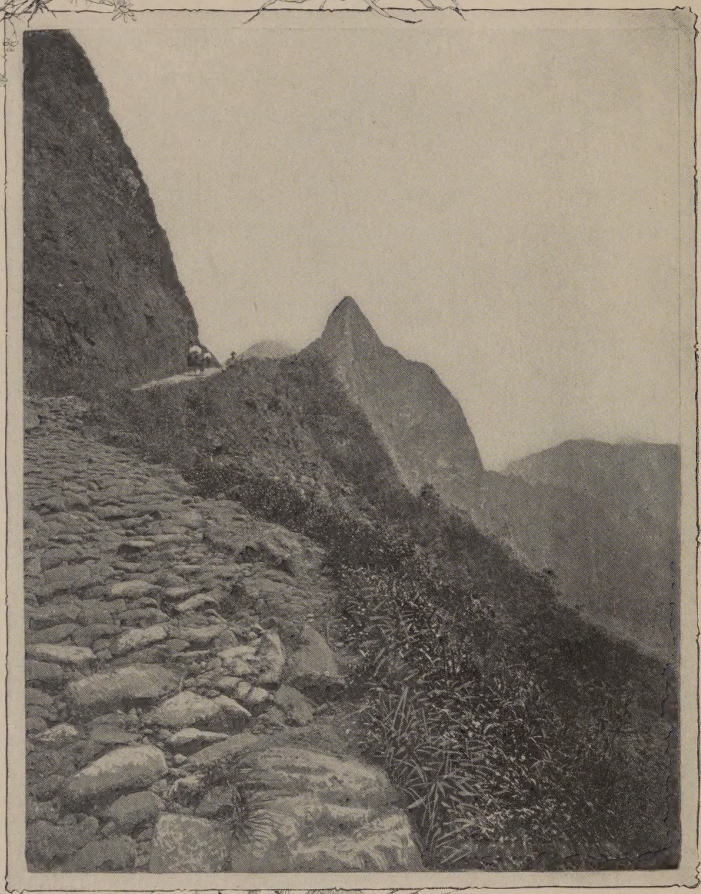
"It is on the *mauka* side of Hotel street, *Waikiki* of fort."

When I asked him to translate his language into the cardinal points of the compass, he smiled and answered:

"We don't know much about the points of the compass here."

He was not jesting with me, for the native terms for directions are so much more convenient than those elsewhere used, that the points of the compass are sadly neglected. I have been informed that even in the conveyances of land the terms *mauka* and *makai* often appear in the title-deeds.

It was a mild, warm day, like summer, when I started maukaward to climb Punch Bowl. The music of the minas, the plantive note of the ringdoves, and the soft languid air, seemed to warn me against such an undertaking, but we all grow reckless sometimes. There is a path quite easy to ascend if one is so lucky as to find it, but unfortunately I missed it, and forced my way through the lantana, tearing my clothes and scratching my hands severely. The ascent, which I supposed would take but a few minutes, occupied an hour and a half. Reeking with perspiration and panting for breath, I at last reached the summit, and a glorious view was spread out below me. Honolulu with all her quaint, picturesque, and beautiful houses and splendid tropical foliage lay at my feet, while beyond lay the harbor and shipping, and still farther out the reefs and the white-crested foam of the beach-combers. Punch Bowl could be fortified, and aided by the Gibraltar, Diamond Head, defy the fleets of the world. After an hour on the mountain-top, enjoying the cool breeze and delightful



PALI PASS.
NEAR HONOLULU.

scenery, I descended, taking care to find the path, thus avoiding the lantana.

More important than Waikiki or Punch Bowl is the historic Pali. Every tourist to the islands visits this famous pass. Accompanied by a young schoolmaster, mounted like myself on one of the tough little island ponies, I started a few mornings later up the mountain side to visit it. Nuuanu valley lay before us, and beyond it the mountains, on the brows of which the clouds eternally rest. Leaving the city we entered a broad, well-beaten road. The ascent is gradual but continual until it reaches the top of the pass, where there is a perpendicular bluff on one side. We had not been long on the way before we saw a cloud of dust approaching, which proved to be raised by a pack of donkeys in charge of two Chinamen. The donkeys were small, insignificant, little creatures with shaggy coats and dull eyes. They were loaded with rice for the Honolulu markets. These little animals are sometimes made to carry three hundred pounds up steep ascents, along narrow ledges, and over mountains, where a single false step would precipitate them to certain death on the sharp rocks hundreds of feet below.

Our road wound through plains of grass and forests of guava. The journey was by no means a lonely one. We met scores of pedestrians, herds of pack-donkeys and horsemen, some singly and some in

groups of from six to a score. Nearly all of them were the gregarious Orientals, who are seldom seen singly. We came upon one of these nomadic parties evidently changing their abode. A Chinaman carried a pole on his shoulder, to the ends of which were attached his worldly effects, and they were not inconsiderable either. On one end of his pole was a valise, an oil stove, and some cooking utensils; on the other a bag of rice and several live chickens. The fowls were in a bag which had holes cut in it to let their heads through.

There were many native houses along the road. At a stream of water was a native woman washing clothing on a large flat rock. She knelt bare-legged on the rock, dipped the clothes in the water and rubbed them over the rough stone. Clothing may be washed clean in this manner, but it will require an extraordinary garment to stand many such rubbings.

The road wound up a valley, with a forest on either side of us. In the deep shades of perennial green the natives dwell, most of them in houses of wood, but within the recesses of those forests the grass huts may still be found. On either side of our road there were the different products of Hawaiian agriculture, patches of taro, a handsome tropical plant, with large leaves of bright tender green. Each plant was growing on a small hillock, with water around it. There

were fields green with pineapples, their sharp bristling spines seeming to defy intrusion. There were beautiful vegetable gardens in which the Chinamen not only raise pineapples, yams, and rice, but melons, pumpkins, sweet corn, sweet potatoes, and other products of the tropics and the temperate zone. In patches of surpassing neatness were strawberries, which ripen all the year round, peas, carrots, turnips, asparagus, lettuce, and celery. The Victorian eucalyptus, gaunt and straggling, is one of the features of the vegetable world of the Hawaiian Islands. Almost everywhere may be seen the lantana, growing like a wall or hedge up to the road. This beautiful delicate hothouse flower of the north becomes here the enemy of mankind. Tho a thing of beauty, lantana is by no means a joy forever. It grows everywhere, on the mountain or in the valley. Cut it down, and it seems as if every joint will take root; dig it up and still it will grow; some even say that if you burn it, Phœnix-like it will rise triumphant from the flames. The Hawaiian Islands are in far more danger of being conquered by lantana than by filibusters. A lover of the beautiful is apt, at sight of those banks of flowers of vermilion and gold, to go into ecstasies, but after having torn his clothes and lacerated his skin in making his way through one of the thickets he loses his enthusiasm.

Just as we left the city we passed the royal mausoleum, the last resting-place of royalty. Nearly three miles from the town is the electric-light plant, and a little beyond are the two reservoirs which furnish a portion of the water for the city. The higher one ascends into the valley, the grander the scenery becomes, the deeper the tangled wildwood, and the cooler the atmosphere. The gentle sloping sides of the lower valley become lofty precipices, on which the ferns, ti, and creeping plants gain a precarious roothold. At the upper end, the valley opens out into a magnificent amphitheater, and then gradually contracts until it is only a narrow gap at the highest point. Through this pass the wind was roaring at a furious rate, so as to almost sweep us from our horses.

A small house, or lookout station, has been erected near the top, from which the ocean on either side of the island can be seen. Riding to this station we fastened our horses, and walked to the highest portion of the pass, and gazed through the mountain gap to the sea beyond. Up to the pass the road is broad and tolerably smooth. A wall of stone almost as high as one's breast has been built along the west side of the pass. The Pali affords a magnificent view, unequaled in wildness, grandeur, and rich coloring. On the opposite side from Honolulu, the road takes

an abrupt turn to the right, and, after hugging the towering precipice for a short distance, plunges down the steep in a winding, zigzag manner to the plain below, about one and a half miles distant. On each side of the rugged path tower lofty peaks, while stretching away to the northwest is a continuous wall of fern-covered rock and frowning precipices, ending in a striking headland, Kualoa, which closes the view at the north.

Long we stood in the mighty rushing wind, gazing on the wondrous fairyland on either side. Far, far below was a vast rolling country, dotted with sugar- and rice-plantations, affording the brilliant green of growing crops and the russet brown of newly plowed fields, with the wild shades of the hou forests strangely contrasting with it all. Two villages were in sight in that strange new world that had just burst on our view, Kaneohe and Meia. The spires of churches and schoolhouses could be plainly seen, while at the last-named place the sugar-mill and a group of plantation-houses gave it the appearance of a brisk little town. The island of Mokolii, which is a mere rock, on which a few coconuts grow, is plainly visible from the pass.

Numerous fish-ponds may be seen along the sweep of the magnificent sea-coast. The fish are grown and fattened for food in these ponds, which are enclosed by walls of stone, built out in the shallow water

of the bay, with openings through which the tide comes in. A reef at either end guards the wide mouth of the bay. On this the surf of the ocean, which stretches its unbroken breadth to the western shores of America, forever thunders.

The Pali is historic ground. Here the last battle was fought by which Oahu lost its independence, and Kamehameha, that Hawaiian Napoleon, completed the subjugation of the islands. This battle was fought a hundred years ago, when the Hawaiian group composed of eight islands was divided among a number of petty chieftains. Kamehameha determined to unite them under one head. By the aid of white men, two of the most noted of whom were Young and Davis, and with the cannon and muskets taken from American vessels, he succeeded. Oahu was the last stronghold taken. The king of the island occupied the present site of Honolulu when Kamehameha attacked him and drove his army up the Nuuanu valley. The last stand was made at the Pali, the pass we have been describing. Here Kamehameha's army literally cut the enemy to pieces. The king of Oahu evidently possessed little military skill, or he would never have permitted himself to be caught in such a trap. Hundreds of his men were hurled over the fearful precipice more than five hundred feet high, and crushed on the rocks below. The bones of many still lie among the rocks and jungles that have grown

about them, hiding the ghastly skeletons from the beholder.

The view from the Pali is beyond the power of pen to describe. The blue sea, the fairy glens, the gray mountains rising to four thousand feet, with an ocean on each side stretching away thousands of miles, while on the right great dark walls of stone, from the damp sides of which the water trickled, towered into the sky. What scene could be more sublime! Groups of Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese, constantly passing and repassing over the Pali like restless insects, swarmed along the way. The more wealthy had donkeys to carry their burdens, but many were bearing their goods on their own shoulders.

At last, wearied with the sublime and beautiful, we went back to our horses, mounted and returned to the city.

CHAPTER III

Society in Honolulu

When I made some inquiry of a Honolulu business man about the society of the city, he answered with an ironical laugh:

"Why, we have no society in Honolulu. We are so mixed up with Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Siamese, Kanakas, and nobody knows what else, that we can't tell what we are, where we belong, or who is who!"

"But you have churches?"

"Churches be ——" he answered with a contemptuous sneer. "They don't make society. Some of our greatest frauds are in the churches," and he highly seasoned his last remark with a brimstone adjective.

One could see at first glance that my informant was an agnostic. He was not in sympathy with the present rulers of the islands, whom he denominated a missionary government, with a few more sulfurous adjectives in evidence of his sincerity.

"Now, my friend, let me give you a bit of advice," he added, laying his hand entreatingly on my shoulder. "If you intend to write up Honolulu society as it is,

you had better place the broad Pacific between yourself and this country before your book appears."

Investigation has convinced me that his pessimistic ideas of Honolulu society have been overdrawn. Like any other city, town, or village, Honolulu has grades of society. It may be classed as good and bad, cultured and uncultured; and if one's associations should be among the grossly immoral, it is unfair that he should judge the whole city by the persons he has chosen for his companions.

Society is too often measured by the native standard; but it would be as reasonable to measure the society of America by the North American Indian, as to make the native the standard of Honolulu society. Tho the whites have imbibed many qualities, good and bad, from the original inhabitants of the islands, they are quite distinct from them.

The natives originally had little regard for the marriage tie, and it is said hold it rather loosely today. This has always been the greatest obstacle the missionaries have had to contend with. Unfortunately, whaling and trading vessels brought swarms of dissolute sailors to the islands who in a great measure undid the work of the missionaries. Their efforts to inculcate principles of morality in the natives subjected these teachers to the enmity of the sailors, who frequently threatened their lives.

With these two conflicting elements at work, one of

God and the other of Satan, the moral nature of the native is still weak. The heart of the Kanaka is kind, and his desire to please has often proved a fatal weakness. Nothwithstanding all this, there are many native men and women, of pure, upright lives, whose intelligence is surpassed by none with equal advantages. As education is compulsory and the English language almost universal, the natives are obtaining a more perfect knowledge of Christianity and the relations of husband, wife, and family. They have begun to marry and give in marriage, and to a great extent observe the rules of civilization. Now when the heart of a Kanaka has been touched by the soft dark eyes of some Kaikamahine, he tries to woo and win her in the civilized fashion, tho he makes many blunders at it.

But often it is the girl who becomes enamored of some young swain, and not being versed in the wiles and charms of civilized maidens, she resorts to more open and direct means of captivating her lover. Lacking the modesty of civilization which would enable her to smother the fires of her love tho her heart burned to ashes, she proceeds in a direct way to win the person who has engaged her affections. She may have been educated in English, yet she sees no harm in proposing to him or declaring her love. One of the most amusing objects I found in my journey was a love-letter written by a Hawaiian girl.

The young Kanaka who had won her affections was in the employ of a dealer in musical instruments, and the Kaikamahine thought it proper first to confide the secret of her love to his employer. This is the missive the employer received:

"Will you please that Kaiama be my marriage husband. If you said yes I want it. I heard that it was a workman for you, and I want him to keep myself and I keep hisself too. If you no said yes, you sent back my letter and I sorry to myself. Farewell to you. I stop here. T. U. L."

The above will illustrate how crude the average native society still is, even among the partially educated. This epistle was written in a neat feminine hand, the chirography almost perfect, or at least above the average in the United States, yet it shows a woful ignorance among the average natives of what we call the proprieties of life.

There are exceptions to this rule, for some of the natives are capable of adorning any society. But after all it is the white people who fashion and mold society in Honolulu, as well as in all the Hawaiian Islands. The leading society in Honolulu is very similar to that of the same class in any American city or town. There are leaders of fashion there as here. There are sensible men and women there, who strive for the comfort and advancement of the people. There are a few whose extravagance in dress would

lead to their being called foppish, but there is no country where the people dress more in good taste, and where there is less nonsense displayed in clothes or jewelry. White duck suits, white Panama hats, and white gaiters form the neat business dress of the gentlemen.

Literary societies of a high order are found in the city. One of the most famous of these, known as the Social Science Association, is composed of twenty-five gentlemen of culture and refinement. This association is now in its fifteenth year. It meets once a month at the house of one of the members or of some friend, where papers are read and discussed which would do credit to statesmen in America or Europe. Some of the papers read before the society have found their way to some of our leading American magazines and newspapers. The society is composed of such men as President Dole, Dr. Emerson, Dr. Hyde, Dr. Rodgers, J. M. Whitney, Professor Alexander, Professor Richards, Professor Lyons, Mr. Thurston, ex-Minister to the United States, and others equally noted in literature, theology, and statesmanship.

Of the twenty-five members of this society, nine are graduates of Yale, nine of Williams College, Massachusetts, two of Harvard, and one of the New York University, yet two thirds of them were born on the Hawaiian Islands. I had the pleasure of attending three meetings of the society during my stay

in the islands, and I never met a more select and cultured class of people. On every occasion there were several distinguished guests present. Among them were the foreign ministers of the United States and of Great Britain, the commander of the United States cruiser *Bennington*, and the consuls of several countries. Papers in reference to the labor problem and methods of taxation were read, any one of which would have been considered an able argument in the United States Senate. I was strongly impressed with the Americanism in every paper read before the society. Dr. Rodgers's paper on "Labor and the Accumulation of Fortunes" was wholly applicable to the United States. American corporations and American legislation were alone considered. European politics and business no more entered into the discussion than if the society had met in Ohio. There is good reason that the discussions should be wholly American, for the members are wholly American in character and spirit, tho they may have been born on the islands. They love American institutions and traditions, and it is only natural that American questions should be discussed from an American standpoint.

The Social Science Association is not the only order of the kind in the city. There are others of less importance, but there are no clubs that dwarf the intelligence and manhood of men by nightly debauchery,

nor are there many who fritter away their time in balls and nonsense; consequently the pessimistic declare there is no society. The same church societies, the same charitable associations, and the same kind-hearted people are found in Honolulu that exist elsewhere.

Mrs. S. B. Dole, the President's wife, is the acknowledged leader of Honolulu society. At her beautiful home, embowered in the ferns, palms, and evergreens, she holds a reception for everybody, on Friday afternoon. The President often holds his public or state receptions at the government building, assisted by his wife, members of the cabinet, and officers of the army, their wives and daughters. At half-past two every Friday, carriages begin rolling up to the president's residence and ladies and gentlemen alight. They are greeted on the lanai by the president with a smile of welcome. Mrs. Dole meets them at the door and ushers them into a large, comfortable reception-hall, the walls of which are ornamented with native tapestry and pictures, while in the nooks and corners are statuary. In this pleasant home the arts of the Polynesian and Greek mingle. The floor is carpeted, but also supplied with rugs, and through the broad low windows the tropical shade and cool breezes whisper of comfort.

President Dole's house is by no means grand nor imposing, and certainly not to be compared with the

ENTRANCE TO THE
RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT DOLE.

magnificent and expensive edifices of the kings and queens who preceded him. It is simply a neat, comfortable cottage, where he and his wife live in the simple style of George and Martha Washington. Like the father and mother of our country they are childless. They are respected and loved by all, whether friends or foes of the republic. The rankest royalist had no word to utter against President Dole.

At these receptions, Mrs. Dole labors to make her guests feel comfortable and at home. She is one of the most unassuming, yet attractive ladies it has ever been my pleasure to meet. When the guests have been seated, a Japanese girl in neat Oriental costume appears and serves lemon ices and other cooling refreshments; the guests gossip with the president and his wife on the topics of the day for a few moments, and then return to their carriages and depart, while others come. There is nothing stiff, formal, or aristocratic about these gatherings. They indicate friendliness, and have more than a home-like welcome in them.

The natives can not understand why the president should be so democratic in his manner, and mingle with the common people as if he was one of them. One is more than ever convinced that monarchy is a relic of barbarism by a visit to the Hawaiian Islands. The idea of equality of people can not yet be driven

into the Hawaiian's head, any more than it can be into the heads of some of our Europeans. The divine right of kings is still a prominent idea with the average native. They would not object to President Dole as a king, but they do not understand how a republic of the people, by the people, and for the people can be strong enough to last. Their kings were accustomed to appear with attendants, in pomp and splendor; hence, when they see the president walking to the post-office for his mail, with all the democratic independence of Thomas Jefferson, they can hardly believe that he is a ruler.

President Dole came to my hotel one day and gave me an invitation to lunch with himself and wife, which I accepted. We three were the only ones at the table. Both labored to make me feel that I was in the presence of plain Mr. and Mrs. Dole, not of the rulers of a nation. We conversed on the social and political questions of the day, and when we disagreed, I found I had a sharp but respectful antagonist. The president's knowledge of American affairs astonished me. His statesmanship and diplomacy were displayed in the conversation.

After lunch we retired to a beautiful conservatory in which grow rare exotics, whose tender buds are never blighted by rude winds. The whole is enclosed in sashes and glass which admit light and warmth, but protect the plants and flowers from dust and

gales. A fountain bubbles up near the entrance, connected with an aquarium in which sport gold and silver fish. Here the president and I sat to resume our discussion, while Mrs. Dole brought her sewing and sat with us, occasionally joining in the conversation. As I watched her sewing, I thought of the story of Martha Washington, who, when called upon by some aristocratic ladies, was found knitting her husband's stockings. At half-past two the callers began to arrive, and I took my leave.

Those who assert that Honolulu has no society suitable for respectable people to mingle with are unworthy of belief. Honolulu society, like that of New York, has no doubt been imposed on by unworthy persons, but that does not indicate that there are not respectable people nor a respectable society there.

There is a dash of Oriental blood in Honolulu society, which adds a charm to its romance. A number of years ago there came from China a man named Afong. Afong's early career seems to be enshrouded in mystery. Some say he was a small merchant, others that he came as a contract laborer from China. Whether these stories be true or not makes little difference so far as the sequel is concerned. Afong proved to be a man of more than ordinary business ability and intelligence. It is said that he left a wife and children in China, but, according to the Chinese religion and notion of things, that was no bar to his

taking another wife in Hawaii. From a plantation hand he grew to a planter, merchant, and a millionaire. He married a beautiful half-caste, and brought up a large family of daughters. So upright, so just, and honorable was Afong in all his dealings that he won the respect of every one. His daughters were educated in the United States, and became some of the most beautiful and accomplished young women of the Hawaiian metropolis. To the Polynesian beauty was added the brilliancy of the Orient, and their society was sought by the most aristocratic in the country. All the while Afong continued to support his wife and children in China. He was never Christianized, and wore his Oriental garb. It was an odd sight to see this Chinaman, with his family almost as white as Europeans and dressed like Americans, in the family carriage. One of his daughters married a captain in the United States navy, another a judge of the circuit court, and others merchants and influential citizens, and to-day no people are more respected in Honolulu than the daughters of Afong.

The story of Afong does not end here. I was told that his son from China, grown to manhood, came to Honolulu a short time ago and induced him to return to his first wife in his native country, whom he had not seem for more than twenty years. He told his Honolulu wife of his intention to go to China, never to return, and made an honorable settlement of his

RESIDENCE OF AFONG.

vast fortune upon her, so that she and all her daughters were wealthy; then bade them adieu and returned to the wife and children of his young manhood.

Tho Honolulu society, owing to its peculiar cosmopolitanism, has many such romances; there is no need to deride it, for it is evolving Christian men and women, whose culture and erudition might serve as a model for those who make greater pretensions.

CHAPTER IV

Missionaries

In no country is the term "missionary" used in so broad a sense as in the Hawaiian Islands. Missionaries have been important factors in the upbuilding of the present state of society. From the very beginning of their work they were confronted by every obstacle which the unrighteous and lewd, whose dissolute habits would not be tolerated within the pale of civilization, could throw in their way. This element held the missionaries up to ridicule, and maligned them in every way possible. The anti-missionaries were a class of half-buccaneers who, it was said, hung their consciences on the Horn as they sailed around South America, and found the easy-going natives willing to put up with their own loose characters. The missionaries being a stumbling-block in the way of the perfect license which they had hoped for, they began to pour out the vials of their wrath upon their heads. One method of assailing a Christian character is to call the professed followers of the Redeemer "hypocrites." From the earliest days there was a missionary and anti-missionary party,

which have grown on to the present and developed with some modifications into two political parties. A man need not be either a teacher or a preacher to be a missionary. Some one has said that "every one who pays his honest debts, lives a sober, upright moral life, and believes in good government, is classed as a missionary." On the other hand, the Sabbath-breakers, the gamblers, the saloon-loafers, the lottery-promulgators, and opium-smugglers are anti-missionaries. On going to the islands one has his choice of parties. On one side is decency and morality, on the other the opposite.

The aboriginal Hawaiians had an elaborate mythology, and worshiped innumerable powers of nature. To the ancient Hawaiian, the volcano, the thunder, the whirlwind, the meteor, the shark, and, above all, the mysterious and dreaded diseases, largely introduced by foreigners, were each the direct work or actual embodiment of malicious spirits. It is remarkable that no sun-worshipers were found among them. They had chiefs, kings, and priests, and the common people were abject slaves. All the land belonged to the chiefs, priests, and kings.

The goddess Pele was supposed to inhabit the great volcano Kílauéa, and when there were destructive eruptions, human beings were sacrificed by throwing them into the burning crater. A victim was seized, a cord placed about his neck, he was strangled, and

then thrown into the volcano. The countless numbers of human beings that have thus been offered up to the bloodthirsty Pele will never be known.

The priests, chiefs, and kings had a system of taboos which were tyrannical and cruel. If a king or priest desired a certain kind of fish, a certain fruit, vegetable, or plot of ground, he placed his taboo on the object, and it was death to violate it. The common people owned nothing, not even their lives. If the chief took a fancy to a certain kind of fish and ordered one of his fishermen to go and bring it, it was no excuse that a storm was raging, that his canoe was leaking, or that the night was dark, he must go or be killed. The conquest of all the islands by Kamehameha I. brought about a better state of affairs. The great conqueror had two able lieutenants in Young and Davis, who were not only warriors but statesmen as well, and who showed him that the taboos were an evil; so they were abolished and the idols burned.

The first company of American missionaries to the islands embarked at Boston, October 23, 1819, in the brig *Thaddeus*. The company consisted of two clergymen and five laymen, with their wives, and three Hawaiian youths from the Cornwall school, who went as assistants and interpreters.

Even thus early the Hawaiians were sending their children to the United States to be educated, for there is an account of a son of one of the kings who had

been in an American college. They landed at Kohala, Hawaii, and for the first time learned that Kamehameha I. was king, that the taboos were abolished, the idols burned, and their temples destroyed. Among these first missionaries were Messrs. Bingham, Thurston, and Richards. The missionaries were granted permission to remain one year, but at the end of that time had so ingratiated themselves in the affections of the natives that they were permitted to remain longer. In 1827 the Catholics first came to the islands, but were not permitted to land. The king thought that one religion was enough, and they were sent away; but ten years later they returned, and have remained ever since.

The work of converting the natives commenced as soon as the first missionaries landed, and in four years more than two thousand persons had embraced the Christian religion. Nevertheless a cloud of superstition still hung over the people, which has not to this day been lifted. Pele, the goddess of the volcano, still has her priestess, and certain berries which grow near the volcano continued to be tabooed.

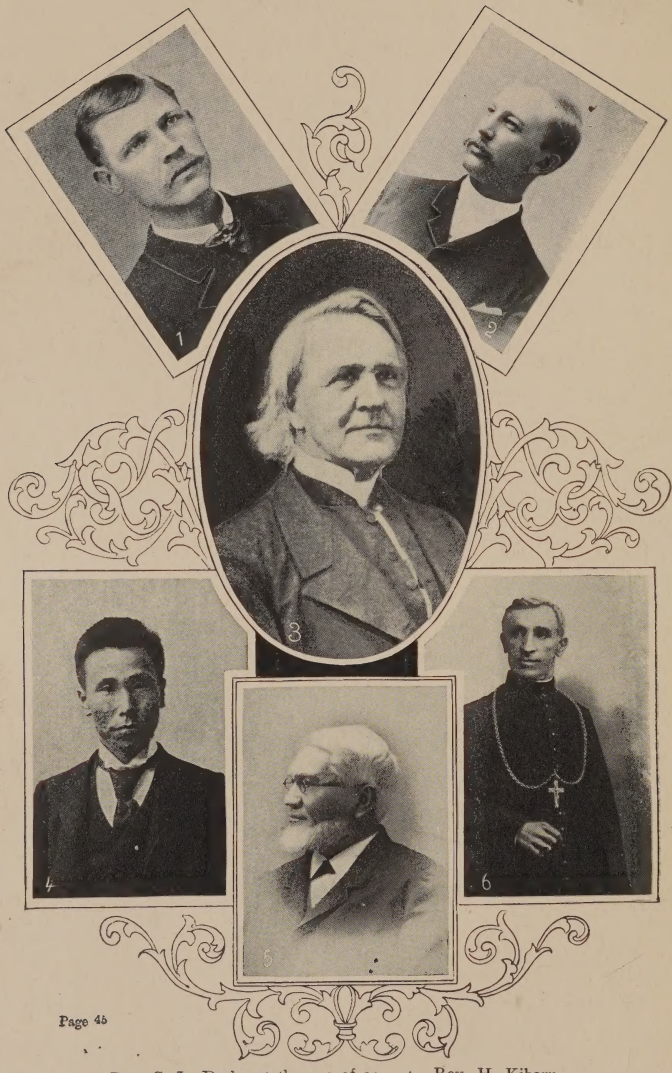
Professor Alexander, in his "Hawaiian Islands" mentions the following incident: "Kapiolani, a daughter of the great chief Keawemauhili, of Hilo, who was intemperate and dissolute in early life, became converted and denounced the goddess Pele, and in December, 1824, determined to break the

spell of the belief which the ignorant entertained in the dread goddess. In spite of the opposition of her friends, she made a journey on foot to the great crater, in order to defy the wrath of Pele and prove that no such being existed. As she approached the volcano she was met by the priestess of Pele, who warned her not to go near the crater, and predicted her death if she violated the taboos of the goddess.

"'Who are you?' demanded Kapiolani.

"'One in whom the goddess dwells,' was the response. In answer to a pretended letter from Pele, Kapiolani quoted passages from the Scriptures, setting forth the character and power of the true God, until the priestess was silenced, and confessed that the deity had deserted her. Kapiolani then went forward to the crater, where she was met by Mr. Goodwin, a missionary. On the eastern bank of the great crater a hut was built for her, and here she passed the night. Next morning, accompanied by about eighty persons, missionaries and converted Hawaiians, she descended into the crater over five hundred feet to the 'Black Ledge.' There in full view of Kilauea's eternal fires, she ate the berries consecrated to Pele, and threw stones into the burning lake, saying:

"'Jehovah is my God! He kindles these fires, and I fear not Pele. If I perish by her anger, then you may fear Pele; but if I trust in Jehovah, and He pre-



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1. Rev. S. L. Desha at the age of 24.
2. Rev. Harcourt W. Peck.
3. Rev. Titus Coan at the age of 70.
4. Rev. H. Kiharu.
5. Rev. Sereno E. Bishop.
6. Bishop Ropert.

serves me when breaking her taboos, then you must fear and serve Him alone.'

"They then united in singing a hymn of praise to the true God, and all knelt in adoration to the Creator and Governor of the universe. The superstitious spell was broken, and Pele's power departed."

There were many missionaries who lived heroic lives and did heroic work in the cause which brought them to the islands. At one time, Mr. Bingham narrowly escaped death at the hands of some sailors who were incensed at his objections to their loose morals. But the most eminent and successful missionary of his day was the Rev. Titus Coan, born in Killingworth, Conn., February 1, 1801. He was first sent to Patagonia by the American Board of Foreign Missions, on an exploring tour, but after a sojourn of five or six months he returned, and in 1834 married Miss Fidelia Church. The same year he was sent around the Horn to the Hawaiian Islands. His parish was one hundred miles long, on the eastern coast of the Island of Hawaii. The native villages were, and still are, usually situated along the coast for convenience, as most of the inhabitants are fishermen. For many years Mr. Coan made his visits to his appointments once every three months on foot, fording the mountain torrents and threading his way across the almost pathless ravines.

In 1837 there was a great religious revival in this

and other parts of the Hawaiian group. At this time Mr. Coan's distant parishioners flocked in crowds to Hilo village, seeking daily instruction in the new way opening before them. In the summer of 1838, he baptized and received into the church in one day 1,705 converts. They were seated in long parallel rows upon the floor (neither their houses nor places of worship contained seats at that time), and Mr. Coan passed between, sprinkling the bowed heads on this side and that, till, on reaching the end of the row, he pronounced the words, without naming the individuals: "You are all baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost"; thus he proceeded among all the rows until all had received baptism. Many years later—in the sixties—these little villages, which had built neat wooden churches, had settled over them pastors of their own nationality. Still Father Coan's interest was unflagging; and many a visit he made, this time on horseback, to the churches of his care and love.

Mr. Coan was fond of natural beauty. The poems he learned and loved in his youth and early manhood were poems of nature, like Thomson's "Seasons" and Scott's poems, which he remembered through his lifetime. The long and frequent journeys through the charming wild scenery of his parish were thus not always a hardship. They *were* that, however, when tropic rains pelted from the skies, and floods attacked

him in the fierce torrents dashing unbridged through nearly forty gulches in the northern half of his route. Many a hairbreadth escape he had to relate on returning from his perils. In the southern half of his parish was situated the great crater of Kilauea, four thousand feet above the sea; southwest of his home, and only forty miles away, towered another active volcano fourteen thousand feet in altitude. To both of these he often traveled; to the last without any road at all, but with the assistance of experienced native mountaineers and bird-hunters. When an eruption occurred, he was alert, eager to start, to leap, to run to the object of his search. He visited, besides, many other wonderful volcanic phenomena—hot springs inside and outside of caves, ancient pit-craters, to whose depths the eye scarce could reach, filled with luxuriant tropical trees and jungle growth; remarkable old lava-flows, and other strange phenomena. The *American Journal of Science* and other magazines of the Eastern States contained many articles on the volcanoes of the islands from his pen, and their history for half a century is mainly from his records and observations.

Dr. Coan died in 1882, after laboring forty-seven years on the islands, but his work lives after him. While at the village of Wailuku on the island of Maui, I attended the native church over which the Rev. Samuel Kapu, is pastor. Mr. Kapu is a full-

blooded Hawaiian, and as his sermon was in the native tongue, I did not understand a word of it, except when the speaker referred to Henry Ward Beecher by name, yet his manner and gestures indicated deep sincerity and earnest piety.

The story of pastor Kapu is simple and touching. His mother died when he was young, and he lived with his father in an old grass house. His father was old, poor, and in feeble health. One night little Samuel was awakened by tears falling on his breast. It was his father weeping over him, because he was going to die, and leave his little boy alone in the world. Kapu's father had been converted by the missionaries, and tho hardly emerged from barbarism, he was a devoted Christian. He prayed God to take his little son into His care and keeping, to watch over him and save his soul. After consecrating his child to God the old man died, and the little boy was alone in the old grass house with his dead father. All that long night little Samuel crouched in the darkness and wept over his father's dead body, and repeatedly called to him whose voice would never again give answer.

Next day some distant relatives came, and the body of the old man was laid to rest in one of the many caves, and the boy taken to live with the family relatives. He was twelve years of age when he heard the Rev. Titus Coan, who was holding a revival

many miles away. Samuel went to the meeting and was converted, and three years later united with the church. He was no dead Christian, for at fifteen he was a teacher and exhorter among his people. At eighteen he was a student in the theological school at Honolulu; he was ordained to the ministry October 3, 1888, and has been in that calling ever since. He assisted in the translation of the Gospel hymns into his own language, and has always been a power among his people for good.

At Hilo I found another convert who was won under the preaching of Titus Coan, Rev. S. L. Desha. He was born on Hawaii, is half white, and well instructed in the English language. At the age of fifteen he was converted at the old stone church at Kawaihao. He labored in the Sunday-school in Honolulu when Sanford B. Dole, now president of the republic, was its superintendent.

The work of the missionaries is attested by the hundreds of native chuches and native preachers all over the islands. The Congregationalists are the principal Protestant denomination there. There are a few Presbyterians, a Mormon church or two, with quite a following, a Christian church, and a Methodist Episcopal church in Honolulu over which Rev. H. W. Peck is pastor. This is one of the most recent accessions to the islands. Rev. Mr. Peck is a native

of Canada, and for several years was the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of Honolulu, which has accomplished great good. As the Congregationalists were first in the field, no effort was made by any other religious denomination to supplant them. But at last the islands were practically Christianized. Business had brought many Methodists to Honolulu, and after a time they found themselves strong enough to organize a church. On November 4, 1894, the first M. E. church was organized on the Hawaiian Islands with a membership of forty-two, and Rev. Mr. Peck became pastor. A new building was erected during the winter of 1895–96, that would do credit to many towns in our country. In church buildings Honolulu can compare favorably with any city of its size in the world. There is Central Union Church, presided over by Rev. Mr. Birney, the St. Andrew's Cathedral, and a number of Catholic churches which are grand and imposing edifices.

Among the missionaries is Rev. H. Kihara, the pastor of the Japanese M. E. church. Kihara, a native Japanese, was converted in California, and came to the Sandwich Islands and founded the M. E. church of which he is pastor. It has a membership of eighty Japanese, but the people are poor, and the work of this good little man is exceedingly hard. Among the other missionaries now living in Honolulu is Rev. Sereno E. Bishop, who was born on Hawaii in

1827, near where Cook's monument now stands. His father was Rev. Artemas Bishop, who went to Hawaii in 1823 as a missionary, and labored in the field until his death in 1872. Nervous prostration caused Rev. Sereno E. Bishop to give up his work about eighteen years ago, since which time he has devoted himself to writing, and is the editor of *The Friend*, an evangelic monthly published on the island.

It would be useless and perhaps tiresome to mention all the various Protestant denominations, pastors, and their work. Suffice it to say that the Protestant field is large. Without knowing exactly the number of churches on the islands, I should estimate them at over one hundred, for one is scarce ever out of sight of one of those edifices with its heaven-pointing spire. I presume the preachers, native and foreign, would exceed that number. The membership is evidently between twenty-five and thirty thousand. The following from a recent report of the Hawaiian Evangelical Association will give an idea of some of the difficulties Protestant missionaries have to contend with.

"The past year has certainly been one in which Hawaiian Christianity has been put to a severe test, and proven itself fit to live. Every native church has borne the strain of a divided political sentiment. Every native pastor has had to stand between two political parties.

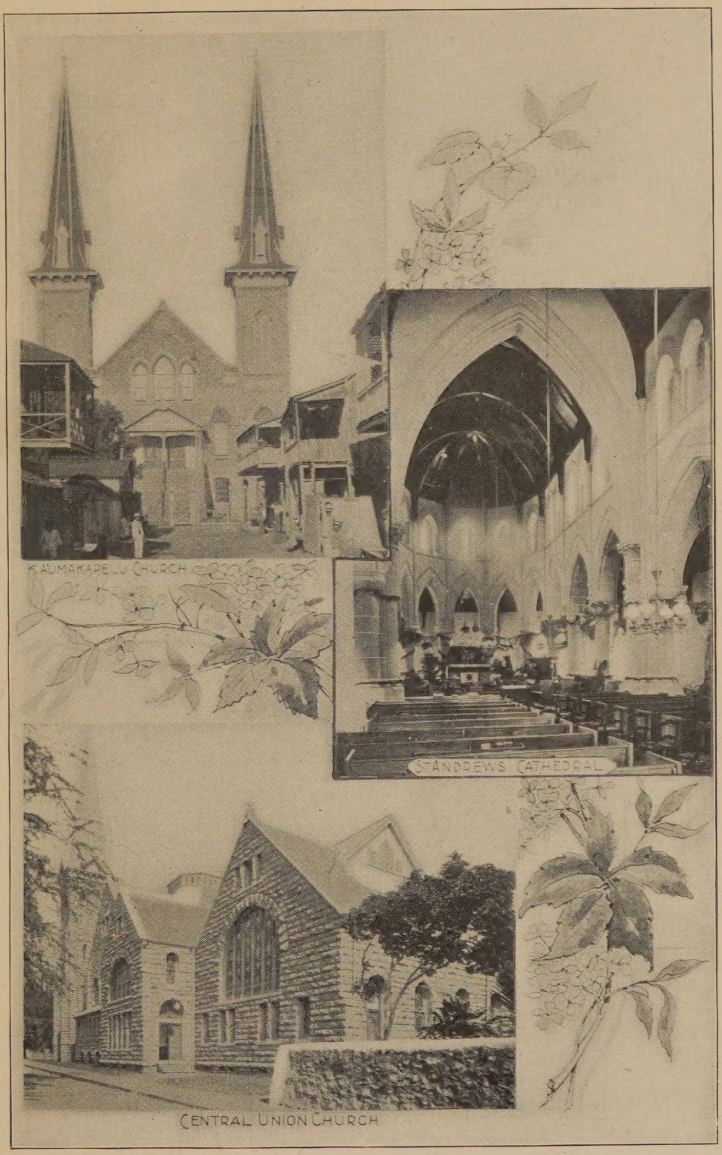
"The fight for righteousness has been waged not only against influences of darkness, which have taken occasion

to declare themselves quite openly in these days, but it has met a dissident patriotism.

"The great issue of the day which has so divided society, even invading homes to the marring of their peace, has not left the churches undisturbed. But in the contentions between Royalists and supporters of the Government, it must be said that there has been shown on the part of many of both political affiliations an admirable spirit of Christian forbearance. The best of the pastors and the best of the people are honestly seeking the truth. They are working with much patience for the upbuilding of the Kingdom of God among us. Hot as has been the temper of the people at times in some of the parishes, and unreasonable as has been the treatment of two or three of our best pastors, this condition is traceable to the ill-advised appeals of unscrupulous and ungodly agitators, and to the damaging influence of an active and untruthful press. Misconceptions and bitterness have been industriously and wickedly fostered, but amid it all there has been a remarkable show of gentle, patient forbearance.

"We believe a sturdier Christianity is to be developed amid the perplexities and agitations of the day. There has been much inquiry after the truth, and this earnest, teachable spirit will doubtless be increasingly manifest as soon as political uncertainty is removed from the minds of the people."

I found a much better feeling existing between the Protestants and Catholics in Hawaii than is usually found elsewhere. Having an invitation from that agreeable old gentleman, Bishop Ropert, to visit him at his home in Honolulu, I did so on the 27th of December. It was eight o'clock when I entered the


KAUMAKAPELU CHURCH
ST ANDREWS CATHEDRAL
CENTRAL UNION CHURCH

great gate which opens into the chapel yard, and passing through the ground went to the house of the bishop. Some native women at work on the premises informed me that the bishop was at breakfast, so I sat on the *lanai* or veranda to wait for him. About twelve feet from the southwest corner of the church is a bronze statue of the Virgin on two arches ten feet high. Under the arches is a fountain, the whole surrounded by a small iron fence. The bishop's house at the rear of the church is a plain, unassuming structure, without any of the evidences of luxury or ease. Father Ropert, Father Valentine, Father Sylvester, and one or two more priests and lay brothers came into the library and I was invited to join them. From the bishop's records, the work of the Catholics on the islands makes a fine showing. There are sixty-two churches and chapels, twenty-four priests, thirty-one sisters of the Order of the Sacred Heart, twenty-one Franciscan sisters, four of whom are at Molokai, twenty-two brothers as teachers, and eight lay brothers. The membership is twenty-five thousand. Bishop Ropert has been twenty-eight years on the islands, and his labors have been rewarded with abundant success.

Notwithstanding the sneers and scoffs of agnostics, but for the work of the missionaries the natives would still have been in a state of barbarism, or, what is worse, would have yielded to all the unrestrained

vices of civilization, even more pernicious than barbarism. The missionary-hater often declares that the native is worse off than before the missionaries came. Before the missionaries came the natives were under absolute monarchy. Not only did the kings, chiefs, and priests own all the property, and even the lives of their subjects, but the king owned all the land, and parcelled it out among the chiefs. It was the missionary influence that gave the Kanaka his homestead in fee simple, and taught him to respect his own rights.

There is a story told of an agnostic who, talking with Kamehameha V., asked him if things were not in a worse condition than before the missionaries came to the islands. The king answered:

"Why, sir, you have done three things since you came into my presence, which, but for the missionaries, would have cost you your life."

"What are they?" asked the astonished agnostic.

"First, you walked into my presence, instead of crawling on your hands and knees. You crossed my shadow, and you sat down in my presence, either of which offenses would once have been punished with death."

The agnostic was silenced. Missionaries not only brought salvation, and eternal happiness to the Hawaiian, but peace, liberty, love of wife and children, happiness, thrift, and industry. Those who believe

that absolute monarchy and tyranny, the sacrifice of human life to a cruel superstition, grass huts, nakedness, and utter disregard of the family tie, are better than the state of society the natives now enjoy, may conclude that the missionary work is a failure; but it is a badly depraved taste and diseased mind that draws such conclusions.

CHAPTER V

Thanksgiving

It seems superfluous to speak of holidays in a country always in holiday attire. In Honolulu one holiday is much like another. Christmas, so far as the weather is concerned, is the same as July. The Chinese and Japanese coolies and many of the natives go barefooted the year round. Tho with the natives life is one long, continuous vacation, they enjoy these special days set apart, allowing even the most industrious to enjoy a few hours' recreation. When the President of the United States issued his proclamation setting apart a certain day in November as a day to return thanks to God for the many blessings we enjoy, the president of the Hawaiian republic issued a similar proclamation, so that the two Thanksgivings might come on the same day. Those on that side of the Pacific go to church just five and a half hours later than we do.

The Thanksgiving of 1895 was celebrated in a style that surpassed anything heretofore known in Honolulu. In their rejoicing at the proven stability of the republic the officials became generous, and it was

rumored a few days before Thanksgiving that some who had violated the laws of their land were to be pardoned, especially those on "the reef" (Oahu prison) for complicity in the recent rebellion. Some of them had no doubt stained their hands in blood during that brief struggle. Treason used to be regarded as the most serious of all crimes, and in monarchies is still punished with death, but in republics, tho it is made a capital offense, the penalty is seldom enforced. A republic has less to fear from treason than a monarchy. The treason of 1895 consisted in an effort on the part of some white men and Hawaiians, instigated by the Louisiana Lottery Company, to attempt the restoration of the queen. It is openly charged by some of the officials on the islands that the insurrectionists had promise of English aid.

There were various opinions among the people in regard to pardoning the offenders.

"It won't do," declared Mr. Magoon, the father of Judge Magoon. "Let 'em out and they'll go right back to their mischief again. I tell ye it's in 'em."

"No. I believe they have got enough of it!" declared another. "They've had almost a year on the reefs, and they won't want to tackle the republic again in a hurry."

"They ought to be hung!" declared a third.

"They are murderous, and planned to blow up the Central Union Church with women and children," said another.

"Be merciful, even as ye expect to receive mercy," put in one with more of a missionary spirit.

A gentleman who had listened in silence to the conversation, on being appealed to, answered:

"If I had my way about it, I would pardon every Hawaiian and Englishman connected with the attempted overthrow of the republic, but I would hang every American."

"What, are you not an American?"

"Yes, and that is the very reason I would hang every American who would attempt the overthrow of a republic. Some charity should be extended toward the Hawaiians and English, for they have never enjoyed that higher education in political freedom which republics alone can give; but an American brought up under the stars and stripes, who knows what real freedom is, and who takes up arms in favor of the best monarchy on earth, is not fit to live. He should hang."

An Englishman who was present began to interpose some objection to this bluntly expressed Americanism, but the Yankee interrupted him with:

"It is not for you to put in your say, Mr. Johnny Bull. You British, raised under such infernal institutions as royalty even in a mild form, know no

more of the genuine liberty of a republic than a plow-horse."

The Englishman's face grew alternately red and pale, and he looked as if he would like to punch the American's head; but the saucy fellow had well-developed muscles, so, biting his lip, the Briton bore the insult in silence.

Mr. Charles Wilson, marshal under the queen, and now agent for her estate, was busy circulating a petition for the liberation of some of the political prisoners. Tho a friend of the ex-queen, Mr. Wilson had not been implicated in the rebellion. While soliciting signatures to the petition for a pardon, he represented himself as a strong friend of the republic. Speaking to Mr. Lowrie, the sugar planter, he said:

"I assure you, if any man raises his hand against this government I will be the first to pull a trigger on him."

Some hoped and others feared that all the political convicts would be pardoned. Some of the prisoners were too defiant to ask for pardon, yet President Dole was ready to grant it to all who would ask, and give promise of living the lives of peaceable citizens.

"He don't dare keep us here long," one of the most notorious of the prisoners boldly declared. "They will have to pardon us anyway, so let us not humiliate ourselves by asking for it or by making any promises."

They evidently believed that the act of the president was from fear rather than humanity.

Thanksgiving morning dawned bright and clear. The mina-birds sang among the algarobas, and the ringdove's soft cooing came in mournful cadence from the shady groves. There was a spirit of restless anxiety on the part of every one; a great eagerness to know who would be set at liberty and who would remain in prison. At an early hour the seven men for whom the petition had been circulated were called to the prison court and their pardons read to them. Those who had been too stubborn to sue for pardon were left in the prison, completely crushed by the knowledge that the Government was strong enough to longer refuse them their liberty. They had been sentenced to long terms, and were now without hope. Their manner at once changed. They were no longer defiant and rebellious, but became humiliated and meek. But their day of grace for the present had passed, and there was no intimation that executive clemency would ever be granted to them. Their friends began to hope that on the first day of the new year the president might extend executive clemency to them. It was thought that it would be a fitting act of mercy, a proof that the republic did not harbor malice against them for their evil deeds. Consequently the haughty prisoners, who had not deigned to ask mercy before, began to plead for it now.

Their friends, who had declared that they would stubbornly hold out against the Government, became alarmed; petitions were circulated in their behalf, and assurances given that the culprits would take the oath of allegiance to the Government, if pardon was granted.

Church services on Thanksgiving day in Hawaii are similar to such services in the United States. Turkeys suffer there as in the temperate zones. The early morning witnessed one of the largest military displays ever seen in Honolulu. The regulars, the artillerymen, and the national guards, a company of cavalry, and mounted police—all joined in the parade. At nine o'clock in the morning vast crowds were seen moving toward the capitol grounds. It seemed as if the whole city had been suddenly seized with the notion to go to the state building. The crowd was well-behaved and good-natured considering its size, and only a few policemen were required to preserve order. The Hawaiian soldiers are all armed with Winchesters, or breech-loading Springfield rifles, all forty-five calibre. The United States uniform as well as arms are adopted by the regulars of the Hawaiian army, and they only need the stars and stripes to make their Americanism complete.

The Hawaiian flag has the stripes of the United States, alternating red, white, and blue, and the red cross of Great Britain, instead of the blue field and

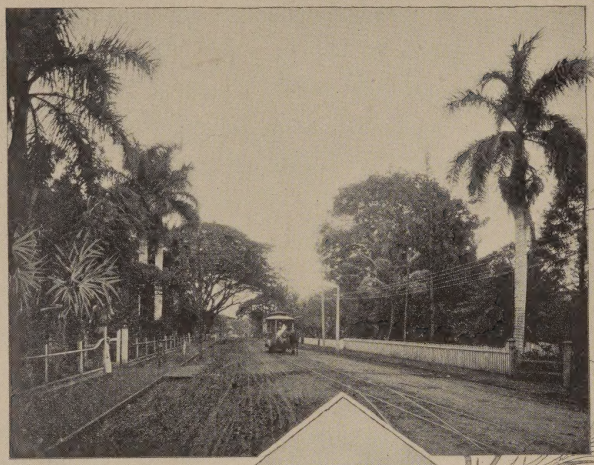
stars of the United States. The story of the Hawaiian flag is a very amusing one, and illustrates the nature of the Hawaiian people. The Hawaiian King Kamehameha I. was very friendly to both the American and English, and up to 1812, having no flag of his own, alternately flew the British and American flag. The War of 1812 had been raging for several months between the United States and Great Britain, when a Yankee privateer, putting into the port of Honolulu, saw the British flag flying.

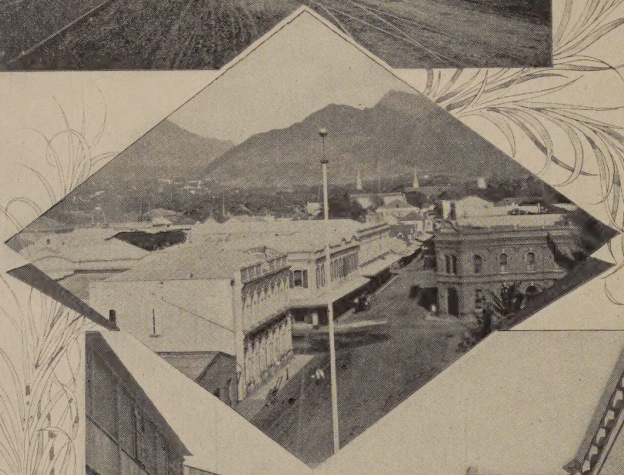
"How is this?" demanded the captain of the American vessel. "You pretend to be our friend, and I find you flying the flag of our enemy."

The king, in order to gratify his American friends, hauled down the British flag and hoisted the stars and stripes. A few days after the departure of the Yankee privateer a British man-of-war appeared, and the captain demanded to know of the king:

"Why do you, professing to be our friend, fly the flag of our enemy?"

The king was perplexed. He then called his two able advisers, Young and Davis, to his presence, laid the whole matter before them, and asked how it would do to fly both flags from the same mast. But they reasoned that hostile flags could not fly from the same mast. Young suggested that as a compromise they take the British cross for the field, and add the American stripes, with the red, white, and blue, and make a





STREET SCENES IN HONOLULU

flag of their own. This suggestion met the king's approval, and was acted upon; so the next day the Hawaiian flag for the first time floated to the breeze.

The first company to form on that Thanksgiving day was the artillery, with Gatling guns and Hotchkiss rapid-firing guns. The commanding officer and staff awaited outside the grounds for the companies to form for the parade. Company after company formed and with very little confusion fell into line. A company of cavalry, whose glittering sabres shone in the morning light, drawn up on the mauka side of the government building, waited to head the procession. When at length the last company had formed and wheeled into line, the procession started.

There was more than mere display in this parade, I fancy. Such an exhibition of armed and disciplined men would be an intimidation to any future insurrectionists. The regulars of the Hawaiian army are all young men, ranging from twenty to thirty years of age. They are strong, capable of great fatigue and endurance, well educated, and brave. It is said that almost any private soldier has the qualifications of a teacher in the common school. They are paid thirty and forty dollars per month, which accounts for the extraordinary soldiery of Hawaii. The Hawaiian army is the object of hatred to the royalists. They never lose an opportunity to hurl epithets at it. A gentleman who stood near me during the parade,

whose language strongly indicated the Cockney, declared that the expense of the army was ruining the islands. He swore that the "P. G.'s" were having their day, but it would be the Royalists' turn to have theirs in the near future. From his remarks I should judge that the army was the only thing that prevented another insurrection. The speaker, I was informed, was not even a naturalized citizen of Hawaii, but a sojourner from England.

During the afternoon the Honolulu newsboys made the town lively. The Hawaiian *Star* treated them to a dinner and a ride about town in a large omnibus. The Honolulu newsboys "on a tear" can raise as much "racket" as the New York, Chicago, or San Francisco guttersnipe. With tin horns, conch shells, bells, and in fact everything that would make a noise, they sailed about the city raising such a hullaballoo as would shame a tribe of Comanche Indians. Boys of every shade, from the dark-skinned Polynesian to the fair-haired Saxon, filled that old omnibus, or clambered over the roof, clung to the sides, sat in the seat with the driver, or stood on the whiffletrees, until they resembled an excursion of Palmer Cox's Brownies.

CHAPTER VI

Customs, Habits, and Manners of the Natives*

The Kanaka, as the aborigine of the Hawaiian Islands is called, is the most interesting person in Hawaii. Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Siamese, South Sea Islanders, and almost every other odd and eccentric nationality may be found anywhere, but the Hawaiian can not. In this land he holds a unique position. No enterprise seems to get along without him, and he is met at every turn. His face, lighted up with kindness, hospitality, and childlike simplicity, wins one with a smile. The native is wholly different from the North American Indian. He lacks the sullen disposition of the latter, never harbors malice, is unrevengeful, kind, forgiving, and free from treachery. The friendship of the Kanaka may be implicitly relied upon. His benignant approachableness puts him in touch with the stranger at first sight. Tho the Hawaiian is a failure at the head of business, lacking the power to direct and control, he makes a trusty and faithful clerk. There are few occupations in which the Hawaiians are not found.

* Compiled from Stevens and Olésan's "Picturesque Hawaii."

They are painters, carpenters, blacksmiths, machinists, engineers, teamsters, sailors, clerks, bookkeepers, editors, market-men, cattle-raisers, sugar-planters, fishermen, school-teachers, and clergymen, and fill most of the clerical positions in the Government. They are employed in the telephone offices, and a majority of the pressmen and compositors in the Honolulu and Hilo printing-offices are Hawaiians. The heavy work in foundries, and in lading and unlading vessels, is done almost exclusively by Hawaiians. The last census shows that out of the male Hawaiian population of 11,135 over fifteen years old, about one thousand were carpenters, which makes about one to every eleven. No other race of people elevated less than a century ago from savagery can make so good a showing.

The Hawaiian is indispensable to the inter-island traffic, where absolute fearlessness of the sea is essential. The manning of boats at all hours, day or night, to carry passengers or freight to and from the steamers at the various landings is done altogether by the Hawaiians. This is a hazardous employment, requiring skill, courage, and hardihood. I have seen these brave men battle for hours, in wind, rain, and angry seas, to effect a landing at some dangerous points; I have seen their boats capsized and crushed on the rocks along the shore, but so skilful are the boatmen that seldom is one of them drowned. I have often

NATIVES MAKING POI FROM TARO PLANT.

NATIVE STYLE OF EATING.

braved the dangers of the sea with a Hawaiian crew, at landings and in surfs where nothing would have tempted me to try it with a crew of white sailors. They swim like fish, and the capsizing of a canoe or boat is a matter of indifference to them. They are the only deep-sea fishermen, and often go in their frail canoes out of sight of land, but rarely fail to return.

The sea has done more for the native, in developing skill and ingenuity, than the land. The comparative ease with which the Hawaiians on their own land can secure their ordinary food-supply has undoubtedly interfered with their social and industrial advancement. Poi, it is said, has proved the greatest obstacle to the progress of Hawaiians. The ease with which the taro, the vegetable from which poi is made, can be grown relieves the native from any genuine struggle for life, and unfits him for sustained competition with men from other lands acquainted with hardships and accustomed to earn their food in the face of strenuous competition in an overcrowded population.

The taro or *Colocasia antiquorum*, a water-plant, is the staple food of the natives. It is generally grown in *lois* or taro-patches, land surrounded by turf sides into which water flows from the irrigating ditches. The taro is planted in hills, and grows in the water, great care being taken as to the time of running the water on and the depth at which it is kept. There is

a species of taro on Hawaii which does not require so much water, and which is said to be equally as nutritious as that grown on lower lands.

The fact that food is supplied by nature, with little exertion, takes from the native all desire for the acquisition of more land, and leads him to be content with what he has. His little plot of ground furnishes him the greater part of his food at a minimum expense of toil. An hour or two a day will suffice to keep his taro-patch free from weeds and in a thrifty condition. Aside from an occasional day's fishing, the ease with which he can secure the necessities of life naturally leaves him with considerable time on his hands. These leisure hours he spends as suits his fancy. Sometimes he mounts his island pony and jogs off to town to while away the day at the boat-landing or on the post-office steps; but oftener he passes the balmy hours lying prone upon the grass under some convenient shade in dreamy revery, until the hour to dine arouses him from the delicious monotony of just comfortably breathing and letting everything take care of itself. He varies his existence by an occasional incursion into the woods, returning bedecked with *leis* or wreaths of some fragrant vine or flower, his patient pony loaded with bunches of bananas or bags of luscious oranges found growing wild within a convenient distance from his home.

This is Kanaka life in the land of sunshine. This

is the South, slumbrous, voluptuous, round, and graceful. In luxury and idleness, the Kanaka may pass all his long summer days. That eternal struggle for bread does not fret his soul. To-day's food can be had for the picking, and to-morrow's as well, and why should he not bask in the sunshine of an almost perfect climate, and smile on nature as she smiles on him? To-day's comforts fill his horizon and he is perfectly content to let the morrow provide for itself. He carries about with him a convenient history of the past, and never disturbs his mind about the responsibility of the future. He does not need to lay in a supply for winter, provide fuel, or calculate the cost of an overcoat.

Tho the native freely regales himself on oranges, bananas, dates, figs, strawberries, bread-fruit, and papaya, just as they come to his hand, yet his staple food, poi, requires some preparation. The taro must be cooked, scraped, pounded, and allowed to slightly ferment, then mixed with water to a proper consistence, when it is called poi. In the native home, the poi is placed in a large calabash in the center of the apartment or under the shade of a tree. The family and visitors sit on the ground about it, and dipping the first two fingers of the right hand into the poi, which is very sticky, give them an artistic whirl, then by a graceful motion bring the fingers to the mouth and suck off the poi that adheres to them. The roast

pig or baked fish, which usually accompanies the meal, is eaten with the fingers, for the Hawaiian disdains the use of knives or forks, as well as many other conventionalities. Poi is very nutritious, an excellent food for invalids, and as it contains a large percentage of starch, it is fattening. The poi dogs, or native dogs, formerly eaten at the feasts were fattened on poi, then killed and baked the same as pigs.

The Hawaiian method of roasting the pig or baking fish has received the praises of all epicures who have tasted these dishes. A hole is dug in the earth, a fire built in the pit and stones piled upon it and heated to a white heat. The pig is slain, and its entrails removed. It is then rolled upon the hot stones until the hair comes off as cleanly as if scalded. The pig is then filled with hot stones, placed in the excavation or *imu*, covered completely with hot stones, and taro and banana leaves, then covered with earth, and allowed to roast and steam for hours. When taken from the excavation it is a thoroughly cooked, crisp, delicious, and juicy roast. This mode of cooking is more cleanly than the average housewife might suppose. The stones used for cooking are washed perfectly clean, and the pig and fish cooked in that manner have as wholesome an appearance on the table as if baked in the oven of a French cook.

The Kanaka is not a farmer. If he owns a taro patch, the chances are that he rents it to a Chinaman.

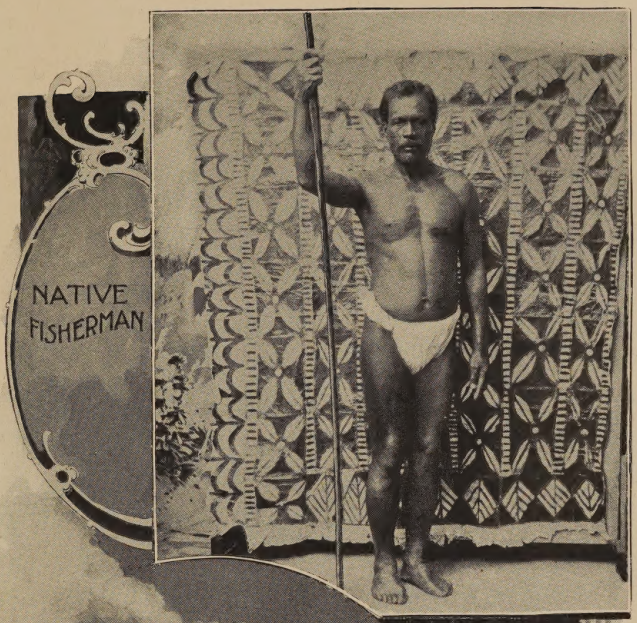
He has pigs and chickens about his bungalow, which thrive and fatten without his aid. The Kanaka knows nothing about gardening, while the Chinamen make fine market-gardeners, and are gradually getting possession of all the best garden-lands. It has long been the hope of the real friends of the Hawaiian that he might be roused by a spirit of emulation in consequence of the competition he has to contend with, but he seems to have no ambition to excel on land.

As a fisherman the Kanaka exceeds all others. The moment he decides to "go a-fishing" he is a new being. He is awakened from his lethargic state, and alertness, judgment, and enthusiasm mark his every movement. He makes his preparations with great patience and minuteness. He overlooks nothing that will contribute to his success. His canoe is put in trim, his lines are all inspected, and his whole household enlisted in the capture of crabs on the rocks and in their hiding-holes. He seems guided by instinct as well as skill in securing his bait. There is no more fascinating sight than the Kanaka launching his canoe, and guiding it with his paddle, as he rides supreme on the threatening swell that breaks with revengeful roar behind him, just as he slips gracefully from its crest. He is in his element. He laughs at the raging beach-combers as he deftly turns between them, and races his canoe through a strip of unbroken

water, out of range of danger, into the deep sea. It takes him a moment only, but you stand spellbound at his prowess. No more is he the indolent native lying so lazily and comfortably on the velvety manienie grass yonder by the grass house. He is a hero, with a manual skill little less than marvelous.

His contest with the sea, necessitated by the craving for what the sea could supply, has, from early days, been the chief stimulus in the development of Hawaiian character. It has called out skill, courage, sagacity, ingenuity, and ability to endure and conquer. It has promoted a knowledge of navigation, and led to a minute and accurate observation of winds, currents, and channels, lent scope and fervor to the imagination, and set aflame the poetic spirit of the race. The old songs and most cherished traditions are replete with references to the sea. The sea is the Hawaiian's classic, from which have come the seven wonders of his legendary world, and on its foam-crested billows, never to return, have departed the adventurous spirits of his race, aglow with the ardor of discovery and conquest.

Not only does the sea furnish the Hawaiian with food and employment, it also affords him his chief amusement. Surf-riding is an old and heroic sport for which Hawaiians have always been noted. In ancient times it was practised in honor of the kings and chiefs, but since has become a royal sport on its



NATIVE FISHERMAN

NATIVE SURF RIDER

own account. The surf-board is a long, thick plank, carefully shaped, with ends rounded, on which the native rides on the crest of the great billows rolling shoreward. The skill consists in mounting the wave at an opportune moment, and in keeping the surf-board in such relation to the movement of the billow that the latter will propel the rider at a tremendous speed toward the shore. Expert surf-riders will rise as they rush along until they stand erect with folded arms, complete masters of the waves, which they seem to drive before them like chariot-steeds. Tho not witnessed so frequently as formerly, surf-riding is still a popular sport on some of the islands.

Many of the ancient Hawaiian games such as coasting, rolling quartz, and bowling are lost arts to the present generation, who have substituted baseball, football, and more modern sports. Tho one can not but feel sad when any sport truly heroic passes from the knowledge of man, yet the sports of the present generation indicate that the Hawaiians have begun to adopt modern thought and methods.

Visitors to Honolulu note the ease and self-possession of Hawaiian boys in the water near the wharves at the departure of ocean steamers. Tossing nickels in the water to see the boys dive for them is common sport. They seldom fail to catch a piece of money before it sinks, tho it is tossed in the water several feet from them. I have seen boys with their mouths

full of nickels and dimes caught while sinking. The natives never fail to know when a shark is in the harbor, and are rarely caught. When a native boy is pursued by a shark, if brought to bay, he will gaze down into the water with his keen eyes intent on the tactics of his enemy. The shark must turn over before he can snap at his intended victim, and, just as he turns, the native dives, and the great jaws come together with nothing between them. This is repeated until relief comes, much to the perplexity of the clumsy fish. The native often carries a dagger or piece of iron eight or ten inches long sharpened at each end to defend himself against the shark. When prepared against such an encounter, as the Kanaka dives, he plunges his knife, dagger, or iron into the shark's side, and usually wins the day by either killing his foe or driving him off. There is another feat performed by the natives, I have been told, which for coolness and daring equals anything I have ever heard of. It is said to be a common thing for the natives to await the attack of a shark, and, when the monster opens his mouth to seize his victim, to thrust the piece of iron between its jaws as they come together so that they are propped open by the iron.

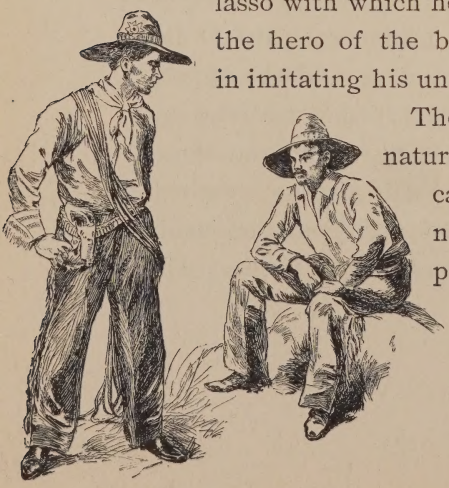
As with all savages, superstition played no small part in Hawaiian life and habits in the early days. Human bones were preferred for fish-hooks, especially those of the high chiefs, to whom prayers were offered

to bless the fisherman in attracting fish to his hook. Oblations were offered to their fish-gods for security and success in this hazardous calling. It is hardly probable that superstition plays any prominent part in the fishing of to-day, but the aptitude and acquaintance with the sea, and with the habits and haunts of fish, that have descended from one generation to another, have made the Kanaka a skilful and intrepid man on the deep seas, where he is acknowledged to have no superior.

A fine collection of ancient Hawaiian fishing tackle and appliances can be found in the Bishop Museum at Honolulu. It is an array that would have warmed the heart of good old Izaak Walton, and entitles the Hawaiian to high rank among the world's fishermen. Professor Brigham, manager of the museum, showed me a fish-hook made from the thigh-bone of a famous fisherman. He was so successful that it was thought if he was killed and cut up into fish-hooks, he would do the kings and chiefs more good than in his animated state. Consequently the experiment was tried, much to the detriment of the fisherman. Before the advent of the white men with iron and thread, the native, left to his own resources, found material for his lines, hooks, spears, and nets. He used bone, mother-of-pearl, and tortoise shell. These were cut with stone implements, were of artistic workmanship and of many styles and shapes to suit whims and

needs of the fisherman. In addition to these are many domestic articles in ancient use. The tapa or native cloth made from the mulberry, the calabashes made from the koa wood, some large enough to hold forty gallons, the great feather cloaks, and a thousand other curiosities which make up the history of the early islanders, are to be found in the museum.

Customs and manners of the Hawaiians have changed in late years. In early years there were no horses. These were introduced (in 1803) by Captain Cleveland on a voyage from California to China. Since then they have so increased in numbers that on the slopes of Mauna Kea they run wild, and the native is an exceedingly poor man who does not own some kind of a horse; usually he has two or three. Herding cattle is one of the industries of the Kanaka and he has become a typical cowboy. He is exceedingly vain of his accomplishments and calling, and wears a broad-brimmed sombrero and jingling spurs that may be heard an eighth of a mile, and a coiled lasso with which he is an expert. The cowboy is the hero of the boys of Honolulu, who delight in imitating his unique costume.



The Hawaiian is communistic by nature. Instead of grasping all he can get, he divides with his neighbor, and confidently expects his neighbor in return

to divide with him. It is not uncommon for a whole family of Hawaiians to drop down on a friend for a two-weeks' visit, and he never fails to give them welcome. When they are gone, he in turn takes his household and makes a similar descent, in the utmost good nature, on some one else.

The natives in Honolulu and in most of the country districts live in wooden houses, but a few of the ancient grass houses are still in existence, used more as relics than dwellings.

One of the notable affairs of Hawaiian life is a *luau* or native feast. If it is like anything known to civilization, it more nearly resembles an old-fashioned barbecue or picnic than anything else to which it can be compared. The *luau* is rarely under the auspices of a single individual, but of several who combine forces, possibly to lend dignity to the occasion, but probably to give it a popular cast and to add to the quantity and variety of edibles. Some agree to furnish the poi; others beef, pork, and fish; others the *kulolo*, a favorite pudding made of grated coconut and taro with the milk of the coconut, sweetened and baked; others furnish the poi-palau, a somewhat similar compound of poi and sweet potato; while others agree to supply the ripe luscious watermelons, and sometimes oranges, bananas, and other fruits. Among the most peculiar dishes are the *limu*, a fresh-water moss that

is much relished, and the roasted and salted *kukui* or candle nuts.

The great event of preparing and cooking the food in the *imu*, or native oven, is one of much interest. The *imu* is a round hole dug in the ground from two or three feet deep. Great care is taken in selecting the stones for the oven, as the denser ones will explode. While some are gathering the stones and wood, others attend to the preparation of the food for the oven. The beef and pork are cut into convenient pieces and wrapped in fresh young taro leaves, while over all the tough ti leaves are securely bound. When thus cooked, the taro absorbs the juices of the beef and pork, and forms a rare titbit of native culinary art. The fish are wrapped in the same way. While this part of the preparation is going on, the fires of the *imu* are lighted. Kindling is first put in the hole, and on top are piled wood and stones, and the fire is kept burning for several hours. Then, the wood being consumed, the stones are taken out with a hoe. Macerated trunks of banana plants are put in to generate a steam, and the bundles of food and stones and banana leaves are put in the *imu* in layers, the whole covered with the broad leaves of the bananas to protect the food, and with earth sufficient to keep the steam from escaping. The mass is then allowed to steam for five or six hours, and when taken out is put on the table (which is a mat spread on the ground),

HULA DANCERS.

piping hot. The most famous cuisine can not furnish more deliciously cooked meats than those which come steaming hot from a well-managed Hawaiian *imu*.

When the meal is ready, they sit or squat cross-legged about the matting on which the feast is spread, and, disdaining dishes, knives, and forks, proceed to eat with their fingers. The utmost jollity and good-nature prevail. Every face is aglow and every mouth open, and the viands disappear like the dew before the sun. Every one talks as he eats, and with a finger full of poi in mid-air, here and there, a big Kanaka laughs and shakes his fat sides as he jabbers away in the most irresistible style. It is a case of eat, drink, and be merry. A *luau* used to be given in honor of every great event, the anniversary of the king's coronation, birthday, or death, or of the death of any friend or chief or relative. The *luau* is often followed by hula dances, usually by young women.

Bands of hula dancers were formerly among the retainers of the kings and chiefs, but since the overthrow of monarchy and the establishment of the republic, this, like other barbarous customs, is falling into disuse. Kalakaua, the last king, was very fond of hula dancing and all kinds of debauchery. The hula dance is a voluptuous movement of the body to a doleful music, the feet having little to do with it. Kalakaua's hula girls sometimes danced nude, but the usual costume is a skirt made of grass, coming to the

knees, the body being naked or having a loose waist ornamented with flowers. The laws now prohibit nude dancing, tho such exhibitions are still given in private, for the amusement of tourists with depraved minds.

A gentleman from Rochester who recently witnessed one of the more respectable hulas remarked: "The missionaries have not completed their work yet."

CHAPTER VII

Voyage to Molokai

Molokai, the island of lepers, is perhaps one of the most interesting, but at the same time the most gruesome of the entire group. It is not a desirable place to visit. One may have a curiosity to go there once, but I do not believe any person, however morbid his curiosity may be, will wish to repeat the visit. I had no special curiosity to go to Molokai, tho, as a faithful chronicler of events and the islands, I felt it a duty incumbent on me to pay the leper settlements a visit. It was not easy to secure an opportunity, as I soon ascertained, for tho I mentioned the subject to several of the officials, I received but little encouragement. For prudential reasons the Board of Health keep their semi-annual visits to that island a secret, and there is no way to reach the land of the banished save to accompany that body. When the purpose of a visit is discovered, there are always more applicants among the natives to go and visit banished friends than there is room for on the ship.

Dr. Rodgers informed me one morning that the board was going to make a visit to Molokai that night,

and all day long I schemed and planned to get standing room on the ship. After setting many traps to interview the secretary of the board, and failing, I at last in despair called upon Mr. John Waterhouse, the acting president, and asked him if I could be an invited guest to the island of lepers, and he answered:

"Be at the dock of the Inter-Island Steamship Company at nine sharp!"

That was all—it was enough, and I felt a great relief in the thought that I should not fail in my undertaking. Before the appointed time by some thirty minutes I was at the dock. The Board of Health had not arrived, and while waiting for them I was entertained by a fight between two drunken sailors. By the time peace was restored the Board of Health and a large number of visitors had arrived. The gangplank was run out, and Mr. Waterhouse and Mr. Reynolds, the manager of the settlement, took their stations near it, to see that only such as had been granted permission were admitted to the deck of the little Inter-Island steamer, *Ke Au Hou*.

The deck of the little vessel was soon crowded with passengers. Among them were Drs. Day, Capron, and Ryder, Professor Richards of the Kamehameha schools, Senator Henry Waterhouse, Judge Luther Wilcox, Bishop Ropert, Father Valentine, Father Pamphile, and some young men who were going to the settlement as missionaries. The priests had come

with me from San Francisco, and were now making their final voyage to their destination. Their journey from their far-off home had almost ended, and they would soon be shut out from all the world, engaged in a noble work in the midst of perils far greater than those met on the battle-field. Among the prominent ladies on board the *Ke Au Hou* were Mrs. Clark, the wife of the captain of the *Kinau*, who had a leper daughter at the settlement; Miss Bessie Reynolds, Mrs. H. Lewellyn Jenkins, a deaconess of the Washington Square M. E. Church, New York City; and the late Miss Kate Field, of *The Times-Herald* of Chicago. Many natives with friends and relatives in the settlement came and begged so earnestly to be permitted to pay them one more visit that Mr. Reynolds took aboard all that the ship could conveniently carry.

The great whistle gave forth its ear-splitting shriek, and all not bound on that mournful voyage hurried ashore, the gangplank was drawn in, and the vessel cast off. A Hawaiian sailor, having imbibed too much *okolehao*, and being in a most loving humor, was going the round shaking hands with or embracing every person he met.

"He is the most cordial person I have seen," the witty Kate Field remarked. "He has shaken my hand three different times in the last five minutes."

The happy Kanaka was taken below by the mate, and we did not see him any more until he had slept

off the effects of the liquor. We had scarce passed Diamond Head when we entered the rough waters of the channel, and our little ship began to roll. A strange sail was discovered out to sea, and for a while the passengers amused themselves looking at it through the captain's night-glass.

The purser informed us that he had not cabins enough for the ladies and elderly men, so the young men would have to content themselves with the deck. As we were in the tropics, there was little danger of taking cold, and as there were none who wanted to be classed as "elderly gents," all volunteered to "bunk on the deck." The purser assured us that he had plenty of mattresses and blankets for all. Some began early to express a desire to retire. Not feeling any disposition to sleep as yet, I went forward and seated myself on the bench that ran along the rail, and gazed out upon the vast sweep of water and starry heavens. The Southern moon rose high in the cloudless sky. As one always likes to gaze upon a familiar face in a strange land, the moon is ever a welcome guest to the traveler. It is the same moon in one part of the world that we see in the other. Then, again, one can feel that it is the same moon that is shedding its silver light on the loved ones so many thousands of miles away. The heavy breathing of the engine, the rumbling of the wheel, and dashing of the prow into the foam-crested waves, mingled with the moaning

of the wind through the ship's rigging, had a soothing effect upon me, and I began to yawn and nod in my seat. At last I rose, and walking aft met the Chinese steward, of whom I asked:

"Are the beds all taken?"

"No, me getta bled," he answered.

The pigtailed celestial darted below, and in a few moments returned with a mattress, blanket, and pillow. There was space aft of the main-mast, just forward of the main hatchway, for one more. It was a very spare room, for while my head rested against the foot of the mast, my feet extended over the hatchway. The only thing between my blanket and the sky was a rope or two stretched above me. For a long time I lay on the deck of the rolling ship, as she plunged forward into the waves, gazing up into the starry heavens, and wondering how this voyage would terminate, then fell fast asleep. Had all gone well I might have slept until dawn, but just about 3:30 A.M., while I was in the midst of a dream, in which I imagined myself a saw-log being rolled up and down a hill for the amusement of some giant fiend, I became conscious of water being sprinkled on my face.

Just as I started up, I recollect hearing a native sailor cry:

"Wiki, wiki, mahope pilikia!" (Hurry up or by and by there will be trouble.)

All around was confusion. Men were leaping from the deck picking up collars, cuffs, and coats, without much regard to ownership, and hastening below. The officer of the watch cried:

"Ye'd better go below if ye don't want to git wet."

I made three or four ineffectual grasps for my collar, necktie, and cuffs, and at last succeeded in getting them, but in the general stampede to go below, my hat rolled beyond range of my vision, and I was compelled to leave it. As it was, I was pretty well soaked before I got under shelter. The steward went with a lantern to find my hat, and after half an hour's search brought it to me.

We were now all crowded on the lower deck, while the rain roared above. The crowd was good-natured, and even if some were still sleepy and inclined to yawn until they almost had the lockjaw, they were jolly. Some who had chosen the lower deck for their berth were dry, but with the advent of those rained in from above there was no more sleep that night.

"Sit down and make yourself comfortable," said a voice near by, which I recognized as belonging to Senator Waterhouse. The genial senator had been rained in himself, but he took everything good-humoredly, and said: "You will have to get used to such little mishaps as this if you expect to travel in Hawaii. Sit down and be comfortable."

Taking a seat by the side of the senator, I listened

to the confused babble of tongues all about us. Nearly everybody had had a similar experience to the present, only it was a great deal worse, and to relieve the annoyance of those who had been soaked to the skin, and awakened from sweet dreams, they began to relate former experiences. When once a crowd gets to telling stories there is no knowing where they will drift to; that is, any crowd except a crowd of Hawaiians. The Hawaiian crowd is almost sure to end up with fish and sharks. Unlimited license is given the Hawaiian in shark stories, or the amount of sugar per acre his plantation will yield. We had among us two famous story-tellers, Senator Waterhouse and Judge Wilcox, and the moment the conversation took a drift in the direction of sharks, the boys all began to turn their attention to these Peter Pindars. Senator Waterhouse was the first to make some inadvertant remark about sharks, when a chorus cried:

"Go on, senator, tell us a shark story."

The senator, who always likes to please good children, began:

"Once on a time, while going down the coast of Oahu, I saw a crowd of natives, close to shore, some in the water, and some on the rocks above. There was something so strange and mysterious in their manner that my curiosity was aroused, and I sailed my boat in close enough to hail them and asked what they were doing. They informed me that a shark

had gone into one of those submarine caves in the rocks, with which the coast of Oahu abounds, and fallen asleep, and that they were going to lasso it. I was told that I might stay and have the exquisite pleasure of helping pull it out after they had lassoed it, if I wished. I ran my boat in to shore, and climbing among the rocks saw his sharkship in one of the small caves or holes in the rocks fast asleep, One of the natives swam noiselessly into the cavern, and adjusted the lasso about the tail of the shark without awaking him, and then we got out on shore and began to pull. There was a tremendous floundering about in that cave, but out came Mr. Shark, and we stopped not until he was pulled out on the rocks and put to death. I tell you, boys, he was a monster."

An incredulous laugh followed this narrative, which caused the senator to declare:

"Why, if any of you doubt this story, just charter the ship, and if I don't take the whole party to the very hole from which we drew the shark, then I will pay all expenses."

Judge Wilcox, who had long been a rival for the championship in shark stories, stroked his moustache with a "that's-nothing" expression, and declared that he saw nothing unreasonable or even remarkable in the senator's story,

"Why, sharks are the most tractable creatures in the world when you know how to handle them. It

takes a great deal of experience and skill to handle a good-sized shark, one of the man-eating species, but the Kanaka boys know exactly how to master them. I used to have a fish-pond over on the other side of Oahu, and at high tide sometimes as many as half a dozen full-grown sharks would come in the pond at a time, and when it was low tide it left them in the pond, which would be so shallow the sharks could not turn over. The native boys used to go to that pond, jump astride the sharks and ride them through the water. It was great amusement to see them riding races around the pond on the backs of sharks."

"That will certainly take the premium," declared Ed Towse, rubbing his eyes.

"Now if you don't believe this story, if you will charter the ship I will take the whole party to the very pond in which the sharks were ridden for horses. If I can't show you the pond, I will pay the expense of the ship."

Shark stories were the order of the day, until the steamer crept into the bay of Kalaupapa, and the steward asked all to come into the dining-room and have a cup of coffee to "stay the stomach" until breakfast: an invitation which the story-tellers accepted, and thus put an end to our amusement. I will state that I have since had some of the stories told that morning verified, strange and impossible as they may seem. While I would not recommend that

one should believe every fish-story he hears, yet stranger things happen in Hawaii than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

Just as the first streaks of dawn began to tinge the east, we came up in the roadstead (it can't be called bay) of Kalaupapa. There was a jingling of heavy chains, the running off of a reel, a plunge and we were at anchor. Glancing off to leeward, I saw great banks of mist rolling up on a shore along which the light of lanterns gleamed, with high mountains in the background. Tho the rain had ceased falling, the dark clouds and mist swept before us at times, shutting out the desolate shore of Molokai, the home of the lepers.

CHAPTER VIII

The Lepers

The Hawaiian Islands have been termed by some of their enthusiastic admirers "The Paradise of the Pacific," and in many respects they seem to warrant the appellation. There one finds many of the conditions spoken of in the songs and stories of paradise.

> "Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
> Stand dressed in living green."

It is a home of endless summer, where there grow but few poisonous herbs or trees, while there is not a serpent or reptile whose bite is dangerous on all the islands. If another Adam and Eve in their original simplicity were placed on some of those islands, abundant food could be found to supply their wants fresh from the hand of nature, as was found in the original Eden.

But the Hawaiian Islands are not Paradise. "Sickness, sorrow, pain, and death" are felt there just the same as in all lands on this earth, where men are born to die. One of the most dreadful diseases known to man haunts that land of beauty. Some

time during the year 1853 the first case of leprosy was discovered on the islands, and treated by Dr. Baldwin. The natives called it the *Mai Pake* or Chinese sickness, from which it is supposed that the dread disease was brought from China. The native blood having been impoverished by excesses and diseases contracted from the sailors, was a fertile field for this frightful epidemic. In 1864 leprosy had spread to an alarming extent. Accordingly, an act was passed by the legislature, January 3, 1865, to isolate the lepers, and provide separate establishments and hospitals for them. A hospital was established at Kalihi in October, 1865, and about the same time Mr. Hutchinson selected the present site of the leper settlement, and purchased lands for it on the north side of Molokai. It is a peninsula, comprising some five thousand acres, surrounded on three sides by the ocean, and on the south shut in by a steep *pali*, or precipice, from two to three thousand feet in height. It includes the fertile valley of Waikolu, besides the villages of Kalawao on the east side and Kalaupapa on the west.

From a description of Molokai, one must not suppose that the Hawaiian Islands abound with lepers. If you do not go to Molokai, the chances are that you might pass a lifetime in the Hawaiian Islands and never see a leper. Men and women have been born on the islands, lived to a good old age, and died

without meeting a person afflicted with that dread disease.

As a rule the lepers do not object to segregation, and some of the natives, I have been told, are anxious to be declared lepers and sent to Molokai, where they will be supported at the expense of the Government. On the other hand there are some who conceal their afflicted relatives and friends to prevent their being sent, thus propagating the disease and endangering their own homes. The Board of Health, however, are very vigilant, especially since the republic was formed, and the lepers are usually found, and after being thoroughly examined are sent to Molokai.

There is one leper on the island of Kauai still at large. Any one who enjoys blood-curdling adventures and hairbreadth escapes is at liberty to go, and take him to the island of lepers if he can. Koolau, a bold Hawaiian, was declared a leper and ordered to Molokai, but refused to go. His home was at the foot of the mountains not far from Waimea, where he had lived in happiness and peace with his wife, children, and aged mother until this dread disease seized upon him. When it was known that he was a leper and refused to go to Molokai, Sheriff Stoltz went to arrest him, but Koolau had armed himself with a Winchester and revolvers, and retiring into the strongholds of the mountain, warned the sheriff not to follow. The sheriff pushed on after him. There came a puff of

smoke from behind a clump of ferns screening a boulder, the sharp crack of a rifle, and the sheriff fell. He was taken mortally wounded to Waimea, and died in the parsonage of the foreign church in that village.

Koolau was declared an outlaw, and a posse sent to capture him. In his mountain pass, aided by his wife, children, and mother, he drove them back with bullets and stones. Next a company of National Guards was despatched to seize him. It is said that while they slept on the mountain-side at the dead of night, the outlaw leper passed through their camp to the village, secured some necessary supplies, and returned to his mountain fastness. Next day he was attacked by the National Guard in his pass, and after a terrible fight, he drove them down with a loss of three of their number. Koolau was still on the mountain at the time of my visit, and no one dared attempt his capture. The wild fruits, mountain taro, and wild cattle supply him with food, while the many caves in the mountains are his home. I was told that the disease is making frightful ravages on him. His fingers are falling off one by one, until he will soon have none left to pull the trigger on his enemies. He is gradually growing weaker and weaker, and eventually he will be too helpless to resist, or will die alone in some of his mountain caves.

One of the most pathetic stories told of the islands

is of a little leper girl. She was a bright little creature, her mother's pride, and as she was an only child the mother's heart was bound up in her. She was the best scholar in the school, and was often pointed out as an example to others. A member of the Board of Health on a tour of inspection discovered suspicious spots on the little one's face, and a peculiar elongation of the lobes of the ears. She was declared a suspect, and sent to the station at Honolulu. The mother was frantic with grief. Her only child, her little darling was to be torn from her and sent to dread Molokai,—death would be preferable. She spent her time in weeping and praying God to take her child to Heaven before it was banished to the leper settlement. When the Board of Health met, it was settled beyond question that she was a leper, and with the next ship she was to be banished.

"I have but one wish now!" the weeping mother sobbed, "and that is that she may die before the day of her departure comes."

Her wish was gratified, for the child was seized with a fever and died in a few days. Her little grave, still kept green and moistened by the tears of the heart-broken mother, is often pointed out to the traveler as the saddest memento of this terrible disease.

While we were at breakfast, Bishop Ropert, Father Pamphile, and the other priests and brothers took a

boat and went ashore. It was broad daylight when I reached the deck, and tho the rain had ceased, the clouds still hung about the mountains, and clung to the steep precipices along the shore. The next boat took the ladies. The surf was rolling high, and some of the passengers grew a little nervous at the thought of landing. As the boat with the ladies and several members of the Board of Health pulled out from the ship, another was lowered, and in company with a number of others I climbed down the ladder suspended over the ship's side and dropped into it. The descent was a little precarious, for as the boat bobbed down the ship bobbed up, and suspended in midair I waited for the supreme moment to come, when I could jump with the least danger of tumbling into the sea. I made the leap and alighted on somebody's shoulders, was seized by a Kanaka sailor, and placed in a seat. The boat was shortly filled and the crew began pulling for the stony beach, which even at this early hour was lined with people. Others could be seen coming over the hill, on foot and on horseback, to greet the visitors for whom they had waited for six long months.

Never were guests more welcome. Cut off as they are from the outside world, these semi-annual visits are green spots in the lives of the unfortunate exiles.

How they wait day after day, week after week, and count the hours from one visit to another one may

LEPER SETTLEMENT, MOLOKAI.

well imagine. That outside world with all its beauty and joy is never to be seen again by them, and they hail with joy the only visitors that ever come to bring them news of it.

A band in bright uniform was on the shore, and as the boats approached, played "Hail Columbia," "Star-Spangled Banner," and other American airs. As the Board of Health landed with the ladies, they were greeted with rousing cheers. Our boat came in just after theirs. There was a sort of stone dock built out a few rods into the bay, with a kind of breakwater, or rock pen, a few feet long, but not so high as to prevent the surf rolling over it at high tide. The white caps rolled all about us as we were swept into shore by the strong oarsmen. With some difficulty we entered the small artificial harbor, and came alongside the dock. Even here the water was turbulent, and we had to be dragged from the rocking boat to the rough stone pier.

I had only an opportunity to give the lepers a glance before I landed. I noticed that there was a great crowd of people on the shore, but had observed nothing peculiarly revolting about them. I was walking along the rude dock to the shore, when I saw an old man sitting on a horse holding the reins in a fingerless hand. It looked as if his fingers had been frozen off, or were cut off and had healed. There was nothing else about him that would indicate he was a leper.

Next I saw a Hawaiian woman with a great nodule on either side of her chin, her face spotted and lumpy. As I looked about me, leprosy in all its most horrible and revolting forms was visible everywhere. Fingerless men and women, disfigured and frightful faces were to be seen on every hand. Even the band-boys who had discoursed such sweet music, and who had actually looked handsome in their bright uniforms, as seen from the boat, would not bear close inspection. Some played cornets with fingerless hands, others had nodules on their faces like monster warts, frightful and disgusting to behold, and one had lost his ears. After all, their music was sad, and their shouts and cheers, which had about them a pretended heartiness, were only a mockery. None so afflicted can ever be happy, and their pretenses of happiness are miserable failures. That awful word "pilikia," meaning trouble, never seemed burdened with such fearful significance as on this occasion. I heard it a hundred times that day, and it rang in my ears for months.

Senator Waterhouse, who had done so much to cheer us up on our voyage, seemed almost saintly when he landed on this island of sorrow. He was everywhere boldly grasping the fingerless hands with expressions of sympathy and hope When there was no hope in this world, he pointed to that bright world above where sorrow never comes. His words were

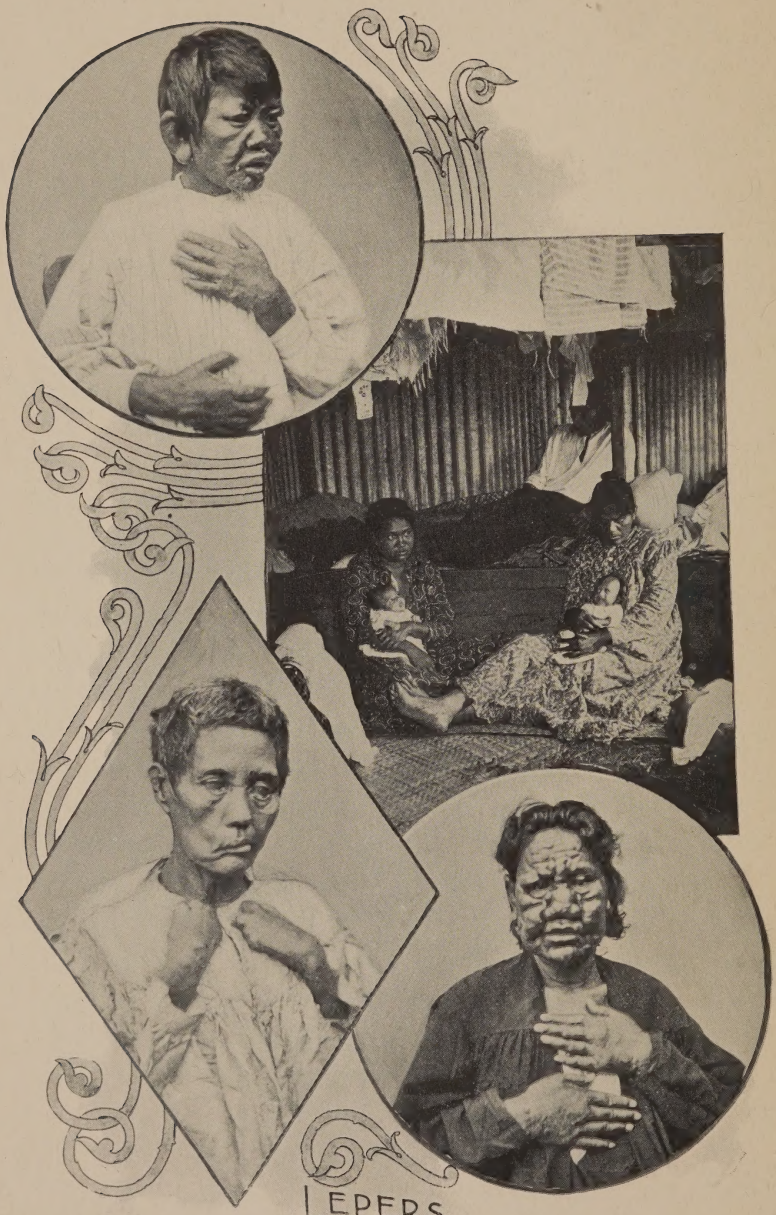
full of cheer to the poor natives, who have almost come to adore him. He knew many of them when they were in good health, and has been a frequent visitor to their island since their segregation, so that no one is hailed with more joy than he.

A guest-house has been built in Kalaupapa which no leper has ever been permitted to enter. After the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" had died away we started toward the house, our leper friends crowding about us much nearer than was comfortable. On passing the warehouse I saw a blind leper standing near the door, whose face was the most dreadful I had yet beheld; but before the day was over I was destined to see others even more horrible than he.

Fully two hundred lepers followed us to the guest-house, and stood around the fence, about the yard, gazing fondly, lovingly, and longingly at us, as if we were dearly beloved friends whom they dared not approach. There was neither envy, malice, nor idle curiosity in their gaze, but the utmost friendliness. The band of leper boys went to a porch on a building near the guest-house, from which they discoursed the sweetest, yet the saddest music I ever heard. Chief among the unfortunates who contributed so much toward making us welcome was Ambrose Hutchins, the association manager and sheriff, and with him Notley and Waiamau, young men especially useful in Kalaupapa.

Mr. Hutchins took his place at the gate of the guest-house to see that no leper should so far forget himself as to enter the ground sacred to visitors. He is a leper in whom the disease seems to have exhausted itself in the destruction of the extremities. His case is what is known in medical science as nervous leprosy. His fingers are gone, and his lower lip paralyzed so that when he speaks, it drops down over his chin. When he has finished a sentence he replaces his lip with his fingerless hand, and holds it in place with his upper lip. Dr. Day pointed out a boy to me whose eyelids were so paralyzed by leprosy that he could not hold them open, and was compelled to hold his head back in order to see under them. His eyebrows and lashes had fallen out, and his dark face had a peculiar ashen or death-like pallor.

Leprosy seems more fatal with children than with people of mature age. A former manager of the settlement expressed it as his belief that no one who contracted the disease in middle life ever died of it. As so little is known of the disease, the doctors are uncertain how it is contracted. There is also a difference of opinion as to whether it is a disease of the nerves or of the blood, tho classed among the skin diseases. The blood seems to become clogged, and refusing to circulate in the veins, the nerves of the extremities, fingers, toes, and ears, failing to get their supply, die, and the members drop off. The



LEPERS.

frightful nodules which disfigure the face and body are probably formed by strangulated veins and arteries. A full and free circulation might effect a cure, but how to get that circulation is a secret never revealed to medical science. Leprosy has never been cured by any save a divine power. It has for thousands of years baffled the medical science of the world, and is to-day as much a living death as when the Savior of mankind by a touch and word made the leper clean.

There are two kinds of leprosy observable on Molokai: nervous leprosy and tubercular leprosy; the former destroying the extremities, the fingers, and toes; the latter disfiguring the face with nodules which sometimes become running sores. It is the prevailing opinion at present in Hawaii that leprosy can only be contracted by inoculation, but as inoculation depends on the condition of the blood, one may contract the disease from a very slight exposure, while, if the blood is perfectly pure, it will throw off the poison even if inoculated. Dr. Trousseau once advanced the theory that one might contract the disease from a mosquito bite.

An experiment was made by inoculation some years ago. A native was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged. The Board of Health appealed to the king to allow the doomed man his choice to be hanged or inoculated with the virus of a leper. The

request was granted, and the prisoner chose to be inoculated. It was done, and in two years' time the disease began to make its appearance. Five years later he died in Molokai. The disease is so slow that it is supposed that it takes from two or three years for it to develop after exposure, and there have been cases in which seven years were required for the disease to manifest itself. Many husbands live with leper wives, and never contract the disease; and there is one woman on Molokai who has buried two leper husbands and still is "clean." Children born of leper parents, if they show no sign of the disease at five or seven years of age, are taken away and educated at the expense of the Government, until a certain period has elapsed; then if the child is clean, it is permitted to go whithersoever it will. Many children of leper parents never contract the disease, tho it will appear in the grandchildren, or great-grandchildren, or even in some later generation.

One of the peculiarities of lepers is an elongation of the lobes of the ears. I was told that sometimes their ears became so long and hung down so far as to interfere with their galloping pell-mell over the island, one of their most delightful pastimes. In such cases, I was informed, they apply to the doctor to have their ears cut off; the operation is said to be painless and to afford great relief.

From the guest-house we had an excellent view of

Kalaupapa. The village of neat little white cottages stretches along the shore for a mile, and back from the beach half that distance. The most notable buildings are the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Beretania Hall, Bishop's Girls' School, and two churches. They have a jail at the settlement, but it is empty nearly two thirds of the time. Including the one hundred helpers, there were at the time of our visit a little over twelve hundred people in the settlement, all of whom were peaceable and orderly. Senator Waterhouse, his brother John T. Waterhouse, Judge Luther Wilcox, J. D. McVeigh, Mr. Reynolds, and other *Kamaainas* (old settlers) were at all times surrounded by groups of Molokai people, keen to gossip in their own tongue with friends from Honolulu.

The business of the Board of Health having been completed, horses were brought for the entire party to ride to Kalawao. The incident of the start was the *début* of Kate Field as an equestrian *à la Hawaiian*. It is a perplexing and serious task to give a woman her first lesson in riding astride. Miss Field, by the kindness of Miss Bessie Reynolds, appeared arrayed in divided skirts, expressing herself as feeling very peculiar. By the aid of two able-bodied men, she mounted a sorry-looking gray, whose good graces she sought to win by soothing words and fond caresses. After many hysterical screams, and taking a short trial trip of ten paces, she thought she might be able

to stand the journey, and we started. The cavalcade to Kalawao strung out in a picturesque procession. Lepers on foot and on horseback to the number of three or four hundred accompanied us. There were lepers before, behind, and on either side, gazing in silent affection at us. On an arch extending over the roadway was the gruesome greeting wrought in evergreens: "Welcome to Molokai." Like children eager to make our visit pleasant, they pointed to this motto with pride, and explained that they had worked all the day before to erect it in honor of our visit. It made me sad to think of the labors of those poor, weak, afflicted children of nature, toiling even with fingerless hands to decorate their village and humble homes in honor of our visits.

At Kalawao is the grave of Father Damien, whose brother, Father Pamphile, had come to take his place. We met a number of the boys marching to the tap of a drum to meet and escort Bishop Ropert, Father Pamphile, and others to the home, where Father Pamphile and his assistants were to remain. The procession halted and drew up in a line at the roadside to allow us to pass, giving us a military salute as we did so. One boy had a face more hideous than the most grotesque mask I ever saw, while his head was swollen to twice its natural size, and so heavy he could scarce balance it on his shoulders. Weakened with disease as they were, these lads were filled with enthusiasm

and marched two miles to meet the beloved missionaries coming to give their lives to their comfort. They cheered after we had passed, then took up their line of march to meet the bishop and his party.

At the foot of a gentle slope, a pretty plain stretching away from it, is Kalawao, with the Catholic Church, and Baldwin Home for boys. This home is the gift of Hon. H. P. Baldwin, the great sugar-king of Hawaii, who lives on Maui, and whose generosity is known and felt throughout all the islands. We entered the enclosure of three acres constituting the Baldwin Home, under an arch on which were the words, "I was sick and ye visited me."

We were met by Brother Joseph Dutton—a noble, wonderful, almost saintly man. He was born in Michigan, was a soldier during the great Civil War, became converted to Catholicism, and journeyed on his own account to Hawaii, and asked to go as a missionary to Molokai. He was the beloved friend and spiritual brother of Father Damien, and supported his head while he was dying. For seven years Brother Joseph has been in the leper settlement, living with the afflicted, ministering to their wants, dressing their wounds, amputating dead and useless fingers, and has not yet contracted the disease.

"Come with me and I will show you about the place," he said. Our party followed him from cottage to cottage, which we found scrupulously neat

and clean. In fact everything that can be done for the comfort of the unfortunate victims is done. The Government of Hawaii and the missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, certainly deserve the greatest praise for their noble work in this field. We found schoolrooms in which the leper children are taught, with playgrounds and all that may make the little folks forget their ills.

"Now if you care to visit the hospital, I will take you there," said Brother Joseph.

Several expressed a willingness to go, but at the door all but two or three backed out. Some of the unfortunate creatures had managed to crawl out upon the porch, where they sat or reclined, basking in the sunlight.

"These are still able to come out in the air," our gentle guide explained. "Now come inside and I will show you leprosy in its last stages." We entered the hospital filled with cots on which lay some of the most frightful-looking objects I had ever beheld. Brother Joseph, pointing to the unfortunate victims of this loathsome disease, continued:

"These poor fellows can not last long; those three in that corner are dying now." Pointing to a vacant cot he added: "One died there last night; we just took him out, and he will be buried to-morrow."

I went over to the bedside of one leper who was just breathing his last. All other sights that I had

witnessed on that island paled into insignificance compared with the revolting appearance of this man. The horrible odor of the disease, more repulsive than a thousand charnel-houses, overcame me. I grew dizzy, and had I not staggered to the door I should have fallen.

Having seen enough of lepers, I wandered with Mr. Farrington to the Catholic churchyard, where we paid a visit to the grave of Father Damien, the priest who died of leprosy, then mounting our horses, we returned to Kalaupapa.

I will conclude this chapter with the following verses composed by a blind leper on Molokai, whom we found at Kalawao. The sheet of paper on which they were scrawled was given by the leper to Dr. Ryder, who furnished me with a copy. The rime and meter may be forgiven, when we take into consideration the condition of the poet who composed them.

THE LEPER BOY.

Composed by Clayton L. Strawn,

a blind Leper at Molokai.

I.

In a little shaded spot,
On the island of Kauai,
There stands an old grass hut,
For which I often sigh:

For many is the hour I've spent
Rolling on that matted floor;
Whilst the air was filled with scent
From flowers out the door.

II.

There with mother and father dear,
And my little sisters too,
I spent my happy boyhood years,
No care I ever knew.
But they have passed away,
They have vanished one by one;
In yonder mound they lay,
Each grave marked by a stone.

III.

There beside our mother's knee,
We said our evening prayer;
Those were happy days to me,
With my two sisters fair.
God called them home on high,
And I am left alone;
Which oftimes makes me sigh
For my little island home.

IV.

All's gone that's dear to me,
And I am failing fast;
I have got the leprosy,
I too must die at last.
May the great God of love
Whose ever-watchful eye,
Look from His home above
And forgive the leper boy.

V.

Now after I am dead,
  Do not bury me so deep;
Plant a tree beside my head—
  For there's none for me will weep—
That the birds at early morn,
  Whilst the wind its branches wave,
May warble forth their song
  O'er the outcast leper's grave.

CHAPTER IX

Cast Away

On our return to Kalaupapa, we fell in with Dr. Capron and several others, among whom was a young leper named Nathaniel, who claimed to have taken the Goto treatment (administered by a Japanese doctor of that name) with success.

"You need not tell me that leprosy can't be cured," said the leper. "It can. They declared me a leper and sent me here, but I have taken the Goto cure and I am healed. At one time I could plunge a knife blade into my thigh to the handle, and not feel it, but now that the nerves are restored, I am as sensitive to pain as I ever was."

I asked Dr. Capron about his case, and he said that while his leprosy seemed to have disappeared, it was liable to return. The Board of Health did not feel justified in discharging him. I found that the board did not put much reliance on the reported cures of Goto, the Japanese. Nathaniel was an intelligent young Hawaiian, and seemed sincere in his belief that he was cured, and while he thought the board did him wrong by retaining him, at the

same time he uttered no loud complaints against them.

As we descended the hill and came in sight of Kalaupapa, we noticed that the surf was rolling high. A boat was just pulling out from the shore to the *Ke Au Hou*, at anchor a fourth of a mile away.

"The wind is rising," Dr. Capron said, while a shade of anxiety passed over his face. "If we go aboard that ship to-day we must do it very soon."

Putting our horses to a gallop we thundered down toward the beach. One of the ship's boats containing Captain Thompson, Purser Kelley, and a native crew, pulled out from the "rock pen" and started toward the ship. A mighty wave, seeming mountain high, rolled toward it, struck the prow of the boat with such force as to capsize it, and the officers and crew were struggling in the rolling surf, which for a moment buried them. The boat was lifted on the top of a foam-crested wave, and rolled over and over on the rocks until it was crushed as if it had been an egg-shell. Fortunately, the skipper and crew were swept on the rocks with only a few bruises, and all miraculously escaped.

By the time we drew up our panting steeds along the stormy beach, the captain and his crew had crawled out of the water. They gave us the encouraging intelligence that the provisions brought from the ship had been lost in the sea, by the capsizing of

a former boat, and the prospects for a continued fast on the island were excellent.

The question that most concerned us was how were we to get on board the ship. The surf was dashing with increased violence every moment, and while the capsizing of the captain's boat might be regarded in the light of an accident, there was no doubt that an attempt to reach the ship would be attended with great danger. We returned to the guest-house, whither the others had gone, and held a consultation. Chief-Engineer McLean, Purser Kelly, and Captain Thompson determined to manage in some way to get the commander of the craft aboard. The captain, purser, and crew took their places in the second boat, and a native named Hikiau stood holding the bow-line while he watched the great waves roll in shoreward. It was a thrilling moment. The captain whispered some words in the ear of the chief-engineer, who was to remain behind, and placed his watch and purse in his possession. His face was very pale, but he was calm, and on his brow was stamped that determination that makes heroes. Hikiau kept his eye on the rolling waves, that broke in crested splendor with the roar of thunder upon the rocks, occasionally giving a word of command to the crew in the boat bobbing up and down in the rock pen.

Three great waves had just exhausted their force on the shore when Hikiau gave a shout, released the

cable, and the boat shot out of the rock pen to dash into the roaring surf. The natives on the dock cheered the native sailors, who fearlessly bent to their oars, sending the boat bounding over the waves. One monster, angry billow came rolling forward with such fury that it seemed as if it would inevitably bury the boat beneath it. The prow of the boat mounted it, and at one time the craft seemed to be almost perpendicular, in fact so much so that those in the boat had hard work to hold their places. It swept over the wave, and the prow dipped down into the trough of the sea, and the stern kicked up its heels with such force as to threaten to throw the passengers out over the bow. The boat swept safely on however, and was soon in smoother water. Every one who had held his breath during the danger now gave vent to wild cheers, answered from those of the crew on the ship. The captain and his boatmen were soon safely on board the ship, but the gale was increasing and the surf growing more and more dangerous.

The Board of Health decided that it would be impossible for us to go aboard the ship from the Kalaupapa side. Some thought that on the other side of the peninsula, at either Kalawao or Waikolu Point, the sea would be smooth enough for the ship to approach the shore. Ambrose Hutchins sent a horseman flying over to the other side to ascertain the condition of the sea there. I could not endure the thought of

spending a night on this horrible island, and was almost tempted to plunge into the rolling surf and swim to the ship, or perish in the effort.

In an incredibly short time the messenger came flying back with the glad news that the sea was calmer on the other side. Now came the serious question of how we were to get instructions to the captain to take the ship around to Kalawao. Hikiau settled the matter by offering to swim off to the ship with the message.

"Write it out, put it in a bottle, seal it, and give it to me," he said.

Hikiau was a large bewhiskered native, brave as a lion, and a noted diver and surf-rider. Clothed only in a *malo*, he took the bottle in which was the order from the Board of Health to the captain of the ship. I never saw a more perfect picture of physical manhood than when Hikiau took his place on the rocks to make his great swim. Like the trained diver that he was he watched his chance. On came rolling a huge breaker, capable of crushing a block of brick buildings. Just as it was about to burst in fury on the rocks he plunged head first into it. With a hollow roar the wave dashed on the cold gray stones and

a cloud of spray hid everything from view. So long was he hidden by the waves that even the most experienced feared he was lost. At last he rose triumphant on the other side, and struck out for the ship. Another and another billow came rolling toward him, and he mounted them with the ease and grace of a swan, while wild cheers rose above the thunder of the sea. He finally reached deep water, and with a few powerful strokes darted through it like a seal and reached the ship's side. A rope was thrown to him, and with an agility as a climber exceeded only by his skill as a swimmer, he reached the deck.

A few minutes after he reached the deck the steamer hoisted anchor and steered for the opposite side of the peninsula. Again we mounted the horses and thundered over the hill to Kalawao, accompanied by three or four hundred lepers, far more sociable than was agreeable. The very streets of the village were filled with the stench of leprosy, and I determined to get off to the ship that night if it was possible. The sun was already low in the west, and the sky, which at noon had been clear, was overcast with lowering clouds, while the eternal roar of the surf fell on our ears.

My pony was a sorry beast, and, despite all my exertions to keep up with my companions, I was left behind in the very midst of a throng of horrid lepers. I

would have felt but little more unpleasant had I been left with wild beasts; not that the lepers were unkind; they were too kind, too obliging to suit me, and I longed to get away from them. Every face I looked upon was a horrid sight, and I believe a week in such companionship would have driven me insane. Leper men and women galloped along on either side, despite all my efforts to shake them off. They were so hungry for society that one could not rebuke the unfortunates, disagreeable as their familiarity was.

When I reached Kalawao, I learned that our party had galloped down the lava-strewn hillside to the beach. The steamer could be seen coming in for us, but the waves were rolling so high, the boat did not dare come near the rocks. Some of our party said we would have to wait until morning, others seemed quite sure that we could get off on Waikolu Point two miles away. The boat came near enough to the rocks for some of our people to order it to Waikolu Point, and then we scampered over the hillside to reach that place before the storm, which was increasing in violence all the time, would make it impossible for us to land there.

After a long ride along a ledge on the mountain side, a steep descent, and a gallop by the roaring sea, eight of our party reached the point in time to drop into the boat, and were taken off to the ship. The storm had by this time increased until the whole coast

was dangerous, and with heavy hearts the remainder of us returned to Kalaupapa. Night had fallen when we reached the guest-house and threw ourselves almost exhausted on the *lanai*. We had no food, the guest-house had only beds enough for the ladies, and there were nine blankets for twelve men. The two Catholic sisters, Cassentia and Vinsentia, who have been for fifteen years missionaries among the lepers, sent us both food and blankets, which they assured us had never been contaminated by lepers.

After a supper of canned salmon, bread, butter, and jelly, we returned to the *lanai*. The leper band which had been serenading us almost continually since our landing, whenever they could get us to stay in one place long enough to be serenaded, now gave way to a chorus of leper boys, who sang some of the sweetest yet saddest songs I ever listened to. The last song, was a polyglot in Hawaiian and English. The chorus was in English, and ended with:

> "A parting kiss, a fond embrace
> Until we meet again."

Tho no one had any desire for a parting kiss or a fond embrace, nor do I believe there was any wish to meet the poor creatures again, yet there was something so sad in that refrain that many eyes grew moist as they listened.

It was late that night before any one thought of re-

tiring. The beds were given up to the ladies, and most of the men rolled blankets about themselves and lay on the floor. I am quite sure it was the most miserable night of my existence. I did not dare use the blanket that was offered me, so propped myself back in a rocking-chair, and spent the night on guard against infected mosquitoes.

Before it was fairly daylight I was down at the beach, and found the fury of the waves increased instead of diminished. A light bobbing up and down on the water showed where the steamer lay at anchor. Some of the lepers were already on the beach gazing at the ship, and a crowd had begun to gather about the guest-house. When several members of the Board of Health came down to the beach and declared that it was impossible to get off to the ship, my heart sank within me. To be a castaway, a prisoner in such a place, where I lived in continual dread of contracting the frightful disease, was almost maddening. We returned to the *lanai*, where Senator Waterhouse and Mr. Reynolds declared it might be days and weeks before the sea on the peninsula subsided sufficiently for us to get off to the ship. The only feasible plan of escape was to climb the immense *pali* or precipice, over two thousand feet high, on the south, and cross the country to Kaunakakai twelve miles from the settlement. The precipice was an almost perpendicular steep, and our party had slept little

and eaten little for two days, so it was the last resort. We had with us four ladies, who we feared would not be able to endure the fatigue of such a march. There are telephone connections with Kaunakakai, and we ascertained that the bay there was comparatively calm. A boat came in from the ship near enough to hear us from the rocks, and McLean, the chief-engineer who had been left on shore with us, shouted to them that we were going over the *pali* and across the island to Kaunakakai.

About the central part of the island of Molokai, after one has left the leper peninsula, is the home of Mr. Myers, called Kalae. Mr. Myers has a native wife, and is the manager of a large estate known as the Bishop estate. Mr. Reynolds telephoned to him to send horses to the top of the *pali* for our party, when we should reach it.

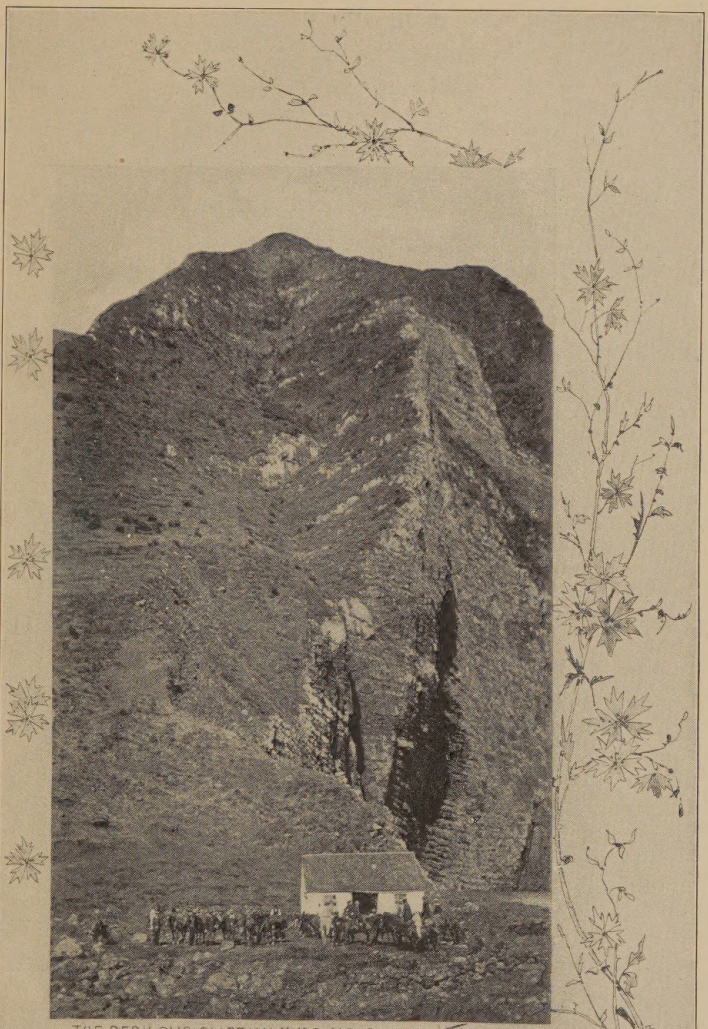
The sun had risen by the time we had eaten the remnant of the bread and fish given us by the sisters, and we started to the *pali* on foot, followed by the lepers who seemed loth to give us up. We walked for a mile along the shore close by the angry billows, which seemed howling with fiendish delight at having imprisoned us. At last we reached the foot of the ascent and began to climb. For about one fifth of the distance one can ride on a steady horse, and there is a tradition of an escaping leper riding all the way up the *pali* on the back of a horse. Mr. Ambrose

Hutchins had sent a party of workmen ahead to repair the road, and we could see them like midgets far up the height along the almost perpendicular wall. Before we began the ascent Mr. Reynolds cautioned us as follows:

"We are going to begin the ascent. Whatever you do, don't look down; look up, or at the person just before you. We must go in single file, and every one must be careful how he steps, for a single slip may give one a fall of a thousand feet."

Many of the lepers who had followed us thus far were too weak to climb the steep, and watched as long as their weak eyes could make out a human form.

The narrow path wound zigzag up the face of the cliff, sometimes hidden by gnarled hou-trees, ferns, algarobas, and wild banana plants, but it often came out boldly on a narrow ledge overlooking the awful depths below. The workmen came down from the heights and reported all ready. Ambrose Hutchins told us to go on, and bade us good-by. We then began the toilsome ascent. On and on, step by step, foot by foot, and inch by inch we climbed, often compelled to cling to stones and shrubs. Some of the more able-bodied lepers followed us to the very top of the precipice. Mr. McLean of the *Ke Au Hou*, overcome by climbing, had to pause in a grove and rest.



THE PERILOUS CLIFF, KALAWAO, MOLOKAI.

In defiance of all commands, I halted on a projecting shelf when we had reached a dizzy height, and gazed down on the scene below. Pen can not describe the panorama spread out beneath me. I seemed on another planet, looking upon another world. The vast expanse of sea, the long rim of snow-white surf, the villages like specks of snow, and the great ranges of mountains in the distance could not be surpassed in splendor. After one glance I was content to toil on with the others, and after two hours of laborious climbing we reached the top.

On the precipice, up which there is but one available path, is a gate. This gate is the only place where one can leave the settlement by land. Lepers are permitted to go as far as the gate, but no farther. Those who had followed us thus far picked wild strawberries and guavas which they kindly offered to us, and shouted many *alohas* as we wended our way across the vast plateau toward Kalae. At twelve o'clock we reached the home of Mr. Myers, where an excellent meal was provided for us. A few horses were found here for the ladies and some of the men who had given out, but the remainder of us trudged on across twelve miles more of desert, and plain to Kaunakakai.

So overjoyed were we when we saw our ship riding at anchor in a peaceful bay that we gave forth shouts of gladness. Boats came to shore for us, and as we

were being rowed off to the ship we threw the kid gloves we had worn continually while among the lepers into the sea, as a precaution against taking the disease. When all were safe on board the *Ke Au Hou*, we steamed back to Honolulu. An hour out to sea, and we discovered the *Mikahala*, another steamer of the same line, which had been sent in search of us. All Honolulu was wild with anxiety at our prolonged absence, and on our return that night there was general rejoicing in the city.

CHAPTER X

Voyage to Maui

Maui, which is second of the group of islands in size, was until recent years the second in commercial importance, and at one time the first. Its superficial area is six hundred square miles, and on the map it has a remarkable resemblance to the head and bust of a human being. It consists of two lofty mountains connected by a low sandy isthmus, about ten miles in length, from Kahului, the port of the northern shore, to Malaea Bay, the port on the southern. The *Claudine* of the Wilder Steamship Company was to leave Honolulu at 5 P.M. December 3, 1895. I was down for a passage on her, and made my way to the little steamer. The *Claudine* is of 840 tons burthen, and one of the best of the Inter-Island vessels. It is the vessel which carried the commissioners, immediately after the overthrow of monarchy, to San Francisco on their way to Washington to ask for annexation.

Shortly after five we cast off from the shore, and steamed out of the bay past Diamond Head, which by this time had become a familiar object. Several no

tables among the legal profession of Honolulu were on board the vessel, going to Lahaina, to attend court; among them was Judge Magoon, the circuit judge of the district. They sat on the forward deck, and discussed knotty legal points until late in the night. At one o'clock in the morning the loud unearthly whistle awoke even the soundest sleeper, and a moment later the steward could be heard pounding on the doors of the staterooms, shouting:

"Lahaina Bay."

"This is beastly!" I heard one man remark as he climbed out of his berth. "Waked up at one o'clock in the morning to go ashore, and not find a single hotel where one can get accommodation."

Lahaina has fallen from her former greatness. It was once the capital of Maui. The village spreads along the shore, in a grove of coconuts, bread-fruit, mango, tamarind, orange, and other trees, which grow to the water's edge. The white dwellings by daylight can be seen for two miles along the shore standing among the trees, while back and beyond them are vast fields of sugar-cane. The sugar-mill is located at Lahaina, tho most of the cane has to be brought in by the plantation trains from fields four or five miles away.

A few buildings remain as reminders of the old-time activity of the place, when Lahaina was not only the political, but commercial center of the group, and

at a time when fleets of whaling vessels made these islands their base of supplies and discharged their cargoes there. It was then a scene of bustling activity, and I have been reliably informed that as many as a hundred whaling vessels have been anchored in the Bay of Lahaina at one time.

In early history Lahaina was the residence of the king and the chief city of the Hawaiian group. Here were the royal palace, the seaman's bethel, the United States Marine Hospital, and the American and British consulates. But time has wrought a wondrous change. Where all was bustle and business activity fifty years ago, there now exist evidences of death and decay. The buildings occupied as government houses for merchandise and as dwellings of kings and chiefs have long since disappeared. Commerce, which after all rules the world, is arbitrary, and sometimes seems unreasonable. Fate honors a certain spot, and about it commerce centres, and a great city is built where there had been a wilderness. Honolulu rose to be the great commercial center of the islands, and Lahaina was forgotten and abandoned. Kings and chiefs left Lahaina and established their courts at Honolulu, until we find the former a deserted village, without even a hotel, yet at a reasonable price furnished rooms or houses may be procured for any length of time.

The mountains rise up somewhat abruptly out of

the fruitful plain, forming a very beautiful and picturesque background. Somehow nature seems to have tried to outdo herself in the formation of the Sandwich Islands, and nowhere are the mountains more picturesque and beautiful than on Mauai. In some places they are mound-shaped, while others are rocky and precipitous, torn by deep shadowy ravines and cavernous gorges. Many who have traveled extensively for the sake of observing natural scenery declare they have never seen mountains which in variety and form, coloring and beauty, exceed the mountains of Maui. At Lahainaluna, about two miles from the village of Lahaina, on an elevation of six hundred and fifty feet, is a seminary for the education of Hawaiians.

Our midnight hour at Lahaina was not sufficient to give one an idea of all the beauties and curiosities of the place, which has so often been praised by tourists. Hoisting anchor, the steamer was soon under way. The rocking of the ship was sufficient to lull one to sleep, and I had just sunk into pleasant slumbers, in which all dull cares were banished, when a pigtailed celestial who acts as steward pounded on the door of my stateroom, and cried:

"We comin' Kahului."

As the *Claudine* only lies at Kahului long enough to discharge her cargo and passengers, I was told to be dressed and ready for the second boat. Day had

just begun to dawn when I went on deck and gazed over the scene. First I saw the ship in the bay, the rippling wavelets washing her sides,—then the land. The first glance of Kahului is by no means inspiring. A collection of low houses along a beach washed by the surf, a railway train, consisting of one passenger- and one flat-car in waiting, and about two dozen Chinese huts, made up the scene which met our gaze. There was not a single hotel or place where a traveler might rest his weary head.

Kahului is three miles from Wailuku and connected with it by the Kahului and Paia Railroad. Having a good harbor it has become the chief port of the island, from which all sugar made in the vicinity is shipped by steamers or sailing-vessels to San Francisco or Honolulu. Most of the lumber and other supplies for the island are received at this port from the above-named cities; but, strange to say, Kahului as a business center is a failure. There are no hotels, no place for a stranger to stop and rest, and no accommodations for tourists. What is worse, there are no white people in the village. One is as much among the Orientals in Kahului as if he were in China or Japan. A Chinaman has what he calls a restaurant, but I advise all travelers to avoid Chinese restaurants, unless a white man presides over the institution.

Two young men named Benner and a white lady

named Waldvogel landed at Kahului with me, the young men like myself tourists, the lady the wife of a merchant at Paia. In addition to the white passengers there was a large number of Japs, Chinamen, Hawaiians, and Portuguese.

As the sun rose, we saw a cloud resting on the brow of that great mountain in the distance, and along the slopes we could make out the houses, church-spires, mills, and fields of waving cane. The white people were still drowsy from having their morning nap disturbed, and not much inclined to conversation, but the Chinese, Kanakas, and Japs chattered continually.

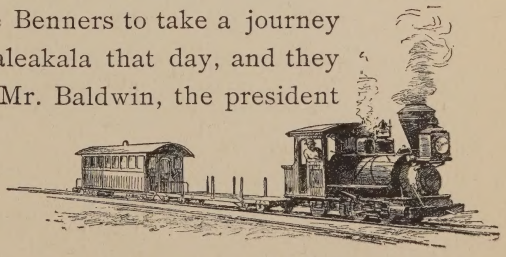
Our boat ran up to the dock, and we climbed up the steps and went ashore. The train that lay waiting to take us to Paia was almost ready to start, and placing our hand luggage on the flat-car, we entered the low, rough passenger-coach, which had two long uncushioned seats, one on either side of it. Such accommodations in a civilized country would be thought intolerable, but in the Hawaiian Islands such a car is in some places a luxury. The train started with a puff and a jerk. The road is a narrow-track concern, and the engine by the side of one of our great locomotives would look like a toy. For three miles or more the railroad is along the seashore, on which the white foam-crested surf eternally dashes. At last the railroad leaves the beach, and we suddenly found ourselves in the midst of that mammoth sugar-plantation,

Sprecklesville, with its great mills, forty thousand acres of cane and thousands of employees. I have been told that the Sprecklesville plantation is the largest in the world. It is owned by two of the younger sons of the great sugar-king, Claus Spreckles.

The depot and warehouse at Sprecklesville, doing the business of the plantation only, is as busy a point as villages of two and three thousand inhabitants in America. We lay but a few minutes at the station, just long enough for the freight, luggage, and Japs for the place to be unloaded, and then backing out from the station, with many a jerk and jolt, resumed our journey to Paia not more than five or six miles away, and as the Kahului and Paia Railroad trains go a little faster than an ox team, we reached the village in time for a late breakfast, at the home of Mrs. Waldvogel, for Paia, like Kahului, has neither hotel nor restaurant for the accommodation of strangers.

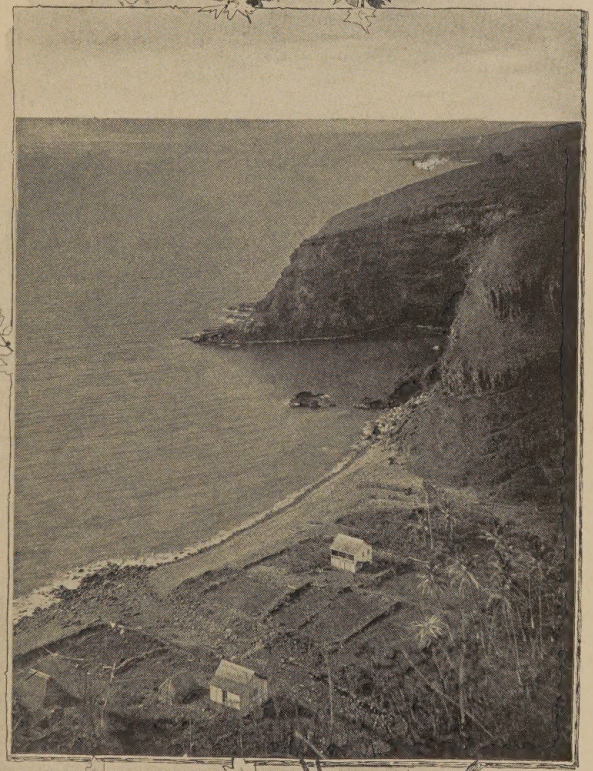
Mr. Colville, the manager of the Paia plantation, met me at the village in his break, and took me to his office. The Paia plantation is one among the largest dividend-paying plantations on the islands. Tho smaller than some other plantations, it has always been a paying property, while some of the larger plantations have been run at a continual loss.

I had arranged with the Benners to take a journey up the great mountain Haleakala that day, and they had gone to the home of Mr. Baldwin, the president



of the company, to procure horses for the journey. Mr. Colville said I should have time to take a gallop about the plantation before we started up the mountain, and as there is nothing more interesting than a large sugar-plantation, I consented. He had a pair of horses saddled for us, and we rode through the cane-fields, some of which had grown until they seemed to have overreached themselves, just as many people do, and had fallen to the ground. The tall stalks, with silken plume-like tassels, presented a beautiful picture, while in other fields the tender ratoons, were just covering the fields with delicate green. The field is a perfect network of flumes and irrigating ditches. It must require no small amount of engineering skill to lay out a field so that an equal amount of water will be carried to every stalk of cane. Up hill and down this water is conducted. The rows in which the cane is planted are short, with little ditches between in which the water stands to the depth of several inches for a day for two at a time.

With his hoe, the busy Jap or Chinaman opens each row, lets the water in until the roots of the cane are submerged, then dams up the ditch so that the water may soak into the ground. Much of the cane of the Paia plantation, when cut, is placed in the flumes and floated on the water for miles to the mill. Just at the carrier which takes it to the iron rollers, there is an opening, beneath which the water falls, after having



SCENE ON THE
COAST OF MAUI.

performed its duty, and goes on to irrigate fields below the mill. Most plantations have railroads, which like veins and arteries penetrate to the remotest fields; but the engineer who laid out the Paia plantation evidently had economy uppermost in his mind and so planned to have the water do the work of the railroads, and where the cane is not flumed into the mill, cattle with carts draw it.

CHAPTER XI

The Midnight Journey to the House of the Sun

On our return to Mr. Colville's office, we found Messrs. Ed and Harry Benner awaiting us. They had been to a telephone-station, and had communicated with Mr. Baldwin, and arranged to start up the mountain that afternoon.

"You had better get an early start after lunch," suggested Mr. Colville. "I have been up Haleakala, and know what you have before you. If you are caught by night on the mountain side, you will find it disagreeable. You are in the Arctic regions up there, and it is so cold that your horses will be chilled, and you will need winter clothing."

With summer all about us, flowers budding and blooming continually, and sowing and reaping the order of every day, it hardly seemed possible that the icy breath of winter was within a few hours' ride, and I could scarcely believe that snow lay on the mountains months at a time.

After arranging for a meeting at a cross-roads store somewhere on the road, the Benners took their de-

parture for Haiku, where they were to procure horses for the journey.

When we had lunched, the planter told me that mules were ready for myself and guide to go up the mountain. The steed selected for me was a very sober-looking mule, called Jenny, certainly a very undesirable animal for a long journey, but not to be surpassed when it came to climbing the rugged heights of the mountain. She was as impressionless as it is possible for an animated object to be, and when I had exhausted myself using the riata on her sides and flanks, the idea seemed to just dawn on her mind that I wished her to go faster. If she entertained the notion, it soon slipped from her mind, however, for in three minutes' time she dropped back into her sleepy, jogging gait.

My guide's name was Manuel Davera, whom I found a patient, trustworthy fellow. For a few miles we went along a broad thoroughfare with red dust rising in clouds about us, and red hillocks on either side; then we entered a red lane, with a wall of red lava stone on either side. Like the day-laborer, Jenny seemed only to care to put in time. She could do more galloping in a single rod linear measure than any animal I ever saw. She had a peculiar way of making a call at every house we passed, and it required no small amount of persuasion to relieve her mind of the impression that we had reached our stopping-place.

Sometimes Manuel came alongside, and falling a little astern belabored Jenny with his riata until she "got a move on her," then we sped along the picturesque road with forests of algarobas on either side until Jenny again became impressed with the notion that we had reached our journey's end. Then Manuel again began to ply his riata, and we sped through lanes and avenues of tropical trees in their perennial verdure, through forests of hou-trees, across sparkling streams spanned by bridges. A brood of ducks in the road scampered out of the way in every direction, some barely escaping the hoofs of our animals, while an old hen near the stone wall with her frightened chickens displayed a great deal of useless nervous agitation.

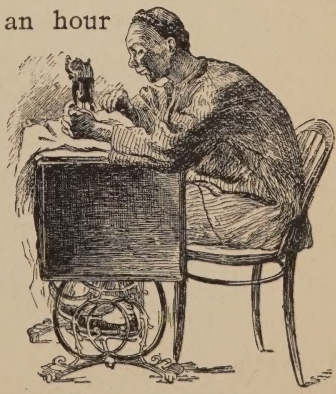
All the while we were very perceptibly ascending a gradual slope, not so abrupt as to be difficult or tiresome. The road was broad, and would have been a credit to New England. The heavy loads that have to be drawn over the roads of Hawaii demand that the roads should be of the best. We passed great wagons loaded with wood and cane, or logs drawn by six, eight, ten, and sometimes fourteen yoke of cattle. The oxen drawing these ponderous loads were great, lean, raw-boned, long-horned animals, in whose eyes the sullen fires of hatred against the human race that enslaved them seemed to eternally burn.

All the valley, as well as the gentle slopes about

Haleakala, is exceedingly fertile. On our right was a forest of hou-trees, on our left a cane-field, all indicating richness of soil, and marked with beauty.

At last we came to the "cross-roads" where the Benners were to meet us. There were two stores at the crossing, one kept by a Portuguese, the other by an enterprising Chinaman. It had been previously arranged that we should wait on the *lanai* of the Chinaman's store for our companions in the ascent. Tying our mules to a hitch-rack, we went upon the porch, and, seated upon packing-boxes, watched a Chinese tailor manipulate a sewing-machine. It was a monotonous entertainment, but the best that the place and occasion afforded. The minutes dragged slowly by and we cast impatient glances up and down the road hoping to see our friends approaching. After what seemed an age, a man came and told us that Mrs. Baldwin had telephoned him to ask us to wait for the young men from Honolulu, as they were coming, but had been unavoidably detained.

It is always pleasant to know that some one for whom you are waiting will come at some time, and I kicked my heels against the packing-box and watched the Chinese tailor for half an hour longer, while Manuel sat on the steps, with a look of despair settling over his face. He rolled a cigarette and smoked in silence. At the ele-



vation we had already attained the wind was blowing an autumn gale, heaping the leaves which had fallen from the trees along the fence rows. "School was out," and the children, native and foreign, went by chatting as gaily as do the children of country schools in America. A few minutes later their teacher, a handsome young white woman, came riding by on horseback. She would have shocked the people of the United States by the way she bestrode her horse.

Our patience was almost worn threadbare, when the same man who had brought us information before came back to say that he had received telephonic communication from Haiku saying the Benners had had some trouble in catching their horses, but were at last mounted and on the way to join us. It was a good half-day's ride up the mountain from where we were, and it was thirty minutes after three by my watch; they could not reach us for some minutes, and it seemed that after all we should have to postpone our journey. But all things must have an end, and after a while we saw them coming down the lane.

"We are sorry to have delayed you," they said on reaching the Chinaman's store. "As we were not expected the horses had been turned out in the pasture, and we had some trouble in catching them."

I remarked that I feared we should hardly be able to reach the top of the mountain that night.

"We will go as far as Olinda and wait for the moon, which rises shortly after midnight," said Mr. Ed Benner, who had been on the island before. "We can start after the moon rises, and make it to the top before daybreak."

With overcoats and blankets strapped on behind our saddles, and bags of provisions hung on the horns, we started. My impressionless mule seemed to have no spark of ambition to lead the procession. From the Chinaman's store the ascent grew steeper and more rugged. The valleys with their emerald, vermilion, and gold were left below, and we climbed the rugged mountain-side, bleak and brown, save where pale shrubs and deep chasms added to the dreariness of the scene.

The great, broad road degenerated into a dim path which wound up the mountain-side, sometimes lost in the groves of stunted and gnarled trees. A flock of wild turkeys ran across the path and disappeared in a deep ravine, and a few miles farther on a herd of wild goats were started up and scampered away before us. We crossed a deep ravine, went over a hill, and far over the mountain saw the cottage called Olinda. This cottage is the summer home of Mr. Baldwin, and is about four or five thousand feet above the level of the sea. At the season of the year when we ascended the "House of the Sun," the cottage was uninhabited. We had been instructed by Mrs. Bald-

win to call there and make ourselves as comfortable as we could while on our journey.

The sun had not set when we reached the cottage, and we proceeded to feed the horses and cook our suppers from the provisions we had brought with us. We built a fire in the stove in the parlor, and after supper sat about it, and told stories until half-past eight, then went to bed.

Shortly after midnight Ed Benner roused us. Manuel was sent to saddle the horses, while we got ready for the journey by moonlight. The moon had risen, and the whole mountainside was flooded with light. Objects could be seen far down the valley, and the lights in villages ten miles away were visible. Even at this elevation we found it so cold that we donned our overcoats and gloves. From Olinda the ascent of Haleakala is said to be one foot to every six, and no one who has made it ever feels like denying the assertion. By circuitous and zigzag routes, in single file, following the faithful Manuel, we pressed onward and upward step by step. Stones of every size, from that of a football to that of a ten-story house, are strewn along the mountainside. There is a sort of hard shrub which grows on the mountain, with bristling stiff leaves, almost as hard as iron.

The path grew dimmer and dimmer, until we could not see it more than half the time, and the guide became bewildered and at last lost his way. The at-

mosphere was so rare that tho we did not pretend to ride faster than a walk, we were compelled to stop every few rods to let our horses breathe. Mountain gorge after mountain gorge was passed. Sometimes we threaded our way along a narrow ledge of rock, with a chasm hundreds of feet deep on one side, and a cliff that towered into the skies on the other. It was in such dangerous and difficult passages as those that I changed my opinion of Jenny. Tho she was a miserable beast for a level road, she proved a jewel when it came to the rugged ascent.

At last the morning star arose; it seemed double its usual size, doubtless owing to the purity of the atmosphere.

My hat blew off and rolled into a ditch a short distance away. I dismounted and tried to lead my mule to the ditch to get it. The perverseness of a mule is never more apparent than when one is in a hurry to keep up with a caravan. Within a few feet of the hat, Jenny paused, and bracing herself on her hind feet refused to move another inch. There lay my hat within two feet of my outstretched hand, but Jenny would not advance a single step. I thought I could drop the rein, get my hat, and seize the bridle again, before Jenny knew she was at liberty. But I was mistaken. No sooner did the mule find the rein released than she trotted away a few steps, and pausing began to nibble the bunch-grass. She ate very con-

tentedly, until I came almost within reach of her, then again trotted away to another bunch and began to nibble. Tho I played the hypocrite and called her by every endearing name a mule was ever honored with, she would not let me come near enough to seize the rein. The height and the lightness of the atmosphere made it difficult for one unaccustomed to this great latitude to breathe, and I was blowing like a porpoise.

To make matters worse, I heard a crashing among the shrubs on my left, and turning my eyes in that direction saw a white object making its way toward me. The long sharp horns, as keen as bayonets, and the fierce, fiery eyes told me at once that it was one of the wild bulls which inhabit the mountain. The wild cattle of the mountains are sometimes dangerous, and Jenny did not seem to care a fig if this one gored me to death, but kept a dozen paces or so ahead, pausing every few minutes to nibble the bunch-grass, then trotting on when I advanced. The guide and my companions were out of sight, and my condition was becoming serious.

Manuel missed me from the party, came back, and caught my mule for me. I tied my hat on my head with my handkerchief, so as to keep it from being blown away again. For hours we pressed on upward, sometimes over bleak mountain wilds, sometimes through forests of dead trees, blasted by the cold

Mauka winds. It was only a short time before dawn of day, when benumbed and half frozen we reached the stone house on the summit of the mountain and near the great crater.

Tying our animals, we opened the door of the stone house, and entering it kindled a fire to warm our benumbed and half-frozen fingers. The blaze had just been started in the broad fireplace when the enthusiastic Harry Benner, who had gone to the door, shouted:

"Get out of there quick, it is coming!"

"What is coming."

"Daylight!"

There was no time now to kindle fires or think of benumbed fingers. The greatest spectacle that this world can furnish was to be witnessed—the dawn of day from the top of Haleakala. It was still quite dark, and the chasm-riven mountain was full of dangerous pitfalls. Our guide warned us against rushing pell-mell toward the crater, and we slackened our pace in time to save our necks.

We reached the top of a great rock which seemed to overhang some deep chasm, and were within a foot or two of this bottomless pit before we discovered it. In order to sound the depth of it, Harry Benner rolled a stone over the side of the cliff, and waited to hear it strike on the stone floor below. He listened in vain, no sound ever came back. The depth was so

great that even the thunder of that heavy stone striking the bottom failed to reach our ears. We drew back from the verge of that awful precipice, in fear and awe, and for several moments all were silent.

"It is growing lighter," Ed declared.

The eastern portion of the horizon was of a somber gray, while the most awful blackness reigned everywhere else. We were silent, lost in wonder, while the whole heavens were undergoing a constant transformation in which were mingled all the varied hues of the kaleidoscope. First in the east there appeared a faint yellow, followed by a deeper orange. Phœbus Apollo was coming; riding toward us in his chariot of fire, and tho he approached at a rate two hundred miles an hour faster than in the United States, there was ample time to note the constant changing hues of the heavens. Clouds surrounded the whole mountain, not in the vague, flocculent, meaningless masses one usually observes, but in Polar seas, where monster icebergs, floes, and packs lay piled upon each other, glistening with the frosts of an Arctic winter; then mountains on mountains, with the semblance of well-remembered glaciers, and again of forests and deep ravines loaded with new-fallen snow. They were first gray and then white, and a moment later changed to an indigo blue. We watched in silence the rolling mass of clouds five thousand feet below us. Snow drifts, avalanches, oceans held in the bondage of eter-

CLOUD SCENE ON TOP OF HALEAKALA, MAUI.

SUMMIT OF HALEAKALA, MAUI.

nal ice, and all this massed together, shifting, breaking, and rolling into a thousand shapes, changing color every moment. Then armies of giants glided through the air, and war chariots, ships, and horsemen were mingled in one of the most gorgeous spectacular panoramas one ever beheld. Such a panorama is worth crossing oceans, mountains, and rivers to see. The cold was forgotten, the dread crater below not thought of, and we sat in silence, gazing on this wonder of the world and the heavens.

But anon, as it grew lighter, that awful chasm divided our attention with cloudland. The orange hue grew more of crimson and gold, until the billowy clouds far to the east seemed ready to burst into flame. The scene so enchanting could not long be gazed upon in silence, and the enthusiastic Harry cried:

"Oh, what beauty! what sublimity! what wonder!"

Brighter and brighter grew the horizon, until first a tint, then a setting of gold on every undulating eastern billow appeared, and the sun rose. What a fairy scene was below us! There was the gaunt, desolate abyss, with its fiery cones, its rivers of black, surging lava, and gray ash crossing and mingling all over the area, mixed with splotches of color and coils of satin rock. Its walls, dark and frowning, everywhere riven and splintered, with clouds perpetually drifting in through the great gaps like armies of

ghosts in silent review, filling up the whole crater with white swirling masses. The sun mounting higher bathed all with translucent splendor, until each beetling crag seemed crowned with fiery glory, and heaven and earth seemed to have been rolled together in one vast gorgeous panorama of beauty. Silence could no longer be preserved. We broke forth into exclamations of wonder and delight. We had seen the powers of the earth and the glories thereof. We had had glimpses of the beauties of Heaven. We had mounted above the clouds and seen all the world spread out at our feet. We had found the doors of the unknown ajar, and had had a peep at the glory of other worlds than ours.

But as the clouds rolled away, we became more and more certain that after all we were on this earth. The vast extinct crater of Haleakala was before us, with not a cloud to obstruct our view or mislead our vision. The entire circumference of the silent pit is surrounded by mountain boulders and cathedral-shaped cliffs, with here and there a gap into which people can walk and from which they can look upon the sublime spectacle of steep mountains rising two thousand feet above, and valleys opening five thousand feet below; rainbows and sun-kissed clouds everywhere, rolling in from the ocean wastes and encircling the clear-cut outlines of the red lava-peaks which project from the floor of that vast crater.

Whether in midnight's lonely hour, at the birth of a new day or at high noon, the "House of the Sun" is a scene of sublime wonder and awe—a place for meditation. Its awful silence beneath the quiet stars or the silver moon is a poem that awakens the noblest thought in the human mind. One stands entranced as he views the vast area embraced within that ancient crater. Here in ages gone by, so many countless thousands of years no human being can calculate, there raged a sea of flame. The boiling lava in that vast crater, now capable of containing the largest city of the earth, was one vast caldron surrounded by serrated cliffs, which stood as a barrier between the fire and water gods. The spirit of fire has painted that awful scene of a thousand years ago in all the immortal colors which neither sunshine nor storm can obliterate.

Beauty, silence, desolation, and awe hover over the dead volcano. A feeling of superstition came over me as I gazed into that wonderful abyss, and I seemed transported back to the time when the "House of the Sun" was the home of that old goddess Pele, and I pitied her, for by her defeat by the water gods she was vanquished and driven from this noble mansion, leaving it to fall to decay. The lapse of centuries has hardened the walls of the vast abode of Pele, and in their crumbling ruins they still retain much of their former splendor and grandeur.

The sun rose higher in the heavens, and we still stood spellbound gazing down into the awful abyss, until the guide touched our arms, and, as if impressed by the solemnity of the scene, whispered that breakfast was ready.

CHAPTER XII

Wailuku and Iao Valley

Next day after returning from Haleakala I boarded the train and went to Wailuku. On our arrival, native hack-drivers swarmed about the depot, and one, more determined than the others, entered the car before I had time to leave it, and snatching my valise, hurried me away to his hack and drove me off to the Wailuku Hotel. This, being the only hotel in that part of the island, deserves especial mention. It is a wooden house, made by upright boards, and unplastered. In that land of earthquakes it has been found a useless luxury to plaster houses. My friends, the Benners, having learned that I had gone to Wailuku, telephoned to me from Haiku that same evening that they would join me next morning for a journey up the Iao valley.

The same wide-awake Kanaka who had brought me to the hotel met them at the train, and promptly closed arrangements with them to furnish the party with horses and guide for the expedition. An hour later, he appeared with four saddle-horses, and we

started for the valley, which is one of the many natural wonders of Maui.

Our guide kept his pony at a gallop and we followed, dashing along the road into the valley with the Wailuku Creek on our right. The Wailuku is a beautiful stream dashing over stones worn round by the action of the water. The village was soon concealed behind vast walls of flowering lantana, and we found ourselves in a forest of algaroba, bread-fruit, and papaya. As we advanced up the valley, crossing the stream a number of times, the road grew narrower and dimmer, so that we were compelled to go in single file. At one moment we were riding up some steep ascent, and at the next floundering through water almost to our saddle-girths. No horses save the sure-footed island ponies could have carried us safely over so many dangerous places. Often the passes were so narrow that the rocks on either side grazed our knees. Orange groves and forests of wild guava with golden fruit, tempting us on every side, were passed. A hundred little picturesque dells, decorated with ferns and wild flowers like the bowers of fairy queens, were seen at almost every turn of the valley.

Iao valley is full of wonderful sights, and new views obtained from every point reached added a charm to our excursion. The valley penetrates a mountain mass, almost cutting it in twain. Light fleecy clouds hovered in the upper part and rested

against the brow of a tall mountain. "The Needle," a sharp cone-like rock, seems to have been torn from the side of a neighboring mountain by some mighty convulsion of nature, and points its slender finger skyward like the lofty spire of a cathedral. Either the internal forces of nature that caused those grand upheavels, or the action of the elements since, or both combined, have formed many curious and interesting shapes in the rock-ribbed mountains. Caves, deep gorges, fissures, and overhanging cliffs were all around us.

At last, after struggling through to a sort of plateau, we dismounted to let our horses rest and walked half a mile along a narrow path which ran by the side of a great precipice overlooking the stream below. Here the tops of tall trees could be seen hundreds of feet beneath us. We went to where the roar of a waterfall fell upon our ears, and sat on the rocks to gaze on the scene. Mr. Ed Benner pointed to a bird soaring far up the side of the mountain, and told us it was the boatswain bird, and had a feather in its tail worth $10. Had the feather been worth a million, it was beyond our reach.

A cool mountain breeze swept down the valley fanning our heated cheeks. I thought that in this land of perpetual summer must somewhere be secreted Ponce de Leon's famous fountain of youth, for we were so thoroughly rejuvenated that we could not re-

sist such boyish pranks as rolling stones over the precipice, and sending them crashing and thundering among the trees below.

After an hour spent in wandering about among the picturesque heights, we returned to the horses, which the guide had again saddled, and rode as far up the valley as any one can go without flying. Here we found groves of koa and kukui trees, wild orange groves, coffee-trees, bananas, and wild pineapples, with ferns of every shape and size imaginable.

On this last plateau, the army of the King of Maui made its final stand against the invader—that Polynesian Napoleon, Kamehameha I. Kamehameha drove the king's army into the valley. They were forced up to the last valley from which there was no escape. Limited room for the maneuvring of troops made the conflict all the more deadly, and armed with spears of sharks' teeth and deadly war-clubs, face to face and hand to hand they fought, until both victor and vanquished rolled off the precipice on which they had stood. So terrible was the slaughter that the river was dammed up with dead bodies, and the peaceful stream of Iao was christened anew Wailuku—"the water of destruction."

Iao valley is also very interesting as being the ancient burial-place of the kings and chiefs of this island kingdom, and many of the tombs of long ago may still be seen. They revive the memories of ancient

Hawaiian customs, and the once all-powerful and absolute monarchical government. These tombs are still held sacred by the natives, who approach them with awe, and with the observance of curious superstitious rites.

A light shower fell while we were in the valley, but we had grown so accustomed to showers that we paid no attention to it. The return to Wailuku took about three hours, tho we were in sight of it most of the time. There is no prettier picture than the view from the upper end of the valley. For miles and miles the beholder has a view of the valley, the tropical groves, and the stream like a slender thread of silver winding its serpentine way down toward the sea. At the lower end of the valley, a view of a broad expanse of beach and of the sea may be caught, with the snowy specks of houses and spires of church steeples between. On our return to the village I bade adieu to my friends the Benners, and they took the train for Kahului, from whence they were to take the next steamer to Honolulu.

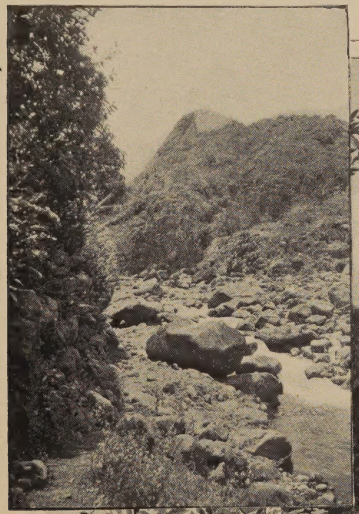
On Sunday evening, December 8, I retired early, for hard travel had fatigued me. At about 11:30 that night I was awakened by a terrible rumbling and rattling of window glass. It seemed as if the house was on uneven rollers sliding away from under me, and before I was fully awake I was lying on the floor. Whether I had been thrown from the bed by the

shock, or had fallen out in an unconscious effort to escape, I can not say. The whole house was in a state of confusion. Women ran shrieking from room to room, and I could hear men talking in excited tones. I realized that we had been shaken up by an earthquake, and was debating in my mind whether to leave the house or remain, when the voice of the landlord, who had grown accustomed to such things, rang through the building in an assuring manner, and I determined to try the bed again.

At 3 o'clock A.M. the house took another rolling, sliding start, and I got out of bed this time of my own will, dressed, seated myself at the window to see if we were above or below the earth. The Southern moon was shining supremely bright, and the orange-tree near nodded in the breeze as if to assure me all was right, while the aroma from its buds and blossoms filled the air with the sweetest fragrance.

I did not venture on the bed again that night, but sat by the open window until daylight, ready to make a leap for life if there came a third shock. The third shock did not come, and I felt ashamed of myself for having been cheated out of three or four hours of much-needed sleep.

Wailuku, like most of the towns on the island, is cursed by an overflow of Asiatics. One is often at a loss to tell whether he is in China or Japan. The Chinese are the merchants and tailors, the Japanese



IAO VALLEY

THE NEEDLE, IAO VALLEY.

plantation hands, barbers, and mechanics, while the whites manage, keep books, and hold the money. The contract labor system by which the Japanese and Chinese have been imported into the islands is simply diabolical. It is one of the relics of monarchy, controlled and manipulated by designing men, and not easy to get rid of. The system is far worse than absolute slavery. The owner of a slave had a personal interest in him, and as a rule looked after his comfort, for on his health depended his value. But the contract laborer can have no such claims on his master. If he dies his master loses nothing, for the wages paid him will hardly have kept a negro slave comfortable. It is said that of the $12 paid a Japanese per month for labor in the cane-field, he expends one for his rice and clothing, and sends eleven back to Japan. A Chinaman will work at wages that would starve a Kanaka or European to death, but a Japanese coolie can starve out even a Chinaman.

Under monarchy they had a system of fines which made the coolie an abject slave. A native Hawaiian contracted to labor on one of the plantations near Hilo. His contract provided, as all do, that for every hour he was tardy a fine of $1 should be assessed. The fines were all entered on the back of the contract kept by his employer.

At length he went to an American in Hilo and told him that while he earned $12 per month for his work,

he was only paid enough barely to procure his food. The American examined into the matter, and on looking over the contract found that there had been entered more fines against him than he could have paid in five hundred years at $12 per month.

The postmaster of Wailuku, discussing the condition of society in the islands, said:

"It is all owing to the plantation system and contract labor. So long as we have those systems we can have none of the middle classes so essential to society and the upbuilding of a country. Great plantations are usually owned by corporations, most of the stockholders being non-residents. The white men on the plantations are usually single men who came here to make what money they can, and then leave. Few of them have any idea of ever making this their permanent home.

"Most plantations have stores kept by non-residents. The Japs and Chinamen send every dollar they save of their month's wages to their own countries, and the islands get nothing but the taxes. The consequences are we have no society and no material advancement."

"What would you recommend?"

"Well, the salvation of this country is the dividing of the plantations into small sugar-farms. Let the corporation own the mill, but let each white man have one or two or three hundred acres of cane-land to cul-

tivate, and the mill make his sugar on the ten-per-cent. plan. Such a system would bring more white men to our island with families, and go far toward building up a much-needed society."

There are many who share this gentleman's views. The plantation system, by which nearly all the sugar-lands are owned by large corporations, is certainly a grave problem, which I can not solve, any more than I can solve some of the graver problems of our own country. Yet I have faith to believe that time and experience will work it all out for the best in the end.

One among the many curiosities at Wailuku is a Chinese school. To those who never saw a Chinese school the following account may be interesting. Miss Minnie A. Morris, a highly cultured young American lady, is the principal of this institution, that is to say, of the American branch of it. The school is a sort of polyglot, for the pupils are instructed in both the Chinese and English at the same time. Miss Morris has an assistant in her labors in the person of Prof. Ching Tong, as pure an Oriental as ever wore a pigtail, tho he makes some pretensions to civilization. One afternoon I visited the school, and found Prof. Ching Tong at his table, and Miss Morris at her desk, and twoscore of Chinese children of from five to sixteen years of age in the schoolroom, which was arranged something like the schools in the United States. The boys all wore cues on the tops of

their heads, and the girls had their hair in two plaits, hanging down their backs. The girls had bone earrings in their ears, short skirts made of some dark fabric like oilcloth, coming to the knees, and pantalettes of the same material. Both girls and boys were barefooted.

School opened with singing in English from the Gospel Hymns, then repeating the Lord's Prayer in Chinese in concert. Miss Morris next had an intermediate class write a short lesson in English and translate it into Chinese, Prof. Ching Tong looking after the Chinese part of it. Thus the recitations went on, alternating between Chinese and English, until I wondered that the poor little heads were not muddled.

The lessons recited wholly in Chinese, and in the Chinese fashion, interested me most, as there was more novelty about them. There are no class recitations in Chinese. The scholar, when he has learned his lesson, goes to the teacher without having to be called, lays his book on the table, then turns his back to the schoolmaster, so it will be impossible for him "to cheat," and begins in a sort of sing-song something like:

"Ting, tang, tong,
Ching, chang, chong."

I am not certain that the above is correct Chinese, but it sounds something like it. It seems that a les-

son in Chinese must be committed to memory. A boy had just gone through a quarter of an hour of sing-song declamation, evidently giving the author's language *verbatim et literatim*, when I asked Prof. Ching Tong what the lesson was about. He said he would translate it for me, and taking up a pen wrote on a piece of Chinese paper:

"I am teaching my scholar the lesson about the Chinese Emperor Quong Moo. He was of the generation of the Emperor Lou Pong."

As I was not familiar with the history of either of those emperors, I knew about as much of the lesson as before. A little girl of ten or twelve years, having recited a very long lesson, went to the blackboard as was the custom in this school and began to write it in Chinese. I asked Professor Tong to give me some idea of her lesson, and he answered that she was studying Confucius.

With a boy of eight years of age studying Chinese history and political economy, and a girl of ten studying the philosophy of Confucius, I left the Chinese school, strongly impressed that the Chinese intellect is capable of a greater strain in youth than the Anglo-Saxon.

CHAPTER XIII

Down the Coast to Hilo

The coast of Maui on the Koolau side is one of the loveliest landscapes I have ever seen. Maui is called the Switzerland of Hawaii on account of its wonderful scenery. The Hana Plantation, one of the best on the islands, is situated in a beautiful little valley with the blue skies above, the picturesque mountains around three sides of it, and the deep sea before.

One among the curiosities of Maui is what is said to be the largest apple orchard in the world. The wilderness of Koolau contains a forest of ohias (native wild apples) countless in number, stretching from the mountainside to the sea. The trees vary from forty to fifty feet in height, and in the harvest season, from July to September, are loaded with red and white fruit. At a distance the fruit looks more like pears than apples, and those of the delicate pink color are very beautiful, tender, and sweet when ripe. The skin is very thin and tender, and the fruit is exceedingly juicy.

It is a sight worth seeing to go through this wild orchard of native apples, when ripe. For miles along

the mountainside is one vast forest of trees, literally bending under their load of luscious fruit. Birds of gorgeous colors, of mingled red, blue, green, yellow, and black, feast on the fruit, while they make the forest ring with their happy songs. Mr. Whitney in his "Hawaiian Tourist" says:

"The crop of these apple orchards, which nature has planted so gorgeously in this wild and solitary waste, would fill a fleet of a hundred steamers, for the orchard stretches over a country from five to ten miles wide by twenty long, and many of the largest trees bear at least fifty barrels each. The fruit furnishes the traveler an excellent repast, appeasing both hunger and thirst. So far as now known, no commercial use can be made of the ohia, as when ripe it can not be kept more than four days."

My stay at Maui, coming to an end, I left Wailuku at five o'clock one evening in a hack, and was driven across the neck of land to Maalaea Bay, where I expected the *Kinau*. It was dark when we reached the bay, and the *Kinau*, which had left Lahaina some time before, was not yet in sight. With hand-baggage and that indispensable article in the tropics, an umbrella, I went down to the dock. The dock was covered with bags of corn, barrels of potatoes, and bales of goods for the steamer. Lights from the *Kinau* were at last seen coming around the point of land; the vessel stood into the bay and dropped

anchor. The surf was rolling considerably, and I was told that they had but one pilot on the ship who could steer a boat into the bay when the sea was rough.

People crowded the dock awaiting the arrival of friends or to take passage on the steamer. The boat at last could be heard coming over the dark water, and we caught an occasional glimpse of a lantern as it bobbed up and down on the waves; it reached the dock, put off its cargo and passengers; then the boxes, bags, and bales for the ship were thrown into it, and the purser cried:

"All aboard!"

I climbed on top of a goods-box, another passenger perched himself on a pork-barrel, while others sat or stood wherever they could find room, and the boat's crew pulled out among the waves toward the ship.

"Is the *Australia* in from 'Frisco?" asked the man on the pork-barrel, bobbing up and down with the undulation of the waves.

"Yes," the purser answered.

"What news did she bring?"

"Cleveland's message to Congress is in the papers——"

"Does he say anything about annexation?"

"Not a word. Tom Reed is speaker of the House."

"Hurrah for Tom Reed!" cried several in concert, and the man on the barrel asked:

"Anything new in Honolulu?"

"Yes, they arrested three conspirators for trying to overthrow the Government yesterday."

"Do they think they have a case against them?"

"Yes, or they would not have arrested them."

"If they are guilty, I hope they will hang them."

By this time we had reached the *Kinau*, and went aboard. For a long time after our ship left the bay, I sat on the deck, watching the distant lights on the island and that mysterious glow which hangs about the rugged peaks of Haleakala.

Next morning when I awoke, we were at anchor at Mahukona. Here I had a chance to witness the difficult task of unloading the ponderous machinery of a sugar-mill. There were great fly-wheels that weighed many tons, and iron rollers which it seemed impossible to carry ashore in the boats of the ship. Two of the ship's boats were lashed together, and a sort of platform rigged across both; then by means of the derrick, with block and tackle, the heavy machinery was lifted from the deck, swung out over the side of the vessel, and gently lowered upon the platform. Sailors pulled the boat ashore, where the machinery was taken off by a somewhat similar process, and placed on a flat-car, hauled to the plantation, and set up in the mill.

The water at Mahukona was so clear that we could see pebbles and shells at the bottom, tho it must have been forty feet or more in depth. Schools of mullet

came about the vessel to get crumbs and other refuse thrown overboard. A school of large fish weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds, called by the natives *okula*, could be seen swimming about the vessel. The natives tried to beguile them with hooks on which were dainty baits, but for a long time in vain. At last an experienced Kanaka fisherman put a bit of red flannel on a hook and, throwing it as far from him as he could, dragged it quickly toward the ship. This operation was repeated for half an hour or more, when one of the largest of the school snapped up the bait. The shouts of the enthusiastic natives could have been heard far away as they hauled in the big fish.

At about 11 A.M. we left this port. The *Kinau* steamed down the coast of the great island, which in some places seemed a barren waste. After passing the plantation at Mahukona we saw miles of pasture-land, covered with short grass and stones over which wandered a few sleek, fat cattle. Then appeared stone fences enclosing thousands of acres. In the district of Kohala are five sugar-mills, the Hawi, Union, Kohala, Halawa, and Niulii mills. The plantations connected with the mills occupy about twelve thousand acres of land under cultivation. Those desert-looking lands which we saw after leaving the plantations were succeeded by richer pastures, over which roamed vast herds of horses

and cattle. As we glided down the coast, we soon came in sight of the distant peaks of Mauna Kea, its lofty summit covered with snow. There were great streaks down the sides, plainly seen by aid of the glass. They seemed in the distance to be places where the snow had melted and left the earth and stones bare. But I was told that those streaks were in reality vast ravines, and deep gorges worn in the side of the mountain, some of them fifty feet in depth, and kept almost continually full of snow.

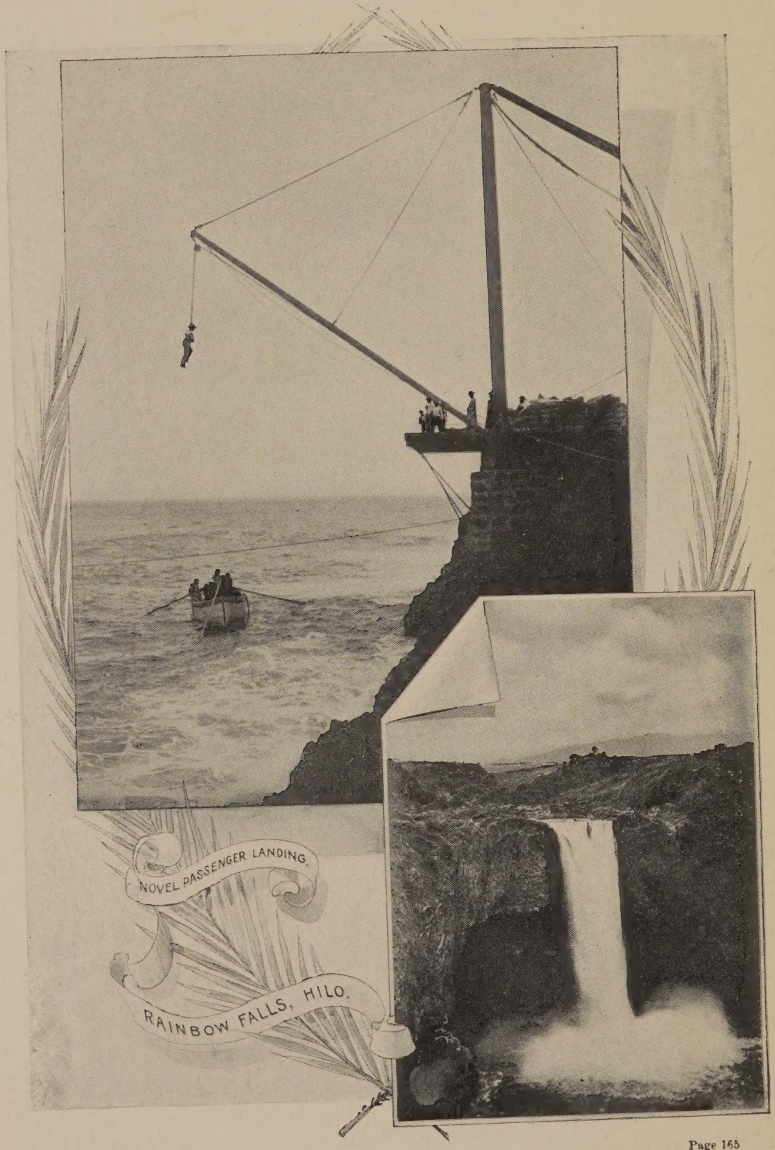
From Mauna Loa's eternal snows to Kilauea's everlasting fires, the island of Hawaii is one scene of grandeur and sublimity. The lofty mountain ranges, the blue hills, and deep gullies worn to awful chasms, with picturesque valleys, are attractive to the tourist. The deep umbrageous forests on the hillside give to the landscape a weird appearance, and no wonder the ancients peopled them with supernatural beings. All day long the *Kinau* glided down a coast which one might well mistake for a fairyland. Sometimes coqueting near the shore, then standing out to sea, or rounding a promontory, the sturdy ship plowed her course, stopping at the various villages along the shore, to put off or take on passengers and freight. I can not begin to recollect the number of landings we made that day, some of them very difficult.

I remember that, at one of these landings, the mode

of getting ashore is novel. There is a crane on the top of the cliff, which I suppose is two hundred and fifty feet high. Our boat came up under the cliff, and a rope was lowered in which there was a sort of seat. The passenger had to take his place in the seat and be hoisted to the cliff above. The sensation is not altogether agreeable, and one feels like closing his eyes as he is lifted from two to three hundred feet in the air.

We passed Paauilo, the place where the beautiful daughter of Minister Stevens was drowned. Miss Stevens had been visiting some friends at the plantation near this landing, and was warned not to try to make the ship in the heavy sea that was running, but, anxious to return to her parents at Honolulu, she descended the long flight of steps to the landing, entered the boat, and started for the ship. A monster wave capsized the boat and she was thrown into the raging surf. Miss Stevens, being unable to swim, sank in a hundred feet of water. A native diver went to the bottom, and brought up the body, for which the grateful father made him a handsome present. Miss Stevens's body was taken to Honolulu, embalmed, and sent to her home in America for interment. Two or three years later her broken-hearted father joined her in the spirit world, and his body now sleeps by the side of the child he loved so well.

Late in the afternoon we came upon one of those


NOVEL PASSENGER LANDING.
RAINBOW FALLS, HILO.

queer little roadsteads, for they can hardly be called bays, which indent the Hawaiian coast on every side. There was a village and a plantation back on the bluff. I have forgotten the name of the place, but it was the wildest and most inhospitable shore I ever gazed upon, and the sun was sinking behind angry blood-red clouds, while darker masses across which the lurid lightning occasionally played could be seen hovering near the island far down the coast. This landing was the most dangerous of all I had yet seen. The shore was lined with rough, jagged rocks, rising like massive pillars from the water, against which the waves dashed with such relentless fury that half the time the landing was completely hidden in clouds of spray and mist. From the vessel I could see no possible avenue through which the boats could make their way to the shore.

The ship lay to without casting anchor, and lowered a boat in which two or three tons of freight were placed, and manning the boat the sailors started to the undesirable landing. None but native Hawaiian sailors accustomed to turbulent seas would have dared venture among those roaring breakers.

They stood directly in to shore, darting in and out among the pillar-like rocks, against which the angry waves thundered, until they were hidden by the tossing foam. Captain Clark stood quietly on deck, smoking his pipe and watching the receding boat. I almost

began to fear they would never return. The vessel drifted toward shore until the dark frowning rocks seemed frightfully near. Captain Clark rang a bell and we backed off from the shore. We floated out too far to sea, and he pulled another bell and the engine gave a few puffs, and we stood in, thus keeping about the same position, the captain all the while smoking his pipe and keeping a watchful eye on the landing, the ship, and the dangerous shore under the very shadow of which we lay.

"Why don't you drop anchor here?" I asked.

"There is no good anchorage," he answered.

"Is not this the worst port on the coast?"

"Oh, no! We have a great many more dangerous than this. We often make this at midnight, when it is cloudy and so dark one can not see an oar's length ahead," and the captain pulled another bell, and we slid away from the rocky coast. Truly this inter-island navigation has something quaint, odd, curious, and romantic about it. It is a life of danger that would satisfy the most adventurous spirit in the land.

At last the boat was seen coming from the mists and dashing spray. It reached our side, was hoisted up to the davits, and we started on our way. The heavy rain-cloud still hung about the lower coast, which caused some one to remark:

"It is raining at Hilo."

Another answered:

"It is always raining at Hilo."

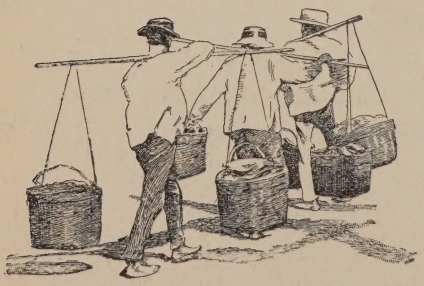
Down the coast we glided, darkness came on, and the wild and picturesque shore was shut out from our view. Occasionally faint lights from some plantation could be seen glimmering through the blackness, and far up the mountainside, like twinkling stars, the light from mountaineers' cabins shone.

A dozen times I thought we were entering the Bay of Hilo, and was mistaken. At last, when we all gave up guessing how near we were to it, the lights from the village suddenly burst into view, and the dock was plainly visible. The great whistle of the *Kinau* awoke the slumbering echoes of the surrounding hills, the anchor was dropped, and boats lowered. The rain had ceased falling, but it was still cloudy and the night intensely dark, as, mounted on a pile of merchandise in one of the boats, I was rowed ashore. The lights on the pier cast a weird, fantastic glare on the water and surroundings, giving a ghoulish expression to the dark-faced throng assembled to meet us. On landing, I was surrounded by a gang of chattering Chinese, Japanese, and natives. At last I found a hackman who understood some English, asked him to take me to a hotel, and was soon whirling away to the Hilo House.

Hilo is the second largest town on the group, and like every village, house, or plantation, has original features of its own. The court-house square with

its great palms, the quaint, picturesque if not beautiful streets, with their half European and half Oriental appearance, give to the place a spice of novelty. There is nothing about Hilo that is monotonous. No two streets, houses, or persons are alike. The citizens are a conglomeration of Asiatics, Polynesians, and Anglo-Saxons. The pale blood of the North mingles with the dark warm blood of the South, until faces of every shade from entirely white to sooty may be seen. The town has three public-houses: post-office, custom-house, and court-house. It has what few towns in America of its size can boast, an excellent public library. No villages in this land of sunshine are without their churches and schoolhouses, all of which are well attended.

A prominent feature of the natural scenery near Hilo is the Rainbow Falls, a mile from town. The dashing of water over the precipice produces a spray which when the sun shines makes a beautiful rainbow. The natives used to believe that a water-sprite lived in the falls clothed in those beauteous hues. When the rainbow was seen they said she had spread her garments out to dry. Another attraction at Hilo is Coconut Island, where tall, graceful cocoanuts grow in abundance. Surrounded by the dashing sea, it forms a picture that is artistic and beautiful, and makes



CHINESE VEGETABLE VENDERS.

it a favorite object for the amateur photographer.

In Hilo, as in Honolulu, the American element predominates. The Americans there as elsewhere favor annexation to the United States. The most enthusiastic and sincere annexationist I found on the islands was Mr. J. A. Martin, a merchant of Hilo.

"Look at this," he said, taking from behind his counter an American flag. "I made this several months ago, my flagstaff is ready, and she will go up the next minute after I hear that we are annexed."

I believe that American people living abroad come to love their country more than those at home.

"You must go abroad a while, just to learn what a glorious country we have," said Mr. Furneaux, United States Consul at Hilo.

Contrasting the free, independent, liberty-loving American with a class of haughty, aristocratic Europeans, and the flunkies who truckle to them, who can wonder that the American abroad becomes more than ever enamored of the benign institutions of his own beloved country?

CHAPTER XIV

The Volcano

The Puna district which joins the district of Hilo on the south is one of the most interesting in Hawaii. The general appearance from the road is sterile, especially the southern part, where there are considerable tracts covered with lava-rock, supporting only the scantiest vegetation. The northern part of the district is covered with dense *lauhala* forest and is thinly inhabited. About eighteen miles from Hilo the country begins to improve, and away from the main road, upon the slope of the mountain, there are many acres of excellent land suitable for coffee-growing. The southeastern part of Puna is celebrated for its groves of coconuts. In 1840 the lava-flow from the volcano, after pursuing an underground course for many miles, suddenly burst forth in the woods and rushed down to the sea, overwhelming small villages in its course. The lava-flows have left many strange figures in the forest. Trees of lava can be seen. They are supposed to have been made by the molten lava rushing down the hill with such velocity that it splashed up the sides of the trees, and congealed

before the wood was burned away. These lava-trees or columns are hollow, and some are supposed to be a hundred years old. Hundreds of these monuments of ancient eruption are to be seen, some fifteen or twenty feet in height. These memorials of a perished forest are both curious and instructive. There is a warm spring about a mile from Kapoho Ranch toward the sea, which is a charming spot. It is situated at the foot of a cliff some eighty feet high, while on the side it is approached by a somewhat abrupt slope, clothed with grass and shaded by trees, conspicuous among which are the tall coconuts with their long, slender trunks and umbrella-shaped tops. The water is warm but not hot, just comfortable for bathing—and gives the skin of the bather an alabaster whiteness.

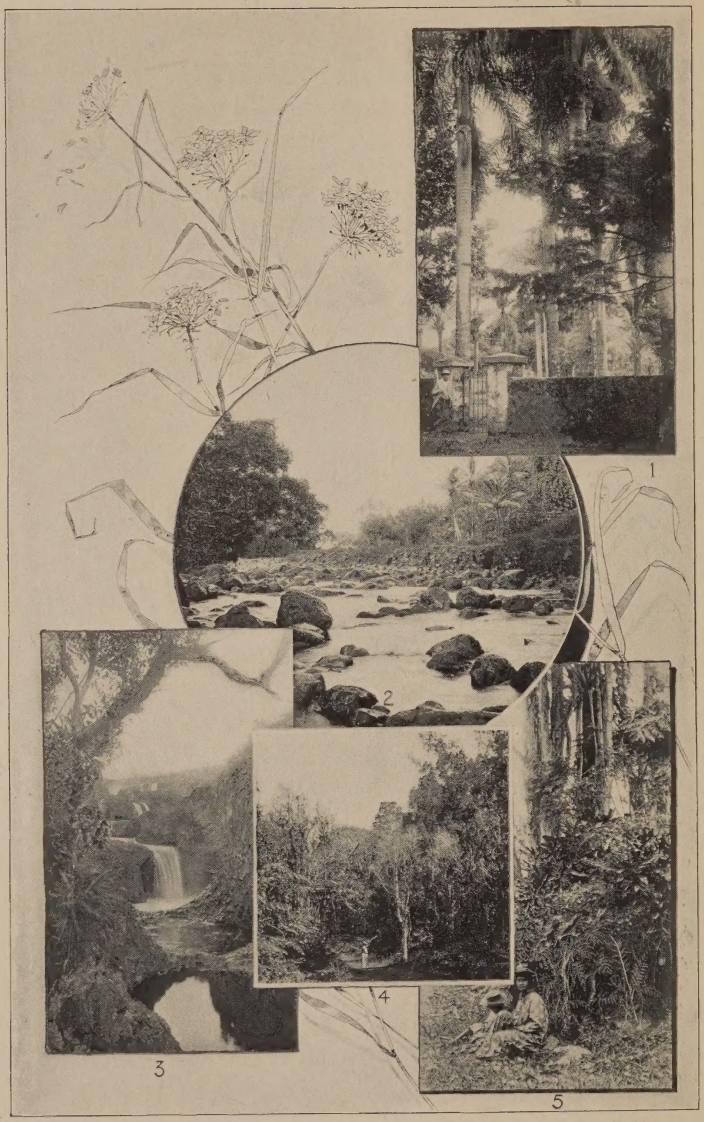
In 1868 the southern coast of Puna was lowered by the effect of a terrible earthquake. As a result of this earthquake, stumps of coconut-trees may still be found sticking up in the midst of the roaring surf. Puna is one of the great coffee-producing districts of Hawaii. The coffee grown there is not excelled anywhere in the world. Some of the plantations contain from twenty-five to sixty thousand trees.

After a few days in Hilo and a journey through Puna, I boarded the stage for the volcano. In order to have a better view along the route, I took an out-

side passage, being the only outside passenger, with but three inside passengers, on the journey.

The volcano road abounds in picturesque and beautiful scenery. No road has so many shady little nooks hidden away among the ferns, ohias, and hous. Tho it is a continual ascent from Hilo to the volcano, a height of four thousand feet, the road is admirable, the grade being so gradual that the horses go in a sweeping trot nearly the entire distance. We found convicts in gangs of ten to twenty-five, most of them naked to the waist, mending the road, while an armed guard stood over them.

The driver of the stage was a mail-carrier, route-agent, and traveling postmaster. He had a bag filled with letters and papers, and if he met persons on the road who were expecting mail by the stage they held him up, and he went through what he had and brought out what was for them. There were many queer little houses like ground-bird's nests, half hidden away among the ferns and bananas at the roadside. These were usually occupied by the Japanese. The homes of the coffee-planters were more imposing, comfortable, and some of them almost elegant. All were cozy, unique, and picturesque in their setting of eternal green, with deep jungles in the background which no human being had ever penetrated, and which



1. Entrance to the Court House, Hilo.
2. Hilo Gulch.
3. Kakapepe Falls.
4. Tropical Forest.
5. Volcano Road.

the fancy might people with gnomes, fairies, and elves.

Many of the houses stood back some distance from the main thoroughfare, with pebbled walks leading up to them. At the roadside in front of each was a box fastened to a post, or set on a stone fence, into which the driver dropped the mail for the occupants of the house, always announcing his approach with a blast from his bugle. If there was no box and no one appeared, he threw his mail on the ground and went on. This is the Hawaiian system of free delivery.

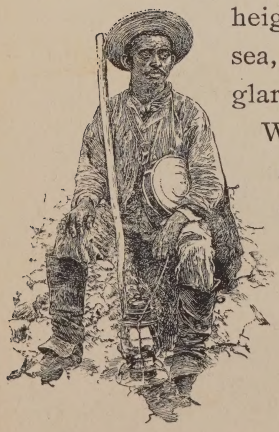
At the half-way house we halted for lunch and changed horses. After a rest of an hour we again started on our journey up the mountain. The atmosphere had grown considerably cooler, and the appearance of the landscape underwent a complete change. Acres of lava-rock were passed over. In some places we saw oven-shaped caverns large enough for a dozen men to crawl into. These I was told often afforded shelter for wandering Japs.

It was almost sunset when we reached the Volcano House, built on the plateau just above the great crater. What a scene burst on our view! Was it a prairie on fire, or Doré's painting of the Inferno changed to a living picture? High, towering crags and rugged peaks, with seamed rocks from which escaped clouds of hissing sulfurous steam, were all around, while

afar off on the left was that eternal glow from Hale-mau-mau, or the house of endless fire. The hissing steam and vapor were not confined to the crater, but extended miles beyond, above, below, and all around the Volcano House, while not two hundred yards from the hotel were the famous sulfur beds from which the clouds of vapor were escaping.

The distance from Hilo to the Volcano House is nearly forty miles, and it was after four o'clock when we reached it, so we decided not to visit the lake of fire until next morning. The Volcano House has excellent accommodations for tourists. Kilauea had been dormant for nearly a year, and I began to fear that I should not see the grand spectacle of an active volcano, until the earthquake at Maui shook me out of bed. This, I was told, was a signal for an eruption, and the sign proved true.

Long we sat on the *lanai* after the night had closed in on the cloud-capped mountain, gazing on that sublime and awful glow from those endless fires. I have been told that when the flames leap to their fullest height they may be seen a hundred miles at sea, while at Hilo one may be able by their glare to read the finest print at midnight.



We were awake early next morning, and after breakfast prepared to set out for the volcano. Our guide was a Gilbert Islander with some French blood in his veins, very

intelligent, honest, and instructive. Mounted on horses we left the front door and found our way down a zigzag path on the face of the cliff of two or three hundred feet, until we reached the first crater covered with *pahoehoe*, or the smooth satin-rock flow, which in the distance looked like a congealed quagmire. Having descended the steep terminal wall of the abyss, we were on what is called the crater floor. The surface was entirely free from vegetation save here and there where a sickly fern had taken root, and gave some appearance of life to the scorched and chasm-riven plain. The lava-floor is of a dark gray color, cracked and seamed, charred and burned, and in times of unusual activity it often shakes from the quaking earth or rolling sea of fire beneath it. From a thousand cracks and apertures the hot steam was hissing and escaping as from the boiler of a locomotive.

Near the foot of the descent is a chasm about forty feet in depth and ten or twelve wide, broken by an earthquake. A bridge spans this chasm, which we crossed, and with our guide in front started over the lava-flow in single file, along a path marked by piles of lava-chunks. The guide, with a canteen slung about his neck and a strong staff in his hand, carefully picked his way. All about us from the countless fissures and cracks hissed the sulfurous steam.

In a paddock built of chunks of lava we left the

horses, and with staffs in our hands proceeded on foot. The scorched and blistered lava-crust became so hot in places that we felt the heat through the thick soles of our shoes, and down deep in the seams of rocks there was a red fiery glow, while the hot air quivered above. From one of these cracks the tips of flames appeared at which some of the gentlemen lit their cigars. I held my cane over one of the fissures, and in a moment it burst into flame. As we pressed on, nearing the top of the ascent which was on the brink of the crater from our side, the fiery drops of molten lava were tossed up in the air in front of us, and rushing forward regardless of the warning of our guide we stood by that yawning gulf; that lake of fire and brimstone. We were all speechless, filled with a sense of mingled awe and sublimity.

Language fails when we attempt a description of such a scene as is presented at Kilauea. We realize as we never did before the wonders of God's creation, and what an awful event must be the birth of a world. This is the largest volcano on our globe, and it seems as if nature was here finishing up the creation commenced so many thousands of years ago. Here at our feet was the lake whose fires are never quenched, the bottomless pit, seemingly hell itself. A fiery sea whose waves seemed never to grow weary was tossing and plunging beneath us. It only needed the writhing, yelling victims, and winged devils hovering

over them, to make Doré's Inferno a living reality. There were groanings and rumbling and detonations, rushings, hissings, and splashings, and the crashing sound of breakers on the coast, but it was the surging of fiery waves on a fiery shore.

From the high summit on which we stood like Dante and Virgil we gazed down on the mass of boiling lava below. In places the lake was covered with a thick black crust, through which the fires glowed with an unearthly gleam. Occasionally, from the center of one of the fountains a jet of molten lava, mingled with steam, was thrown up to the height of several feet, and falling back upon the crust gradually faded from a brilliant red, rosy glow to the color of the dull black crust. This crust was not continuous, but formed in detached sheets, which from time to time were upheaved by some great internal force, and turning pitched downward, disappearing below the red surface of the lake. Great activity always followed one of these upheavals. The floating cakes of encrusted lava were violently tossed about, like a boat in a stormy sea, pitching and plunging until the whole surface of the lake was a glowing mass of fire, and dancing, leaping flames played like lightning over the surface. During these ebullitions the air is filled with a lava-like spray, which when hardened is called Pele's hair. Scientists explain this phenomenon as the sudden liberation of the watery vapors

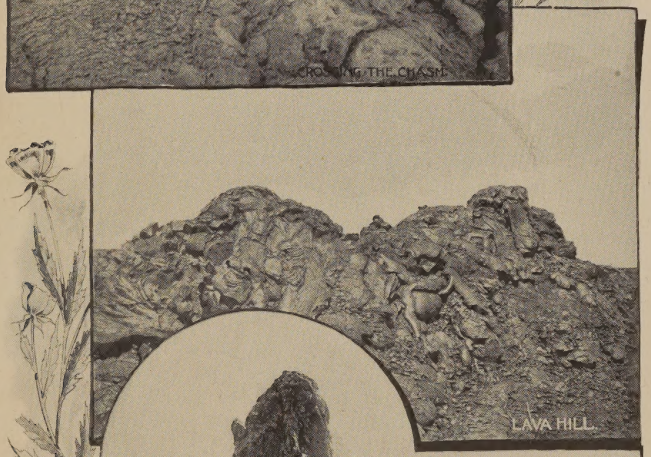
which are mingled with the molten lava beneath the surface of the lake.

We drew back, for the heat was so intense our faces were almost blistered. It was well that we did so, for one of the outstanding crags, on which some of our party had stood but a few minutes before, gave way and fell with thunder into the fiery abyss below, causing the ground to tremble in its fall, and producing a cry of alarm and horror from every lip at the narrow escape.

This burning lake must be over a mile in circumference. It is irregular in shape, and its scorched and blistered walls are rugged and surmounted with grotesque figures molded from the lava. The blow-holes, as they are termed, have formed what are called lava-vases, and figures resembling animals. In the forests about the volcano may be found lava-vases twenty feet in height, with ferns and even trees growing from their tops. There is a figure very near to the lake which very much resembles an elephant reared upon its hind legs.

Even when we had removed to some distance from the rim of the lake, we could feel the fiery breath of Kilauea, and see the tear-drops of Pele. Jets and fountains of lava like liquid flame were sometimes thrown to the height of seventy feet, and dashing against the banks in fiery waves, clouds of molten spray were cast into air.

CROSSING THE CHASM.



LAVA HILL.

THE GREAT LAVA CRATER.

A gentleman who had come from Boston to see the volcano in action paused for a moment and gazed on it in awestruck wonder, and then said:

"Don't preach to me that there is no hell, for I have seen it." Turning about, he hastened away exclaiming: "Oh, my God! I've had enough of that. The next ship that sails for America will take me from this infernal place!" Meeting a party of ladies coming toward the lake, he shouted to them:

"Go back, run for your lives. I tell you we will all be burned alive if we don't leave this country."

We had hard work to persuade him to wait for the stage. He wanted to set out for Hilo on foot.

CHAPTER XV

Stories at the Volcano House

Peter Lee, proprietor of the Volcano House, keeps an old register in which are recorded some of the experiences, impressions, and adventures of his guests about the volcano. Some have gone so far as to write stories of it in the old book, one of which is credited to Mark Twain.

But stranger and more mysterious stories than are contained in that old book are told every night around the great fireplace in the cozy sitting-room. The proprietor often joins his guests at the fireside, and his long knowledge of the volcano has enabled him to recount many thrilling adventures of that natural wonder, as well as to give accounts of its most mysterious phenomena.

One of the narrowest escapes from the volcano, he says, was made by a party of tourists whom he had guided to the great lake of fire. The volcano was very active, and they had erected a shed near the lake to accommodate those who wished to witness the phenomenon after dark. The whole party had been gathered about the brink of the crater gazing down

into its fiery depths for a long time, and turned to go, save five or six who still remained on a projecting crag that extended out over the raging storm of fire. Suddenly the guide cried:

"Run for your lives."

All eyes were turned to those standing on the brink of the crater. To their horror they saw that the great mass of the rock on which they had stood had broken off from the solid crust and was sliding down into the awful gulf. Flames and boiling lava sprang up through the cracks just broken between them and solid ground. They ran toward the guide and leaped the widening chasm to safety, just as the whole mass fell with a roar like thunder into the raging flames below. The lava was bursting out of the earth and rocks all about the tourists, and they hurried away to the cliff above. The great crater was overflowed, and the shed-house and telephone-wires and poles all buried beneath the flow.

Notwithstanding the many hairbreadth escapes from the volcano, no lives have been lost, save those sacrificed by the heathen before the advent of the missionaries.

The stories which came from that chimney-corner are not always of the volcano. Humorous narratives and thrilling adventures characteristic of the people and the islands are often told to while away the long evenings.

One of the most thrilling stories I heard at the Volcano House was told by a Mr. White, a gentleman who owned a large cattle-ranch on the side of Mauna Loa. Wild cattle and wild horses were both abundant on the plains of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. The cattle are often hunted and killed for their hides and horns.

"Sometimes one of the wild cattle will come down from the mountains and take up its temporary residence with our herds," said Mr. White. "They are often dangerous to a tenderfoot, but an old cowboy don't have much dread of them. A year ago a big blue bull came down from the mountains and was seen on the range with some of my cattle. Some of the boys told me of him, and I made up my mind to go and kill him some time, but being busy with other matters put that job off for a few days. One day I was riding up the valley with Joe Roberts, when we saw this bull standing right at the head of the valley in our path.

"Joe was frightened almost out of his wits and wanted to turn back. The old fellow had the devil in his eye, and shook his long, keen horns at us in a threatening manner. But I charged him with my whip and made him scamper away. Just as he plunged into the jungle I gave him a cut which started the blood from his flank, and brought forth a roar of pain. It was a mad, revengeful roar, and

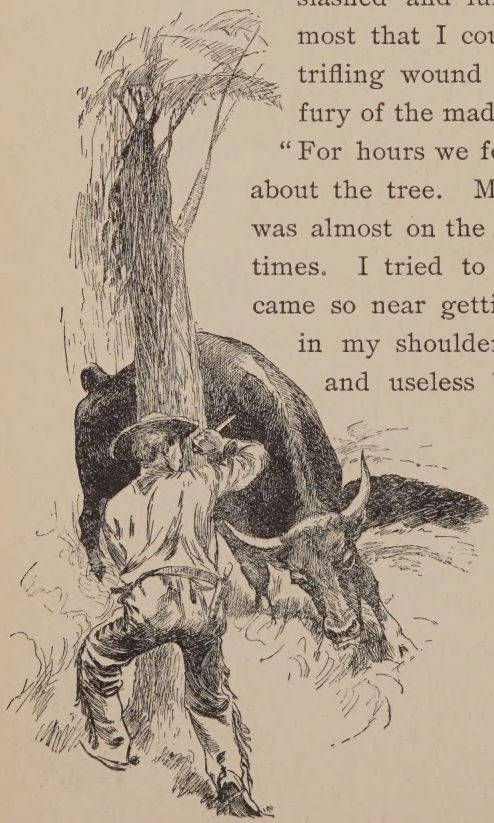
seemed to tell me that he would some day get even.

"I did not see him again for nearly a month. One day, after a long, hard forenoon ride, I halted in the same valley, took off the saddle and let my horse graze, while I lay in the shade of an ohia-tree to rest. I had scarce got comfortably stretched out in the shade when the ground shook with a roar, and like a ball from a cannon that same bull charged right out from the lantana thicket and bore down upon me. My horse took fright, broke his lariat, and ran for life, leaving me alone to battle with the angry bull. There was no time even to climb the tree beneath which I reclined, nor to run away from it, so I leaped behind it, just as the horns of Taurus grazed the side opposite from me. The tree was no thicker than my waist, and I found it impossible to conceal my whole person behind it.

"The bull recovered himself and charged me again and again, chasing me around and around so fast that I had no time to climb, nor did I dare run away from it. My only hope was to dodge around the tree and keep out of reach of his horns until I wore him out. He actually seemed to wind himself about that tree in order to get at me, and his horns often grazed my left side while I touched his flank with my right hand. At the beginning of the attack his wild bellowing made the earth tremble; but after a few minutes he

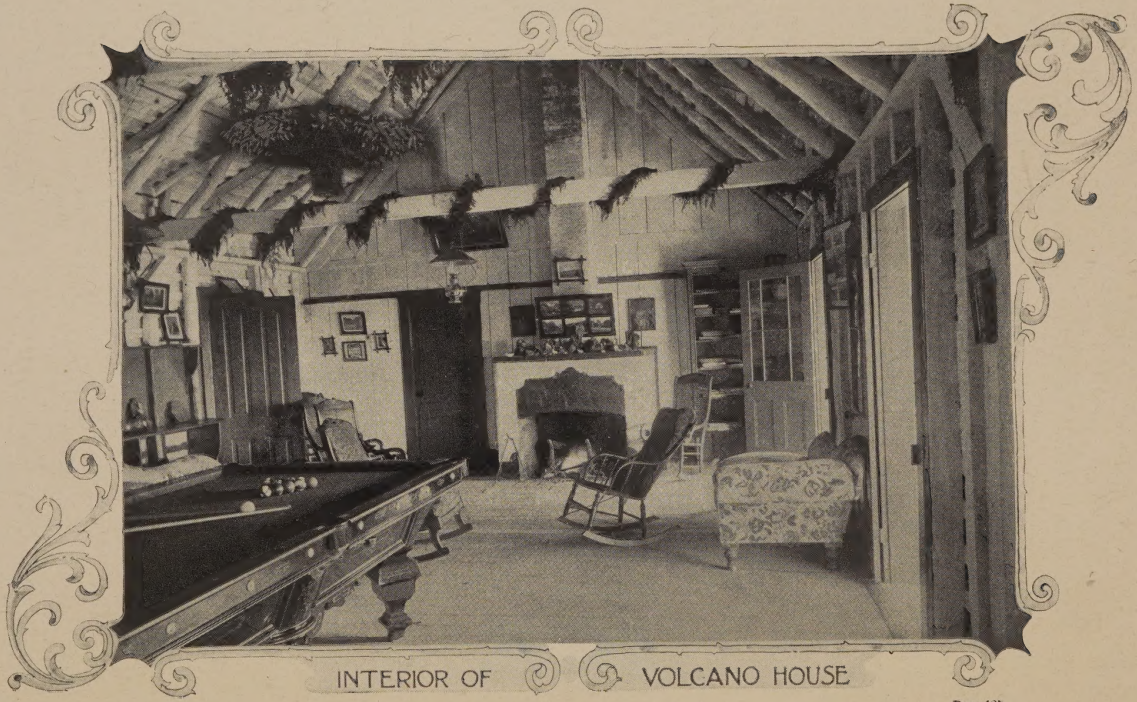
ceased bellowing, and settled down to business, devoting all his energies to lunging at me with his head, and kicking at me with his heels.

"My only weapon was my knife, and I could have killed him with that, but my wife the day before had broken off the point of it, trying to open a coconut, and had kept the accident a secret from me, fearing that I would scold. When I drew my knife and I made a lunge at the side of the furious beast, I discovered for the first time that the point was broken, and my heart sank within me. Again and again I slashed and lunged at his flank, but the most that I could do was to inflict some trifling wound which only increased the fury of the maddened beast.



"For hours we fought, twisted, and turned about the tree. My brain grew dizzy, and I was almost on the point of giving in a dozen times. I tried to cut the bull's throat, but came so near getting one of his keen horns in my shoulder that I threw my broken and useless blade away, and expended all my energies in keeping beyond reach of his horns.

"The sun was getting low in the heavens, and still the bull showed no



INTERIOR OF VOLCANO HOUSE

signs of letting up. I would have given worlds for just twenty seconds of uninterrupted opportunity. While circling about the tree, hugging its trunk, and never daring to venture a foot from it, I saw one of those lava caves on the surface of the ground. It was made by the lava cooling in a crust, and forming a concave roof like the upper half of a tunnel or sewer pipe, with a space large enough for one to crawl under it. I would have given $20,000 to have been in that hole, tho it was not twenty feet away from me. At last my enemy backed off eight or ten paces, his bloodshot eyes fixed on me, while the froth like flakes of snow dropped from his quivering lips.

"Now was my only chance. It was a very slim one, but I determined to make an effort to save my life. A single misstep, a stumble, and I was lost. I leaped toward the cavern; a wild roar shook the earth behind me. The bull was coming, was right at my heels, and I could almost feel his hot breath on my person. Head-first I threw myself half my length into the cavern and drew my feet in after me, but not until one of those keen horns had ripped off the sole from my boot. Enraged at being cheated of his prey, the bull pawed at the opening, thrust his long keen horns in one at a time, until I trembled lest he would break in the lava crust and unearth me. He lingered long after dark, and I think was in the neighborhood

most of the night. I did not dare crawl from my narrow cramped quarters until next morning. Finding the bull gone, I made my way home, armed myself and the boys, and, mounting horses, we found the bull before noon, and had fresh meat for dinner."

The next most dangerous animal on the islands is the wild boar. Some of these monsters have ferocious tusks and can disembowel a horse at a single stroke. A Mr. Smith followed up the story of the bull-fight with his adventure with a boar.

"It was in South Kona, the country you are going to travel through," he began, "that I had my closest call. I had gone with a party consisting of whites, natives, and dogs to hunt wild hogs. The dogs soon started up a small drove, and we shot three, but a big black boar escaped, and I pursued him on horseback. Away we went, leaping chasms, stones, boulders, ferns, and brush. For some reason the dogs fell behind, and I soon found myself a mile from the others with the boar running into a sort of natural pen, with high walls on three sides, and no outlet save the one we were entering.

"The beast discovered that he was cut off from all escape just as I entered this natural enclosure full tilt, and wheeling about with deadly fire in his eyes charged at me. I don't believe I ever saw a more furious creature than he was, as with rugged bristles raised, and eyes flaming with rage, and his dagger-

like tusks, he came to meet me. Raising my rifle I fired, but the moment my finger pressed the trigger my horse shied, and I missed my mark. The boar struck my horse's side with his fearful tusks, overthrew him, and ripped out his bowels. He would doubtless have gone on out of the enclosure, had he not heard the dogs almost on him, and cutting off his retreat. Then he wheeled about and charged me.

"Tho thrown among the rocks and somewhat stunned, I was not seriously hurt, and was on my feet by the time the savage beast had wheeled to attack me. He would, no doubt, have killed me had not the dogs come up at that moment and attacked him in the rear. The dogs putting him on the defensive gave me a chance to escape. The boar was backed up against a log covered with moss and ferns, and I conceived the mad plan of climbing on the log and striking him across the hips with the stock of my rifle, thus breaking his spine. I mounted the log and raised my gun for the blow, when my feet suddenly slipped from under me, and I fell astride the boar's hips. He humped his back, leaped from under me, and I fell among the stones.

"Quick as a flash he wheeled upon me, his eyes blazing with fury, and his mouth opened wide enough to swallow me. I felt his hot breath on my cheek, and his great tusks almost touched my face, when one of my faithful dogs seized him by the hams, and

jerked him back upon his haunches. Scrambling to my feet, I leaped over the log, just as some of the boys came up and shot the boar. I was so frightened at my narrow escape that it was several minutes before I could stand, and it was many days before I was fully recovered."

CHAPTER XVI

A Night at Pahala

I took my departure from the Volcano House for Pahala, early one morning while the mists lay heavy on the mountain, and Kilauea's eternal smoke mingled with the storm-clouds of her neighbor Mauna Loa.

"Shouldn't wonder we don't have a sprinkle afore night," the guide remarked, turning his weather-beaten face up to the mist. The path from the Volcano House to Pahala follows the telephone wires or the telephone wires follow the path,—I am not certain which. Our ride was a descent from the very beginning, and all day long I fought against the center of gravity which threatened to precipitate me over the head of my horse. The constant bracing of my feet in the stirrups produced such a strain on my knees and ankles that before night the pain was almost unbearable.

The journey was not one of the most pleasant nor was the scenery the most beautiful in the islands. For most of the distance we journeyed through forests of hou, algarobas, and ohia, but the earth had a

brown and barren appearance. On the mountain top the grass was dead, and in the valley it did not look as if it had ever been alive. Wild rocks, broken lava, and deep, unfathomable jungles were on every side, save where some lofty cliff took their place. Occasionally we found evidences of civilization at the roadside in the form of an empty beer bottle.

The guide was a white man who had lived in the United States, and had some notions of civilization. He displayed a remarkable inquisitiveness in regard to my visit to this country, and was eager to know why I was making myself miserable traveling over such a "God-forsaken region" as South Kona, and wound up by asking if I was going to start a coffee-plantation. Being assured such was not my intention, he ventured to ask if it was sugar. I soon disabused his mind of any idea that I intended to engage my time or limited fortune in sugar-growing. He seemed utterly perplexed for several moments, and then boldly put the question which had evidently all along been uppermost in his mind.

"Say, mister, what do you do for a livin' anyway?"

Knowing that this was kindly intended to be a question in regard to my business, I answered:

"I am an author."

"Say, that haint got anything to do with keards, hez it?" he asked, turning his pale buttermilk eyes upon me.

"No," I answered; then, seeing that he did not understand the meaning of the term, I ventured to be more explicit. "I am a book-maker."

His countenance gleamed with the sunlight of intelligence, and, assuming a knowing air, he asked:

"Is it the Guttenberg or Coney Island Club?"

I gave up in despair, and by a superhuman effort turned his thoughts into channels more in keeping with his limited understanding.

I saw but one human habitation in all our journey from the Volcano House to Pahala, which is known as the Half-way House. A hermit lives here with his turkeys and chickens. He was sitting on the porch when we rode up to the building, tired, hungry, and thirsty, nor did he venture to rise from his chair during our stay. When we asked for a drink, he said:

"Thar's plenty in th' bar'l," and he nodded toward a barrel at the corner of his shanty half filled with rain-water. Tho I was hungry, I did not insist on a lunch at this house, for the place was by no means prepossessing. The hermit amused us with the thrilling adventures of one of his little turkeys, which had fallen into one of the lava seams, and remained two days under the surface of the earth. He complained of the wild dogs bothering him of nights, and swore he was going to do some shooting if they didn't stop their howling. The Half-way House is supposed to

be the headquarters of a ranch, which the hermit is supposed to look after.

Leaving the hermitage we rode on at an easy pace, crossing mountain gorges, through forests, over hills bleak and bare, and great plains on which roved herds of horses and frolicsome colts, with thousands of cattle. Sometimes our road was merely a path across the lava. As we came nearer to the sea, the country had a more pleasing aspect The wildness had disappeared and we found fields, pastures, and more level ground. The sun was not half an hour above the horizon when we came in sight of Pahala. It was merely a plantation and mill which had gathered some Chinese, Japanese, and native huts about it. My guide was only to accompany me to this place, and leave me to the tender mercies of the natives until morning, when I was to be furnished with another guide and fresh horses for the remainder of the journey.

There may be some white people in Pahala, but I did not meet any. I went to a place reputed to be a first-class hotel on the European plan, and inquired of the almond-eyed Celestial, who was selling groceries, for the proprietor. The Chinaman said the boss was gone to his ranch. I had been in the saddle since early morning without food, and was both tired and hungry. Tho the store had a strong odor of dried fish and decayed vegetables, and I already had some

idea what my accommodations would be, yet I was willing to accept almost anything under such trying circumstances.

It was not a settled fact that I could find accommodations even with the Chinese. When I asked the Asiatic clerk who wore his blue shirt outside his trousers, he thought it possible that I might stay at the hotel, but could give no definite answer until the boss came back. He said I might have supper at the restaurant anyway.

The restaurant was not noted for cleanliness. The furniture consisted in a long, uncovered table made of two pine boards; for seats we had two backless benches, such as had I known in early childhood in frontier schoolhouses. Two slipshod Chinese waiters came to take my order. One was probably a cook and the other an apprentice. There is something about the *negligé* of a Chinaman's apparel which always impresses one that he is only half dressed. After calling for a dozen articles which they did not have, I asked:

"What have you?"

"Flam, tea, bled, and lice," the cook answered.

"Bring me some ham."

"Want it flied?"

"Yes, bring it *flied*." I felt capable of making a meal out of cobble-stones. In a moment the aroma of frying ham was borne to my apartment. When

the cook, who also acted as waiter, brought me my supper I asked if he had any fruit.

"Yes, got tin apples," he answered.

His answer set me to wondering what kind of fruit tin apples were, and in order to ascertain I ordered some. He brought me a can of apples, bearing a Michigan brand upon them. Here I had exemplified the glorious fact that American industries were making their way into foreign lands, for even in Pahala I was enabled to eat Michigan apples brought over in McKinley tin.

Having appeased my appetite I went out upon the *lanai*, where I sat for some time watching some native girls skip the rope. Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island could not have been more isolated than I among these jabbering heathens. Japanese men and women were coming from the cane-fields by the hundreds. Some of the women had babies strapped on their backs, and hoes on their shoulders. They were dirt-begrimed, tired, wretched-looking creatures, with hardly a resemblance to human beings.

From the Chinaman's porch, I gazed upon such inspiring scenes as a stone fence, four or five native cottages, and two donkeys tied to a rack. Chinese and Japanese swarmed about me, chattering like monkeys, and paying no more attention to me than the bench on which I sat. I tried to form the acquaintance of a Chinese child that was playing on the

porch, but after a look of suspicion it went away. Next I made friendly advances to a Kanaka dog, but with an upward curl of the nose he spurned me with contempt, and I retired within myself, and watched the outside world as a disinterested spectator.

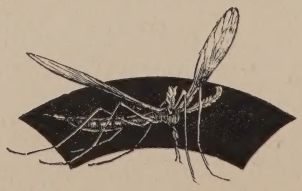
From a distant hut came the sweet strains of a guitar, and I caught a glimpse of the dark-eyed musician, whose sad Hawaiian music increased my loneliness. All the while I was living in uncertainty as to whether I should be permitted to sleep on the porch or in the street. A Chinaman on a pale bay horse rode into the village and dismounted in front of the store. A Chinese boy came and led the horses away, and I soon made up my mind that the new arrival must be the "boss," and, determined to know my fate, I went into the store, and, introducing myself, asked if I could get accommodations for the night.

He proved to be the "boss," and he said he could accommodate me. He called to a boy with a cue wound tightly about his head, and told him to show me to my apartment. The youthful celestial led me across a woodyard, through cross-lots and commons, to a segregated shanty, in a cow-lot, in close proximity to a pigsty. The room I occupied was eight by ten in size, and had a square table, a tin wash-basin and pitcher, one towel, one steamer-chair, and a sailor's mattress on the floor, with a mosquito net over it. The floor had not been swept for weeks. I

learned that this gorgeous apartment had been let to another party (whether black or copper-skin I never knew) who had kindly consented to occupy less commodious quarters that night, in order to accommodate the *haole*. The apartment was dingy, dark, and musty, with opium-fumes, strongly suggestive of traps, pitfalls, and midnight assassinations; and some sacrilegious scamp, as if to mock my fears, had pinned on the wall a motto, "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" The aroma of the pigsty was heightened by the odor of saddles, freshly greased harness, and a smoky kerosene lamp. There were two windows, one of which opened on the pigsty, and the other on the cow-lot.

Closing and bolting my door, I ventured to lie down on the suspicious-looking mattress. The apartment adjoining mine soon began to evince signs of life. Chinamen poured into it, and I am still in doubt whether a sausage-factory, planing-mill, or laundry was in operation in that room. It was evidently no larger than my own narrow apartment, and yet there were certainly nineteen Chinamen in it at one time.

I was scarce ready to think of repose, when the mosquitoes began to put in an appearance. The netting seemed to be no bar to their admission, and I was sometimes in doubt whether there were not more under the netting than outside. Between the noises in the adjoining apartment and the business ability



of the mosquitoes, for a long time it seemed doubtful if I was going to get any sleep at all. At times I was almost in despair and half inclined to leave the hut. But at last the sausage factory in the adjoining apartment ceased operation, there was no more splashing and rubbing in the laundry, the wheels of the planing mill ran more smoothly, and the mosquitoes having satisfied their wants at my expense, I began to feel like sleep. The snoring of a score of Chinamen in the adjacent apartment separated by a thin board partition did not long keep me awake.

The night waxed and waned, and as the first blush of morning began to tinge the east, an inquisitive cow thrust her head into my window on a tour of inspection. Seeing a stranger still asleep, and, no doubt, having the motto of early to rise in mind, she felt in duty bound to awake me. She gave forth such a bawl as would have aroused the seven sleepers. I did not feel as grateful to her as I should, and she backed off with one of my shoes hanging on her horn. I ultimately recovered the shoe, and began to prepare for the day's journey.

CHAPTER XVII

A Night on the Mountainside

Shortly after sunrise the agent of the Volcano Stables came to the Chinese store with a Kanaka boy about twelve years of age, named Harry Kauwila, who he said was to be my guide for the remainder of the journey. When I realized that I had the wildest and most desolate portion of the group to cross, I did not feel altogether pleased with having a child for a guide, who, according to his own story, had never been half-way to Kailua, the end of my journey by land. The awful lava-flow of 1887 was in our path, and it is not uncommon for horses to perish while crossing it. While at the Volcano House a gentleman who had just made the journey told me of his horse falling dead while in the midst of that wild desert, which was whitened with the bones of horses that had perished there.

When I complained that the guide did not know the way, the agent answered:

"Why, you can't miss the way to Kailua. It's a straight road, and follows the telephone road. A blind man could follow it."

I was in no position to debate the question, and received his final instructions in silence. We were to stop at Waiohinu at noon, and he had arranged for us to pass the night at Kahuku ranch, the next night at Hookena, and the next at Kailua, so that, to listen to the agent, he had planned a most delightful picnic excursion. If there is a true disciple of Ananias left in this beautiful and far-advanced-in-morals world of ours, it is the tourist agent. No one, not even the manufacturer of railroad maps, can excel him.

The horse the agent furnished for me was a strawberry blonde, and we had not gone far on our journey before I discovered that he was the "hardest, joltiest, slowest" animal I had ever mounted. Even my Haleakala mule was preferable to this miserable beast. When trotting he bounced into the air, and came down with a force that threatened to dislocate the spine.

For a long distance our road was a broad thoroughfare on a lofty precipice with the ever-murmuring sea on our left, and high ridges and mountains on our right. We passed two or three plantations, and took comfort in the knowledge that we were still in the land of civilization. The cottages were beautiful, and life and stir were everywhere visible. We found also many large, comfortable farmhouses, some having the appearance of elegant country-seats. But after

a few hours all this gave way to plains, forests, grass houses, and a dim trail across the lava-beds. Few wagons traveled this route, but we met many caravans of pack-mules and donkeys coming from the mountains. After a little good roads again appeared, and we once more galloped along a broad thoroughfare which would have done credit to the United States.

The distant village of Waiohinu was in sight. We entered a lane with trees on either side, and were riding toward the village when we discovered a cloud of dust in our rear. As it came nearer it developed into a horseman coming at full speed. He was waving his hand in the air as if signaling us to stop, and I at once come to the conclusion that he was a pursuer. Whether a friend or a highwayman, we did not know, but it was quite evident he would overhaul us, for he was mounted on a steed that would soon run down our sorry beasts.

We were about a mile from Waiohinu when he came up with us. He was a large, stout native, who spoke excellent English, was intelligent, but firm.

"Stop here," he said.

There was an air of authority in the command, and we obeyed.

"Where are you going?" was his first question.

"To Kailua," I answered.

"Is that boy going with you?"

"Yes, sir, he is my guide, and will take the horses back from Kailua."

"I am a truant officer, sir, and a boy of that age is not allowed to leave school under the laws of this Government."

I, who knew nothing of Hawaiian laws and customs, felt that I was in a "pilikia." To be deprived of my guide right at the commencement of my journey was disastrous to my plans. Besides, I might be regarded as a conspirator to enable Harry "to play hookey," and, for aught I knew, might be sent to jail. This would have made a fearful ending of an expedition which had had such a glorious beginning. The sun poured down upon our heads with all the relentless fury of the tropics, and, with the perspiration starting from every pore, I answered:

"I beg your pardon, but I assure you I am not trying to keep this lad from school. I engaged a guide from Wilson at Hilo, and his agent at Pahala brought this boy to me."

"Wilson hain't got nothin' to do with it; it's the teacher," the truant officer answered firmly.

While there loomed up before my mental vision the bars of a Hawaiian prison, Harry was coolly fumbling in his jacket pocket, and at last drew out a bit of folded paper, which he handed to the officer. It proved to be "an excuse," signed by the teacher (bless her) which gave the lad permission to accom-

pany me to Kailua, which Harry had secured before starting. I could not but admire his forethought. Had he not had that "permission of absence," he would undoubtedly have been arrested, taken back to his teacher, and I might have found myself in trouble also.

The officer examined the paper, gave it back to my little guide, and asked pardon for the delay he had occasioned, explaining that it was his official duty to see that every boy in his district was in school. The Hawaiian laws are so strict in regard to children being in school that an excuse from the parents even is not sufficient. The school-teacher alone is the supreme authority in those matters.

We rode on with the officer to Waiohinu, which is a pretty little half native and half Oriental village, with an occasional sprinkle of the Anglo-Saxon. The houses are all neat, small, and quaint in their different styles of architecture. Waiohinu means "sparkling water," and the village derives its name from the many brooks that flow near it. Even the white people residing there seem attached to the place from its healthy elevation and delightful atmosphere.

Mr. Meinecke, the postmaster, met us as we rode up to his store, and insisted on our dismounting and coming in to rest. White strangers are so rare in Waiohinu that the traveler is welcomed with Oriental hospitality. Mr. Meinecke, who is a German by

birth, led me to his house, and calling his wife and children introduced them as if we were some great personages, instead of travel-stained tourists. On learning that it was our intention to push on to Kailua, he asked where we expected to stay that night. Harry answered, "At Kahuku ranch."

"With old Colonel Norris?"

Harry answered in the affirmative, and I explained that the agent at Pahala had informed me that he had telephoned to Kahuka and made arrangements with the colonel to entertain us that night. Mr. Meinecke, knowing more about tourists' agents and Colonel Norris than I, said he did not believe that the colonel would accommodate us. Colonel Norris was an old crank, who had sworn eternal enmity against the whole white race, and unless he was in a more amiable humor than usual he would not even let us sleep in his barn. From his ranch it was twenty-eight miles before we should find another inhabited dwelling. Just beyond Kahuku ranch the lava flow of 1886 began, and Mr. Meinecke thought that I had never traveled over such a strip of road as we should have to pass. I would have waited at Waiohinu until next morning, as my friends urged me to do, but that would have delayed me, so that I should hardly have the time that I wished to spend in the Kona coffee-lands before the steamer touched at Kailua on her return trip to Honolulu.

I observed the postmaster and Harry talking very seriously, and when we mounted to resume our journey, I noticed that Harry had a bag fastened to the horn of his saddle which I had not seen before.

From Waiohinu to Kahuku ranch the scenery was more wild and picturesque, the country broken and more disagreeable to travel than any we had yet found on this side of the island. The path was so rough and stony that most of the time we had to go at a walk. When we did reach a portion of the road that was comparatively smooth, Harry would cry:

"Wiki, wiki!" and lash his horse into a gallop.

We overtook two Chinamen with a drove of pack-donkeys going over the mountains. Harry and the muleteers jabbered for several minutes, and then the little guide turned to me, and said the Chinamen were of the opinion that Colonel Norris would not let the *haole* stay on his premises, as he hated missionaries.

"But I am not a missionary," I explained.

"He won't like you," Harry averred.

I did not for a moment doubt that they misrepresented the old hermit of Kahuku, and we pushed on toward his home. The roads were so miserable, and we were compelled to travel so slowly, that the lateness of the hour began to alarm me. At last we reached the famous ranch, which comprises one hundred and eighty-seven thousand acres, some of which is utterly worthless, since the lava flow of 1887 cov-

ered it, with the hard rough, sharp-edged lava known as the "*aa*." There is a veil of mystery hanging over the eccentric Colonel Norris. Some say he is an Englishman, others that he is a Dane. Those who know him say that he is a scholar, and has traveled a great deal. He is prejudiced against steamships, and always goes in a sailing-vessel. He not only hates white men, but women as well. He is supposed to have fabulous sums of money in the Bank of London, with not a blood-relation in the world to inherit it. Whether he was ever married or not no one knows, but he will allow no white woman or child to enter his house. He is a rank royalist and a bitter hater of the present government, but I little dreamed that his vengeance would fall upon my head.

His ranch is a collection of half a dozen or more cottages, barns, and sheds, surrounded by stone walls, having the general appearance of an old-fashioned stockade. Here he lives with his Japanese and Chinese servants, his books and his mysterious manuscripts, a sort of hermit existence. He is an agnostic of the worst type, and hates a minister of the Gospel as he hates a serpent.

We entered a sort of lot enclosed by lava walls and approached the house. I saw a tall man of about sixty-five, with long gray beard and stooped shoulders, at the farther end of the lot, watching a Kanaka and Japanese skinning a bullock. The old man had a long

stick in his hand with which he beat away the hungry dogs, attracted by the blood of the freshly slain animal.

"Is this Colonel Norris?" I asked approaching him.

"Eh?"

Remembering now that I had been told he was deaf, I wrote on a card:

"Are you Colonel Norris?"

"Yes."

Then I wrote that we were belated, night was coming on, and asked him to give us shelter until morning. He shook his head and said:

"I have no accommodations."

I pointed to the lowering clouds, the great desert we would have to cross, called his attention to the fact that the day was almost ended, and referred to the dangers of a night on the mountains, concluding my appeal with the assurance that I was willing to pay any price for the privilege of sleeping in his hay-loft.

"No missionary shall stay on my ranch," he cried, angrily beating the ground with his stick.

I explained that I was no missionary, yet it made no difference, he hated all the pale-faces with a hatred worthy of a Shawnee brave. He declared that the white men had stolen the land of the Hawaiians, the missionaries unseated the queen, robbed her of her Government, and

he cursed them all. The inconsistency of his position is shown by the fact that Colonel Norris, royalist and missionary-hater as he was, owned more land in Hawaii than all the missionaries or sons of missionaries on the group. He further accused me of being an opponent of monarchy and the friend of annexation.

"I am only an American traveler," I answered, "and I care nothing for your political quarrels."

But he thought my ministerial appearance "a dead give-away," swore I was a preacher, and while he consented for the native guide to remain, the mountain wilds and scorpions, centipedes and wild dogs were good enough for the missionary.

I turned to the native boy, and said:

"He says that you can stay, Harry, but I must go."

"Then I go too," the little fellow loyally responded.

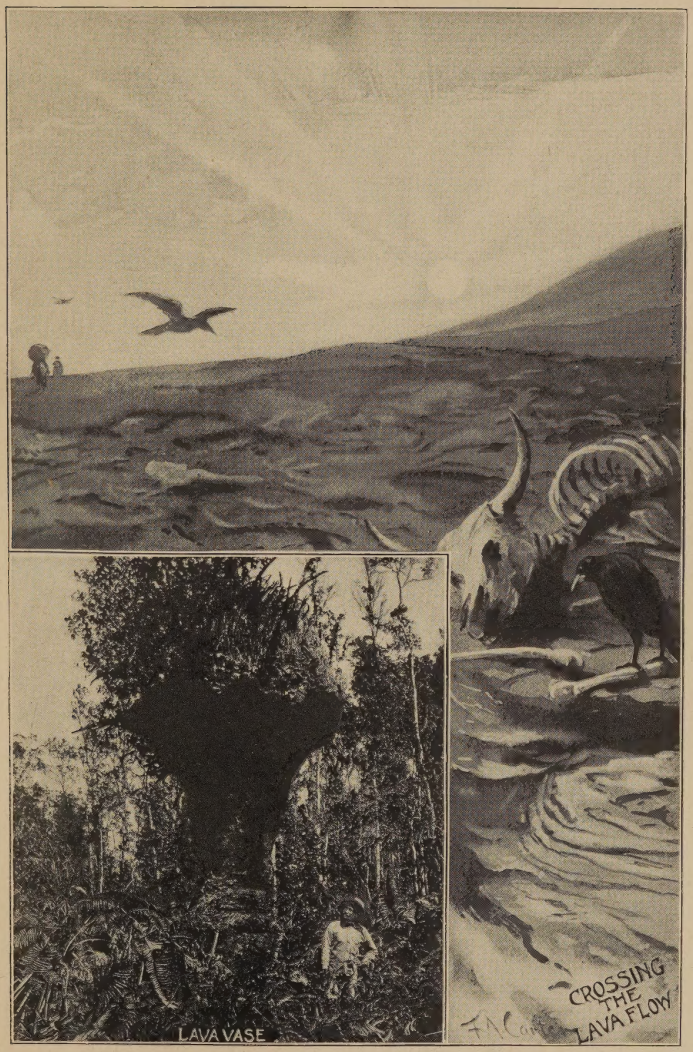
A glance at the great black desert we would have to cross and at the lowering heavens caused me to make one more appeal for shelter, but it was all in vain. The old missionary-hater's hands clasped his stick, and he looked as if he would have liked to strike me a blow, but with compressed lips and bowed head, he hurried away to the house.

With my little guide I left the ranch and started across the great *aa* flow of 1887. In the gathering gloom and deepening shades no prospect could have been more unpromising. The road led for miles and

miles in an air line, up hill and down across the black lava.

The scene was wild, dreary, dreadful. Viewed from a distance, the whole country looked as if it had been swept by some terrible conflagration, with nothing but blackened ruins left behind. The scorched and blistered appearance grew more terrible as we reached the line of that dark flow. Gnarled and twisted lava with sharp, jagged points, black as tar and hard as iron, extended before us farther than the eye could reach. A sort of path had been beaten down on the scorched and chasm-riven plain, relieved only by the white bones of animals that had perished in crossing. The clouds from the mountains hovered about the distant beetling crags, and added to the general gloom which the place inspires. Not a tree, shrub, or living thing was in sight; not even a bird was seen flying over that desolate waste.

In places the lava chunks had been thrown up into hills high as church steeples, in the shape of cones and funnels, and every form of jagged, rugged figure that the fantastic *aa* can assume. The road was so uneven and our horses so tired that we were compelled to ride at a walk. Oh, if the sun would only stand still and give us daylight to cross this black desert, I thought, I would be perfectly willing to pass the night on the mountainside. But the sun showed no indications of halting in its course, and we jogged


LAVA VASE
CROSSING THE LAVA FLOW

on as fast as our tired steeds could travel over the rough road. Occasionally we saw the top branches of some tall trees of bygone ages sticking above the lava flow, white, barren, and ghost-like.

The alarm of my little guide was increasing, and not without cause. Darkness was falling about us, and the whole landscape was full of dangerous pitfalls. We could not stop, for there was not sufficient smooth surface in all that plain to sit or lie upon. It was a sea of jagged, splintered, needle-like points of hard lava from six inches to hundreds of feet in height.

Tho our horses showed signs of exhaustion, we lashed the tired beasts on, knowing that it would be fatal to halt in that desert. Harry's horse cast a shoe and became lame, yet he urged him on. At last the *aa* flow began to disappear. The rocks were less black and blistered, and occasionally here and there ferns were growing, a little farther on an occasional green bush was seen, then patches of grass. Darkness was falling rapidly, and the coming night seemed to be made all the more appalling by scores of crows which fled from crag to crag, and shrub to shrub, giving forth a melancholy caw. They were not more than half the size of the crows in the United States, and are said to be found nowhere save in South Kona. Their cries or caws in such a bleak and desolate land are enough to make the blood run cold.

At last, over a hill, trees appeared before us. It

was now so dark that we could see but a short distance, and we kept our horses as nearly in the middle of the path as possible, for a false step either to the right or the left might plunge us down into some pitfall or over some precipice. Despair was settling upon us, when about a hundred paces on our right we discovered an old hut.

"Turn in there, Harry, turn in!" I shouted to the guide in advance.

"Stop here?" he asked.

"Yes."

We rode up to the hut, which had but two rooms and a shed-like porch, without floor, and dismounted. The hut was deserted, but it promised us shelter for the night, and was much preferable to lying on the hard stones or sharp lava.

"Quick, let us get water, and make a fire, while we have a little light left!" I said. Every house in the Hawaiian Islands, especially in the country districts, has a cistern at or near it, and I reasoned that this one must have. We jerked off the saddles, and threw them with the blankets into the house, while we fastened the lariats about the necks of the horses. Then we found the cistern and an old leaky bucket with which we proceeded to water the horses and slake our own burning thirst.

I soon learned that our friend at Waiohinu had been more thoughtful for our comfort than we had our-

selves. He had anticipated some such predicament as this, and the mystery of that bag which Harry had carried on the horn of his saddle was revealed. From its recesses there came forth a small kettle, tin cup, tea, hard-bread, dried beef, sugar, butter, and in fact enough to supply any ordinary camping outfit. We built a fire, and Harry soon had a kettle of water boiling. There was an abundance of dead wood about the shanty, and we made a roaring fire, about which we sat, drank our tea, and ate our dried beef, hard bread, and butter with as much relish as if we were dining at a Fifth Avenue restaurant. The flames roared upward, and the sparks ascended into the mysterious darkness by which we were surrounded.

We were tired after our hard day's travel, and, giving a look to our horses to see that they were secure, prepared to go to bed. I fancy that the reader would smile at our bed. It consisted of our saddle blankets spread on the floor, and our saddles for pillows. Harry had brought a blanket with him, which we used for a cover. The door had been carried away from the hut, the sashes were gone from the windows; nevertheless we slept, tho the bleak winds from Mauna Loa's lofty peak swept down upon us and chilled us to the bone.

The fire burned down, and the circle of darkness that surrounded it hovered closer about the hut. It was near midnight when I awoke with a sudden start

and sat up. The cause which had disturbed my slumbers had no effect on the boy, for he still slept. A noise at the window within five feet of our heads attracted my attention, and looking in that direction I saw a pair of wild fiery eyes fixed upon me. The faint glow from the dying embers of the camp-fire, shining through the door, fell upon a monster wild dog, huge, gaunt, and ferocious, at the window. His forepaws rested on the window-sill, and a moment later he would have leaped through and had us by the throat. I had no weapon save a small pocket-knife and for a moment was at a loss what to do. I had heard that the wild dogs of Hawaii, when driven by hunger, were sometimes as dangerous as the panthers of North America. We had picked some wild oranges during our day's travel, and I had two or three in my pockets. Taking one, I rose and hurled it with all my strength at the animal. It evidently struck him on the breast or throat, and so alarmed him and his companions, at least a hundred in number, that they fled a short distance, and halting began to howl.

Experience on the Western plains had taught me that most wild animals were afraid of fire, and I thought that these dogs might be also. Without waking Harry, I left the hut, went to the frightened horses, that were trying to break away, spoke to them, and they became more quiet. Gathering up some brushwood I threw it on the fire. As it sparkled and

blazed, there came from the surrounding shrubs and grass angry howls, while a hundred fiery eyes glared at me from the darkness beyond the circle of light.

Fortunately stones of all sizes were plentiful, and gathering up a handful, I opened on the enemy. A yelp soon told that one shot had taken effect, and then came snarling and growling as the monsters fought and tore each other. I heaped more wood on the camp-fire, the broad blaze drove the beasts away, and they retreated up into the mountains.

When I returned I found Harry still sleeping, but tho I dozed some during the remainder of the night, my sleep was by no means profound. As the fire burned low, the wild dogs again drew near, and their howls and growling, with the snorting of the terrified horses invariably roused me. Five times during the night I arose and replenished the fire, the light of which drove the dogs back into the shadows of the forest.

At last the wished-for dawn came. I awoke Harry; he started up rubbing his eyes, and complained of being cold. After warming himself a moment at the camp-fire, he began to prepare breakfast, while I watered the horses at the well. Just as the sun was rising, we saddled our steeds, mounted, and once more resumed our toilsome journey.

CHAPTER XVIII

At Kailua

An early start was very essential, for we had a long, hard day's journey to reach the village before nightfall. Miles of scorched rock and lava-flow had yet to be traversed. The flow was not so recent nor so black as that of the day before; for the terrible "*aa*" was broken, and in places trees and grass were growing. Our road led straight on, up and down hills, and after the first few miles all traces of the flow of 1887 disappeared, and we plunged into a vast forest, which was only occasionally broken by more ancient lava-flows. The country was once more inhabited, and coming upon a ranch where some Japanese were at work we asked how far it was to Hookena, which was to be our next stopping-place. They at first told us it was fifty miles, but we knew this could not be true, for it was only forty miles from Waiohinu, and we had traveled nearly a day since we left that village, and I supposed we were making twenty-five miles a day. When I called these facts to the attention of the Jap, he reflected a moment, and as if to compromise matters added:

PACK-DONKEYS CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS.

"Maybe twelve miles, alle saime."

An opinion so wavering could not be depended upon, and as we were leaving the ranch, the Celestials plainly admitted that they "no saveh!"

Next we met a white man and asked him the distance.

"It's four hours," he answered.

"But how many miles?"

"We never reckon by miles here," he admitted. "Some call it eight and some twelve, but it will take you four hours to reach Hookena."

The sun came out melting hot, and we stopped at one of the oven-shaped wells common in that country and watered the horses.

We had entered a vast wilderness, and were riding along a road with a jungle on either side, when a monster wild boar suddenly stepped half his length into the path before us. Our frightened horses started back at sight of the great shaggy head and sword-like tusks. The boar, after a momentary look of astonishment, gave utterance to a terrible grunt, and disappeared into the thicket. We could hear him as he flew at an incredible speed, tearing his way like a cyclone into the jungle.

Rounding a mountain spur, we came in sight of the sea and bay, and saw the village so far away that a blue mist seemed to lie between it and our position. Then came another wearisome ride, hour after hour,

with the village sometimes in view, and sometimes lost behind mountain spurs and shadowy forests. Often we caught glimpses of the deep blue sea through the woods as we approached some bay. Far off on the rim of the ocean, like a speck, appeared a ship, at sight of which Harry cried:

"The steamer, the steamer!"

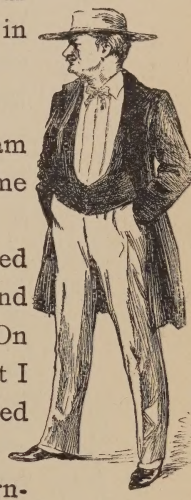
It was the *W. G. Hall* going down the coast, and I felt relieved to know that on her return trip I should be on board. I was weary of traveling over mountains, lava-flow, forests, and plains, and so sick with the heat, poor food, and hardships that every motion of my miserable horse was torture.

For two hours we did not seem to come any nearer to Hookena, but I discovered that while it appeared no nearer, the blue mist did not lie so thick between us and the village, and the houses were becoming more clearly outlined.

An hour before sunset we descended the great red hill, went down the red street, and inquired for Mr. T. R. Amalu, the native school-teacher. His pretty little cottage was pointed out to us and we went to it, as this cottage was the only suitable place in the village for travelers to stop. Mr. Amalu is principal of the public schools of Hookena, and also postmaster. His wife is an assistant teacher. When the steamer *W. G. Hall* came into port, I went down to the dock to learn the latest news from Honolulu, which is the

center of the little universe in which I lived. The dock was crowded with men, many of them white coffee-planters, ready to boast of their own enterprises and decry all others.

"I tell you, stranger," said one, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "I have the only coffee plantation in Kona."



"How large is your plantation?" I asked.

"Well I have four acres of bearing trees, and I am going to put out forty more," he answered after some hesitation.

While in a restaurant, my attention was attracted to a white man sitting at one of the tables, booted and spurred, with beer glass and bottle at his side. On discovering that I was a stranger, and learning that I was from the United States, he gave me an unsolicited opinion of the existing government, which he ironically termed the "P. G.'s" and "Missionary Government."

"The d—d missionaries will ruin the country," he declared.

"What are they doing?" I asked.

"Running us in debt."

"Is not the government more economically administered than it was under monarchy?" I asked.

"No."

"Is not the president's salary less than the queen's by $60,000 per annum?"

"Yes, but they keep a standing army. The missionaries are a set of hyprocrites, and they'll get enough of this before they are through with it. They can't always keep a standing army."

As an outside observer, I failed to see the force of the royalist's argument, which seemed to be made up of abuse of missionaries and their efforts to enforce laws and morals. At Professor Amalu's table that night we had a genuine Hawaiian supper, a pig baked in the Hawaiian *imu*, poi, tropical fruits, fish, bread, butter, tea, and coffee.

Our host, Professor Amalu, was born on Molokai at Kalaupapa, the present site of the leper settlement, about forty years ago, and was educated at the Lahainaluna Seminary. He and his wife, both full-blooded Hawaiians, are proof of what the race under proper training, when strong enough to resist the anti-missionary element, may be elevated to. I could not but contrast the kindness of these gentle natives with the treatment we had received at the hands of Colonel Norris, the missionary-hater.

The native custom of decorating a departing friend with flowers is never omitted on leaving a Hawaiian home. Mrs. Amalu's sister, Miss Keahi, brought a beautiful bouquet of fragrant flowers and pinned it on the lapel of my coat, wound a floral wreath about my hat, and with many

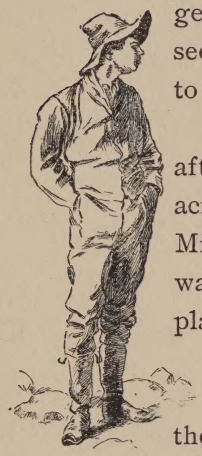
"alohas" we took our departure from these warm-hearted people.

Two and a half miles from Hookena we came to the coffee plantation of Morgan & McStockton, of which J. M. Davis is manager. This is a new plantation in a healthy condition, and the year of my visit was its first yield, turning off one hundred and fifty bags. Mr. Davis estimates the yield of a coffee orchard, when properly cultivated, to be worth $500 per acre every year, and, except during the picking season, one person can very easily cultivate five acres.

Our journey for most of the way was through vast forests of wild coffee; hundreds of Japanese were busy picking the berries, and at every few miles we came upon piles of bags of recently picked berries lying at the roadside to await the caravans of pack-donkeys. From over the mountains came caravans to carry the freshly picked berries to the coffee-mills. The voices of pickers could be heard among the ferns and ohias, the ti and wild guava, a jungle which no eye can penetrate.

One of the many curious sights of that journey was the mode of transporting lumber over the mountains on pack-mules. The mules selected for this service were large, long-legged, and strong. Each had a pack-saddle resembling a saw-buck on it, with a stick of wood extending across the pack-saddle, under and tied to which is the lumber. Two mules going tan-

dem fashion carry three or four hundred feet of lumber, and even more, over mountain steeps, which no wagon ever has traversed, or ever can. The lumber for all the houses built on the mountainside has been transported in that manner. The sure-footed mules with their heavy packs of lumber follow the narrowest paths along the stony ledges which seem dangerous even for a human foot, and climb steeps which seem almost inaccessible, taking their load in safety to its destination.



We reached the Cleghorn plantation early that afternoon. This plantation contains about seventy acres, and is owned by Mr. Cleghorn, the father of Miss Kaiulani, once the prospective heir to the Hawaiian throne. J. G. McChaddo is manager of the plantation, which seems one of the most prosperous on the islands.

As we journeyed along the rugged path, with the mauka forest on one side and the makai forest on the other, we came upon one of those odd specimens of humanity found in many parts of the world—a half tramp and half back-woodsman. His hat seemed to have gone to seed, and his nose was taking a look at his forehead, while his thick lips were parted to inhale the hot, quivering air. He wore no coat, but had a sort of vest, trousers worn at the knees and along the sides, and a pair of boots much the worse for wear. He was part white and part Hawaiian or

1. Young Coffee Field with Undecayed Ferns and Tree Stumps. Page 220
2. Coffee Tree, Three Years Old.
3. Native Coffee Tree.

Portuguese. He stood at the side of the road staring at us in open-mouthed wonder, and when I asked him how far it was to Kailua, he answered:

"Oh, it's too far."

"How many miles?"

"Dun know."

"How many hours?"

"Dun know."

"It's too far," was all we could get out of him, and we left this Kona bird with his hands in his pockets and staring after us, as if we were a "circus just come to town."

The sun had passed the meridian, and Harry began to complain of hunger, and imagine that every Japanese hut on the mountainside was a hotel. At last we reached a cross-road store, back of which is a vast orange-grove. This is the home of Mrs. H. N. Greenwell, and is known as Kalu Kalu, South Kona. We drew rein in front of the store and called for some refreshments. Some hard bread, cheese, and oranges were brought to us. The oranges were the largest and sweetest I ever saw. We also found an abundance of water for our horses. In a large wareroom the people were packing the oranges in boxes for shipping. There were several hundred barrels of the fruit in a pile, and men and women were wrapping the oranges separately in tissue-paper and placing them in boxes. I was told that the Greenwell planta-

tion produced the largest sweet oranges in the world, and from my own experience I believe the statement true.

Leaving the famous orange-grove, we journeyed over the hills, rocks, and mountainsides, through forests of wild coffee for miles and miles, and passed hundreds of pickers. At last in the dim distance there appeared a bay, and like specks of snow could be seen the cottages of Kailua. We met a bewhiskered priest in sacerdotal robes, going to visit some distant parish or give absolution to some dying sinner. We asked him the distance to Kailua, and he answered it was about five miles. It was an unspeakable comfort to find one human being who reckoned distance by miles.

During this day's journey I saw a tree bearing some kind of immense fruit, which in the distance looked like large pumpkins, tho I was told they were a species of gourd known as the calabash gourd. I was too tired to go near enough to investigate the strange phenomenon, and can not state positively whether the pumpkin or gourd grew on the tree or upon a vine that ran up and twined about it. One never sees anything in this country familiar to a native of the temperate zone, and I was prepared for any strange freak of nature.

In one of the dark, picturesque valleys of the island of Hawaii we met natives mounted on bullocks. The

bullocks were saddled and bridled like horses, and traveled at a greater speed than one would suppose.

We reached Kailua late that day, and finding no better lodgings, put up with a Chinaman. Our room was about thirty feet from the roaring surf, which with the aid of the mosquitoes kept us awake most of the night. Next morning I bade farewell to my little guide, and he started on his return over the dreary road we had traversed.

The village of Kailua was formerly one of the royal residences of the kings of Hawaii, and in later ages a favorite country-seat of theirs. A number of houses still standing along the beach once belonged to the kings. One large old stone building was pointed out as the king's house. Mount Hualalai is just back of this village, its lower parts lava-scorched, while its summits are covered with trees and verdure. The last eruption from the neighboring volcano was in 1801, and in the language of the natives it is now *pau*—finished.

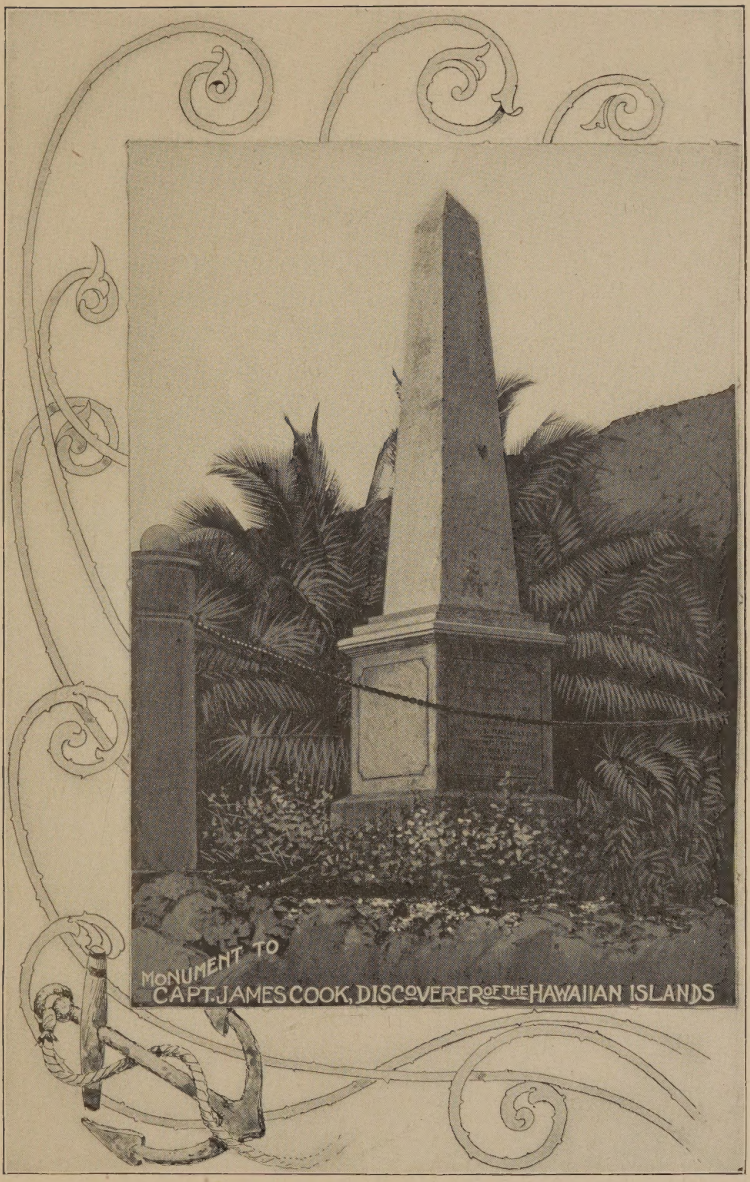
Six miles south of Kailua is the landing of Keauhou, which is not only remarkable for its beautiful scenery and lofty palisades, but a spot of historic interest. Here are laid the bones of mighty chiefs, and here fell the great discoverer, Captain James Cook, the first English-speaking white man to land on the Sandwich Islands. The northern side of the bay is guarded by a frowning precipice, which ex-

tends around until it gradually melts into the wooded slopes of Mauna Loa. At the foot of the western end of the precipice is a projection of flat land, forming one horn of the entrance of the harbor. A road winds from this spot to the top of the cliff. Here, on the spot known as Kaawaloa, Captain Cook was killed by the people whose country he had discovered, and whose kindness he returned with brutal insults. A monument has been erected to his memory, on a plot of ground donated to the British Government by the late Princess Likelike. It was erected by the sailors of the English man-of-war *Fantome* in 1874; it is a plain obelisk of concrete, standing in a small enclosure, surrounded by chains and old cannon, and bears the following inscription:

"In memory
of the great circumnavigator
CAPTAIN JAMES COOK, R.N.
Who
discovered these Islands
on the 18th day of January, A.D. 1778,
and who fell near this spot
on the 14th day of February, A.D. 1779.

This monument was erected
by some of
his fellow countrymen."

Kona, the rival of Puna in the coffee culture, is about as barren and sterile a country as it has ever


MONUMENT TO
CAPT. JAMES COOK, DISCOVERER OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

been my lot to see; yet even its sterility seems to make it favorable for the production of coffee. "Coffee-trees are often planted with a crowbar," it is said. Strange as this may seem, it is nevertheless true. A hole is drilled through the rock, or lava-crust, and the soil thus reached; the tree, a small twig dug up from the forest, is planted in this hole, and it grows, thrives, and yields fruit abundantly.

After one day in my Chinese quarters, I took up my lodgings in a large vacant building, called the hotel. It contained a dozen rooms, well furnished, and I was the only person to occupy them. An old *wahine*, who was left in charge of the house, came one morning to close the bargain with me for the privilege of staying there a few days; and after taking the pay, I never saw her nor any other person on the premises during my stay. I subsequently learned that the last occupant of this deserted house had been a fugitive leper, intelligence by no means pleasing. George McDougall, a young Scotch merchant, had a restaurant in the village, and while I lived in Kailua I was a patron of his café.

Perhaps in no place can the native Hawaiian be found more nearly in his primitive state than in Kailua. Men and women fishers clothed only with the *malo* were seen about the beach with their nets and spears. I saw one man, at a single cast of his net, sweep in seventy-five mullet. A woman, perfectly

naked save the *malo*, was creeping around in the shallow water gathering a sort of mollusk, called the sea-urchin, from the rocks. The sea-urchin is a burr-like mollusk, with stubby tentacles or legs, which move slowly when out of the water. She had a basket nearly filled with them and was taking them home to supper. A man with a spear next attracted my attention. He was wading in the shallow water, thrusting his spear into the holes in the rocks, and bringing out many quaint and curious specimens of the finny tribe.

While I watched the fishermen, school was dismissed for the day, and the children of both sexes from five to fifteen years of age came running to the dock, where they disrobed themselves, and, nude as our original parents before the first sin, plunged into the water. Their screams and shouts of merriment soon drew some gentlemen to the dock, and the little rascals began to cry for nickels. Several coins were tossed one at a time into the water, and they invariably caught them before they reached the bottom.

The surf was rolling considerably, and some had logs of light wood, and one or two surf-boards. One of the most interesting sights I witnessed was a little girl, eight or ten years of age, riding the waves on a log. The waves gave the log the undulating motion of a rocking-horse, and she screamed with delight, and brushing her long, dark, and damp tresses from

her face, shouted to her companions to catch her if they could. The older boys were exercising on surf-boards, and one standing upright was whirled to the shore with fearful velocity,—then my thoughts went back to the old pictures in the geography, and I said:

"It was true."

The Sabbath in Kailua was a long, anxious day for me, for on Monday morning I expected the steamer *W. G. Hall* to take me back to Honolulu. At last the cloudless day came to an end, and I early sought my couch on the theory that time passes more rapidly when one is asleep. About an hour before dawn I was awakened by the whistle of the steamer, and dressing, hurried to the dock, just as the vessel dropped anchor in the harbor.

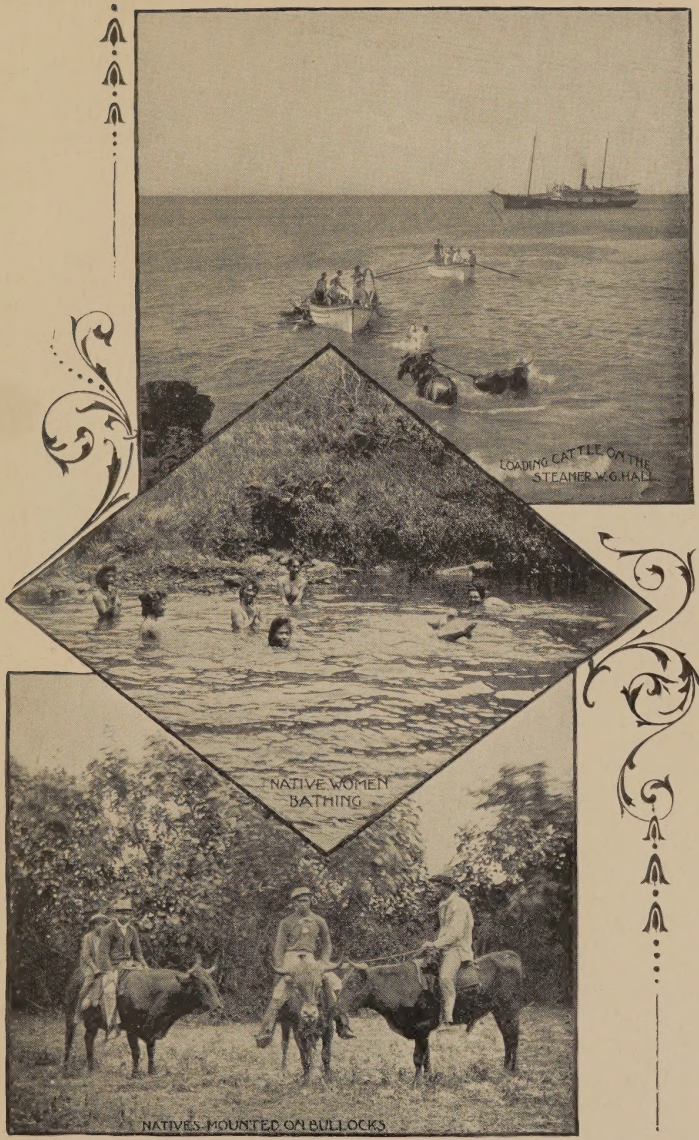
The pier was crowded with Kanakas and whites. There were piles of well-filled coffee-bags, boxes of oranges, and almost every conceivable bundle of freight. The morning air was filled with the din of squealing pigs, bleating kids, cackling hens, gobbling turkeys, and squawking ducks and geese. One of the bags lying promiscuously about the dock seemed suddenly inspired with life, and began to wriggle and jump about in a most mysterious manner, while from within its depths came a very pronounced squeal. There were a dozen other bags with pigs in them.

Just at dawn there came down the road a herd of bawling cattle, to be taken on board the *Hall*. Load-

ing cattle on an inter-island vessel is an interesting sight, especially when you take into consideration that the ship can not come within half a mile of the shore. When the chickens, geese, ducks, pigs, and goats had been taken aboard the vessel, then came the more difficult and dangerous task of loading the cattle, which requires the combined experience of a cowboy and a sailor.

A lasso was thrown over the horns of a bullock, he was dragged into the water by the well-trained horse and rider to a boat in waiting. One of the native sailors in the boat took the rope from the cowboy's hand, and drew the angry, frightened bullock up so close to the boat that his head almost touched it, and there he was tied. When some twelve or fourteen had thus been tied up to the boat, another boat took it in tow, and drew it to the ship, from which a hook was lowered by a crane; a belt was fastened around the bodies of the cattle, and they were hoisted by steam one at a time to the deck of the vessel. In this manner twenty-four were taken aboard the *Hall* that morning.

While they were loading cattle, a sailor performed one of the most daring feats I have ever witnessed. One of the "steers," while being towed toward the ship, slipped the noose off his horns, and wheeling back, swam with all his might for the shore. A sailor leaped into the sea, clothes and all, and swam after


LOADING CATTLE ON THE STEAMER W.G.HALL
NATIVE WOMEN BATHING
NATIVES MOUNTED ON BULLOCKS

the frightened brute. The escaping animal saw him coming, and put forth all his energies, but he might as well have tried to outswim a shark. The native was alongside before he had gone three cables' length, and at a bound leaped upon his back. Then he struck the terrified, bellowing beast on the side of the head with his open palm, turned him round, and made him swim back to the boat, where he was tied more securely, and taken to the ship and loaded with the others.

With all the cargo on board, we weighed anchor, sailed out of the harbor, and steered for Maui, whence we bore away to Honolulu.

CHAPTER XIX

Holidays at Honolulu

Honolulu was very greatly excited at the time of our return, over two important events. One was the preliminary examination of the alleged conspirators, Underwood and Sheridan, alias Morrow, and the second the capture of three opium-smugglers. From the testimony presented it seemed that there was a clear case made out against the conspirators. Underwood, the leader, called at the office of Paul Newman, a former royalist, about the 1st of December, and made some inquiry about acquiring the Hazeldon property on the island of Lanai, a small uninhabited island of the group, for a colonization scheme. Underwood and Sheridan were often seen together. They both went to Mr. Newman and informed him that they wanted to buy the island of Lanai for a syndicate of sporting men, who if they could make arrangements wanted to establish a lottery on the island, and make it the Monte Carlo of the Pacific. They said they required some concessions from the ex-queen for that purpose, for they knew it was no use to present the matter to the "Missionary Govern-

ment." They went on further to assure Mr. Newman that if the queen would make certain promises, the syndicate of sporting men would furnish the money to restore her to power. In other words, it was the old lottery crowd, like the snake "scotched, not killed," which proposed to restore the queen, providing she would be willing to let them control her. Their plan was to purchase Lanai, make it a base of supplies and concentrating point, take the Government by surprise, restore monarchy, and turn the Sandwich Islands over to his satanic majesty. But these chaps reckoned without their host. Mr. Paul Newman was loyal to the republic as he had been to the monarchy, and the first attempt of the lottery agents landed them in jail.

The opium smuggler was the schooner *Henrietta*, which had been captured off Waianae, the day before our arrival. The schooner was seen beating about in a mysterious way, which roused the suspicions of the sheriff of that district. Its conduct was telephoned to Honolulu and officers sent down to investigate the mysterious craft. A man came off from the schooner, was captured, and made admissions which led to the sending of a vessel from Honolulu filled with armed men to capture the smuggler. They brought her in with all her opium, amounting to several thousand dollars' worth, on board. Neither the conspirators nor the opium

smugglers were brought to a final trial during my stay on the islands.

. . . . . .

Christmas in June, or in June-like weather—can the reader of the frosty North grasp the thought? A Christmas without snow, sleighs, and bells, and without Santa Claus and reindeers; yet the children in Honolulu enjoy the occasion as much as children in St. Louis, Chicago, and New York. The day before Christmas all the stores and shops of Honolulu put on their holiday attire. Toys, books, and presents of almost every kind that are usually seen in shop windows in our cities, except sleds and skates, were on display.

As the evening drew on, the small boy with his tin horn appeared on the street and made the hour hideous. On Fort Street, one could scarce make his way for the throng, and the scene almost reminded one of Fourteenth or Twenty-third Street in New York during the same period. Big fat Kanakas and round-faced *wahines* in summer attire, with almond-eyed Celestials and South Sea Islanders, mingled with Americans, Portuguese, Spaniards, Englishmen, Germans, and Hottentots in a most democratic, cosmopolitan manner. Boys bought fire-crackers and tin horns, just as they do in the United States, and girls bought dolls, and all were happy and good-natured.

Christmas dawned bright and clear in lower Hono-

lulu, but with the eternal cloud hanging over Nuuanu valley, the shower and the rainbow giving a strange and picturesque beauty to the scene. The church-bells rang a merry peal, and the people in light costume, decked with flowers, hurried to the church. The same old story was told in the churches of the South that we hear in the churches of the North. It is the same Savior the world over, who came upon earth, suffered and died that we might have eternal life. Man reviled and rejected Him then, just as man reviles and rejects Him to-day. The hooting mob that over eighteen hundred years ago cried, "Away with him, crucify him, crucify him," were no more unreasonable than the anti-missionary element who deride and vilify the men and women who are giving their lives to His sacred cause to day.

With the approach of the New Year again came the question of pardon for the political convicts. They had influential friends who were friendly to the republic. The convicts, after failing to get their liberty on Thanksgiving, changed their tone, and began to beg for mercy. It would require men with harder hearts than President Dole and his cabinet to refuse their request, so it became rumored that the leaders of the rebellion in 1895 would be pardoned January 1, 1896. They had spent almost a year on the reefs, (Hawaiian prison), and the republic could afford to be generous, as it had been exceedingly prosperous. It

had crushed a rebellion, the power of monarchy was gone forever, the latest lottery scheme had failed; so New Year's day was set apart for the pardon of the remaining rebels of the year before. They were Charles T. Gulick, W. T. Seward, John F. Bowler, Robert W. Wilcox, John H. Wise, Joseph Clarke, J. W. Bipikane, and John Lilikoi.

At half-past nine on New Year's morning, the eight prisoners were called up and heard their pardons read with deepest interest. The Government was represented by Minister Damon, Attorney-General W. O. Smith, and Judge J. A. Magoon for the board of Prison Inspectors. The Attorney-General read the pardons, and made a few remarks which fell upon appreciative hearts, to which Major W. T. Seward replied with sentiments of regard for the clemency extended by the Government, and the others displayed their appreciation by grasping the hands of the officials. Then the eight men, who, if they had been the prisoners of the monarchy, would have been beheaded, walked out, once more free, and we hope wiser and better men.

The great event of the day was the reception of the President at the capitol building, which was held at 11 A.M. Long before the hour appointed for the reception, vast crowds began to gather about the building, and when the President and his wife appeared they were greeted with cheers. They were attended

by Colonel J. H. Soper and staff, with many ladies and eminent civilians, forming a brilliant retinue.

Among the distinguished callers at this official reception were Minister Willis and the entire diplomatic corps of the United States, the foreign ministers and consuls of Great Britain, France, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Spain, Italy, Japan, and China. The commander and officers of the *Boston*, as well as those of a British man-of-war in the harbor, were also among the callers.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Dole, Mrs. Paul Newman, Mrs. Lowrie, and other ladies gave a reception to the young men of Honolulu at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. From twelve to two an excellent luncheon was served, and great pains were taken to gather in all the strangers in the city, without regard to their circumstances or standing in society. The sailors from the ships were urged to come in and partake of the excellent collation spread for them.

CHAPTER XX

Voyage to Kauai

At 5 P.M. January 6, 1896, I found myself on the deck of the little inter-island steamer *Mikahala*, waiting for the crew to get the cargo abroad, and sail for Kauai, the Garden Island.

Among the freight that was taken aboard that afternoon was a pair of mules. One of them was a surly, ill-natured brute, evidently a lineal descendant of Balaam's stubborn beast. Any one who had ever had any dealing with mules could read the character of this one at sight. He had but two motives in life, they were to "buck" and kick. His companion, a very sober and decently behaved fellow, was led along the dock to the side of the ship, the bands fastened about his body, the hook from the derrick slipped into the ring, when he was gracefully swung into the air and deposited on the deck, without missing a chew on his wisp of hay.

But the "bucker" had made up his mind to brook no such nonsense. He had unhorsed too many riders and burst too many saddle girths, to allow any one to elevate him in any such fashion, and he imagined

that he had a picnic in store. When the ship's hands went near him to adjust the gearing by which he was to be lifted on board, he made some vigorous protests with his heels, and they were compelled to use extraordinary caution in adjusting the belts around him. As he stood with the rigging lying loosely on his body, the mule seemed to smile as if saying to himself: "Just wait till they try to tighten that cinch, and see the fun."

I saw the fun and it excelled a circus. When everything was ready, the mate blew his whistle, the engine started, and the belt began to tighten. The time to "buck" had come, and the mule humped himself, kicked out behind and leaped into the air, intending to fall hard enough to burst the thing to "flinders," but to his utter amazement he was swept off his feet, and could not touch the ground. As he swung higher into the air, with his kicking legs, wagging head, and rapidly moving tail, he resembled a huge spider hanging by its thread at the sport of the wind. The bawl with which he began operations died away in a groan of disgust, and he was so mad when he reached the deck that for several moments he refused to stand. After the rigging was removed he was induced to rise, but he nursed his grudge for the ship's crew, and let fly his heels at them every time any one came near him.

Mr. Dillingham, president of the Oahu Railroad,

came on board with a lady relative who was going to Kauai, and as she was in poor health and traveling among strangers, he requested me to look after her comfort. We were under way before the bell rang for supper, and the lady felt too ill to go to the dining-room, but consented to take a cup of tea on the deck.

After supper, while I was sitting on the forward deck, I overheard an aged Hibernian telling some of the passengers of the dangers of this very channel we were crossing. Numbers of ships, he said, were lying at the bottom of the ocean, and a great army of skeletons, whose frames were made the homes of the creeping things of the deep.

The remarks of the Irishman were not calculated to make one comfortable, especially as the wind was blowing a gale, and our little bark seemed to be beating about at its mercy. Dr. Crane was on the vessel. He was a friend of the government physician, Dr. Goodhue of Koloa, whom he was on his way to visit. As Dr. Goodhue was the president of the Kauai Kodak Club, and as I had been invited to become a guest of the club, our journeys lay in the same direction, but we did not intend to make the same landing. I was instructed to land at Nawiliwili, while he was going direct to Koloa. Dr. Crane tried to persuade me to go with him, and I tried to induce him to land with me, so we retired without coming to any definite conclusion.

The waves rolled, and the little bark tossed until every timber groaned, and I began to entertain a wholesome fear that she would go to pieces. I was almost sure I had fallen asleep, when a great commotion in the forward part of the ship brought me to my feet. The Japs, Chinamen, and Kanakas in the steerage were running about wringing their hands in despair. Monster waves were rolling over us and the ship was going down. The captain had left the bridge, the pilot quit the wheel, and the craft was drifting, plunging, and tossing at the mercy of angry waves. I had just managed to dress when the aged Hibernian burst into my stateroom and informed me that we were foundering at sea.

The horrors of my situation burst in full force upon me. Friends, relatives, and my far-away home, I should never see again. The ocean must be my grave, and throughout ceaseless age my bones be the home of the creeping things of the deep. No! I would not give up in despair; the ship had boats, and I would make an effort to save myself. I could not but pause in the great turmoil to blame myself for ever having ventured to sea in so small a craft as the *Mikahala*. Then I remembered the poor lady placed in my charge, and thought it would be unmanly to forsake her, even to save my own life.

In the midst of my distress I awoke and found the *Mikahala* plowing over the waves, every officer at his

post, and, so far as I could learn, in no fear of the perils which I had supposed menaced us. Quite well pleased that it was all a dream, I went to sleep again, nor did I wake until the steward called out the port of Nawiliwili. At about 3 A.M. I went on deck. The night was clear and the heavens filled with stars, but there was no moon. We could see great mountain ranges on our left, and lights of the port ahead. There were points of land on either side of us, and we were entering what looked like a good harbor.

The first boat for the dock was filled with Japs and Chinamen, and four ladies and myself constituted the passengers in the second. We expected the stage to meet us at the landing to take us to Lihue, and shortly after we reached the dock a horseman came galloping down the hill, to inform us that it would come for us in a few minutes. While waiting for the arrival of the stage, one of the ladies pointed out the beautiful Southern Cross in the heavens. The stage came and we were driven up the hill through a lane with walls of lava on either side, enclosing fields of cane, It is not more than a mile and a half from Nawiliwili to Lihue, but every foot of the road is full of interest by either day or night.

The stage reached the hotel some time before daylight, and securing a room I went to bed, leaving instructions for breakfast at seven. While at breakfast Mr. Rice, the proprietor of the hotel, informed me that

Dr. Goodhue of Koloa had inquired for me by telephone, and said he was coming for me in his carriage. An hour later the doctor with his Portuguese servant came. Dr. Goodhue is a man of about thirty years of age, a graduate of the Rush Medical College of Chicago, and related to the late Ralph Waldo Emerson. He is a small, spare man, with a face that often smiles but never frowns. He has the head of a preacher, the soul of a poet, combined with that gentle and tender sympathy which alone can make a truly great physician.

Kauai is called the Garden Island, and according to geologists is the oldest of the group. The road from Lihue to Koloa is broad and delightful, leading for three or four miles between two vast cane-fields. The mountains and the sea, both essential to the picturesque in scenery, are nearly always in sight. The pandanus or screw-pine, on its long stilt-like legs or roots, grows along the roadside, also an abundance of bread-fruit trees. Nearly all the roads on Kauai are suitable for carriages. There are several considerable streams on the island, some spanned by excellent bridges. On our left was a great old mountain known as Hoary Head, and on our right the lofty peak of Mount Waialeale. Our road led through a pass in the mountains called "the gap," and passing around a spur on our left, the pretty little village of Koloa was in sight. The Koloa sugar-mill was in operation.

Scores of carts and long trains of cars loaded with cane were streaming in from the field to the mill.

A pretty cottage standing back two hundred paces from the road attracted my attention from its neatness, and especially from the fact that the American flag was flying from a flagstaff near. I asked the doctor if they had an American consulate in Koloa. He answered no, and when I asked why the flag was flying, he told me it was his home, and that he always ran up the flag when an American was expected in the village.

The doctor's wife and baby, with Dr. Crane, who had reached Koloa two hours ahead of us, were on the *lanai*, to give us a hearty welcome. Dr. Goodhue is a poet of considerable reputation, and a contributor to some of our best periodicals. His "Verses of the Valley" have been praised by Whittier, Holmes, Burdette, and others, so that such companionship as his in the islands of the Pacific was an unlooked-for pleasure.

CHAPTER XXI

Spouting Horn, Golgotha, and Barking Sands

On the afternoon of our arrival in Koloa, Dr. Goodhue proposed an expedition to the "Spouting Horn," one of the natural curiosities of Kauai. The doctor, his wife, Dr. Crane, and myself formed the party.

On the way from the village, we passed a large frame house, the birthplace of President Dole. There are nearly as many stories about Dole's boyhood as there were of Washington. In fact Dole is regarded as the Washington of Hawaii. A weather-vane in the form of a fish, whittled out of koa wood, on one of the buildings is said to have been made by the president when he was only seven years old.

Shortly after passing the Dole house, we turned to the right and went up the coast. The rocks lay scattered in wild profusion over the sloping hillside, and along the beach to the sea. Lava in great broken chunks seemed to have been rained down on the whole sloping landscape to the water's edge. The last few rods of the journey in the carriage, the ground was so stony that there was danger at times of the vehicle

being upset. The great lava-rocks lay piled and tossed as the fiery sea had left them ages ago.

When it was impossible to proceed farther in the carriage, we got out to walk the remainder of the distance. Far up the beach we saw the water suddenly burst from the lava-covered landscape, leap upward to the height of from forty to sixty feet, and fall in a cloud of spray upon the stones and lava. We hurried across the barren, rugged rocks, and soon reached this great natural curiosity of Kauai. The Spouting Horn is made by a cave that is partly under ground and partly under water. The waves, driven into the cavern with great force, burst upward through an orifice in the lava rock, and make an intermittent fountain. When the sea is high, as it was on this afternoon, and the waves attain unusual force in seeking egress through the rock, the spouting is accompanied by a bursting roar. The air expelled from an aperture near the Spouting Horn produces a sound which gives it the name of the "Roaring Rock." Not many paces from the Spouting Horn is a large stone twelve or fifteen feet in height and ten square, which from its resemblance to a pulpit is called the "Pulpit Rock." About forty paces from the rock in an opposite direction there is a great hole in the lava rock. The surging billows rushing in and out through many subterranean chambers seem to meet in currents at this hole, giving it the appearance of a boiling kettle.

This opening in the lava has two names,—the "Devil's Kettle," and the "Witches' Caldron"; either of which seems appropriate.

Long we stood on the gnarled and rugged rocks, gazing on the roaring sea and dashing spray, while our thoughts wandered back thousands of years to the time when all that mass of stone was in the form of molten lava pouring down into the raging billows. The traditions of the natives always presented two sets of gods and goddesses. These were the elements fire and water incarnated, and their old legends are full of the long warfare between them. In all the islands save one, Hawaii, the water-gods have conquered, and the fires of Pele now burn in Kilauea only.

As it was growing late, we wandered slowly over the lava-strewn hill to the carriage. Before leaving the seaside Dr. Goodhue pointed out an old house which was the residence of a princess, a daughter of one of the Kamehamehas. The poor creature was insane, and stoned all who came near her. The princess was gaunt, bony, and black, clothed in a dirty "mother-hubbard" of a skirt, sitting on the ground near an old grass house talking to herself. At our approach she seemed seized with a sudden fury, and with strange cries seized stones and hurled them at us. This was my first visit to a princess, and I was not favorably impressed with the reception.

It was quite dark when we returned to Koloa, and after supper I retired, glad to know that there was one spot in the paradise of the Pacific almost free from mosquitoes. I was awakened next morning, just in time for breakfast, and for a while was amused by Mrs. Goodhue's experience in training a green Jap in the mysteries of the cuisine. The fellow was a willing pupil and quick to comprehend, but knowing very little English, he made many amusing mistakes. He could not comprehend the difference between the words "boil" and "broil," and when she told him to roast yams, he brought in baked taro. She said that she had grown tired of talking "pig Latin," a mixture of English, Japanese, and Hawaiian, to the new cook. But Yamamoto was faithful, industrious, and promised to become a jewel.

During the forenoon we visited the Koloa sugar-mill. It is famous as being the first sugar-mill ever erected on the islands, One of the old stone rollers first used to crush the cane is still at the mill, while its mate has been transported to the Bishop museum in Honolulu.

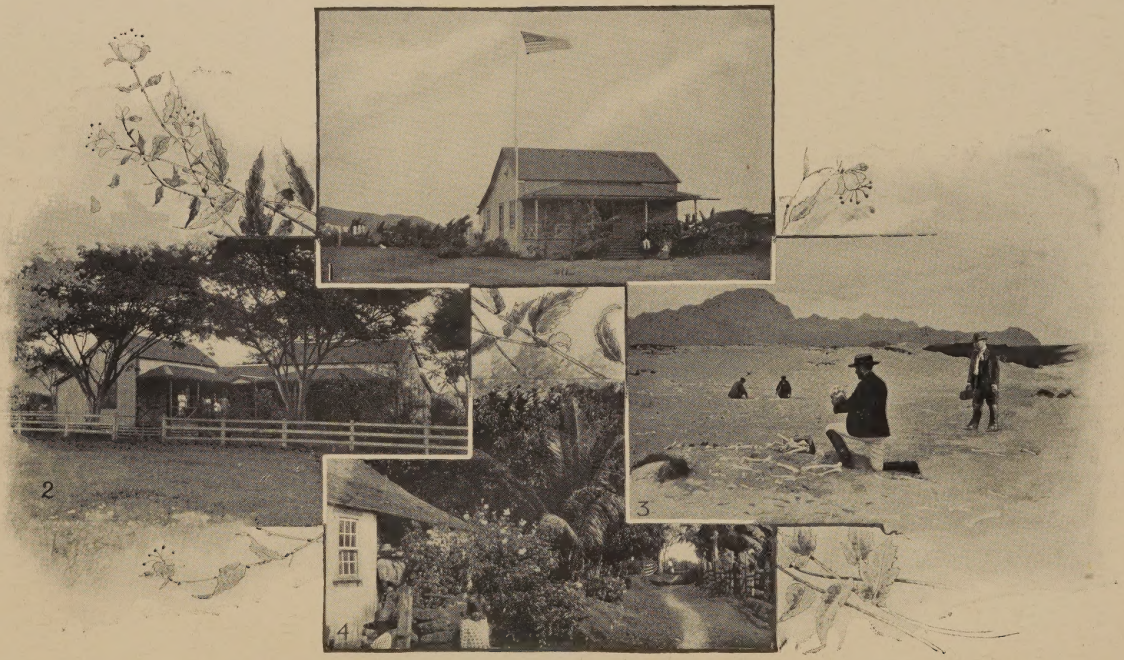
That afternoon our party went to the stretch of beach about two miles from Koloa called the "Golgotha," or place of skulls. There is a tradition that a great battle was fought here about five hundred years ago. The troops under the king of Hawaii landed in their canoes on the beach, and the king of

Kauai, being apprised of the intended attack, set a trap for them into which they fell. With a naval force he attacked them from the sea, and with a land force assailed them from the land. No quarter was asked or given, and they fought until the invaders were completely annihilated. The sands are to this day covered with human bones, and countless skeletons lie hidden away beneath them. One company exhumed sixty skeletons for the museums and medical colleges of the United States from this battle-field. As every tourist who visits the Golgotha brings away a skull, I set to work to discover a perfect one myself. Tho the surface is thickly strewn with bones, the perfect skulls lie hidden beneath the sands. As the beach is often washed by the waves and storms, the sand covers the sleeping dead to the depth of several inches, and the finding of a skeleton is more by luck than skill. With a femur for a shovel, I began to prospect, and dug many holes without being rewarded. At last Dr. Goodhue came upon the round cranium of a sleeping warrior, and called me to it. Aided by the doctor's wife, we excavated the skeleton, which we found almost perfect. Every bone was in its place and it seemed as if the dead man had not been disturbed since he fell, long ago in the days of chivalry, half a century before Columbus was born.

There is one tradition that this field was an ancient burying-ground, but some historians say it is unrea-

sonable. The natives usually preferred to bury their dead in secret caves, and would hardly have selected a beach, where corpses might be exhumed by the waves. The caverns, of which there are a countless number in the islands, contain thousands of skeletons, some of great kings and chiefs in costly feather cloaks and robes of tapa. There are numerous caves in Koloa. One afternoon, my friends and I set out with a native guide to explore the caves near the village. The first we reached was at the head of a deep ravine which was choked with lantana. The native guide was barefooted, yet he went before us, tramping down the thorny lantana that soon had our hands bleeding, notwithstanding we wore gloves for protection. We followed him, forcing our way through thorns and briars, that tore our clothes and scratched our flesh, until we gained the vast opening into the earth. It was a dark, yawning aperture having about it a weird, awe-inspiring appearance. I had read of such places in novels as the abode of pirates and robbers, and I am quite sure these reprehensible characters could not have found a more secret nor romantic-looking abode.

We had gone but a few paces into the cavern, when it became so dark we were compelled to halt and light our candles. The darkness is so great that a candle does not give sufficient light to see three feet before one. The floor of the cavern was covered with black



1. Residence of Dr. Goodhue, Koloa.
2. Government Hospital, Koloa.
3. "The Professor Makes a New Discovery."
4. Street in Koloa.

slimy mud, and the walls so damp that in places they were dripping with water.

The guide, pointing to a large shelf-like rock in one of the subterranean chambers, said:

"They sleep there."

"Who?" asked the doctor.

"Chinamen."

"Why do they sleep there?"

"Come to smoke opium, so they not be seen," the guide answered with a grin on his honest face. The doctor looked wise, and remarked:

"So we are in an opium den."

We slowly groped our way on in the ever-increasing darkness, the combined light of our four candles not enabling us to see a yard in advance. These caverns contain many pitfalls and deep pools, which make them dangerous to explore. The earthquakes are continually working changes in them, so that a guide who is not up to date on the subject is useless. Hundreds of thrilling stories are told of parties lost in these subterranean chambers, wandering for days before they were able to find their way out. There are other stories of parties being lost and never seeing the light of day again. He who ventures into a Hawaiian cavern runs also the risk of an earthquake blocking up the entrance and entombing him alive.

We came to where the floor sloped downward, and the guide told us we were going to a large pool of

clear cold water. It was one of those cold, bottomless pools often found deep in the bowels of the earth. Sometimes we were able to walk, but the roof above was often so low that we were compelled to crawl on our hands and knees. We reached the spring or pool, and paused for a moment at its side, while we watched the weird reflection of our candles upon the water and upon each others' faces, to which they gave a strange, ghost-like appearance.

The cavern was cold, damp, and muddy, still we crept on until it became so low we could go no farther, then returned to the entrance and hurried to the next cavern not over fifty rods away.

For more than two miles there is a succession of caverns, with holes broken in the crust of the earth, forming outlets. As all lead in the same direction, it is probable that at one time they were a single vast tunnel, but that some convulsions of nature has in places broken the crust of stone and earth, making great holes at intervals, giving light and egress. These vast holes in the earth are called "Pele's Jumps." According to the tradition of the natives, when Pele, the goddess of fire and volcanoes, was driven out of Kauai by the water-gods, she gave forth cries of distress and grief, and by a succession of leaps flew away to Kilauea. The holes in the earth, each large enough to plant a six-story house, were said to be the places where she alighted, while taking a hop, skip,

and jump across the channel to the great volcano on Hawaii.

The remaining caves that we visited were dry. Some were large and some small. In some the roof towered above us to a height of more than thirty feet, and some of the subterranean chambers were large enough for an army to assemble in.

As we paused in one of the deepest, darkest passages, the doctor suggested that we extinguish our lights, in order that we might experience total darkness for once. We blew the candles out, and Plutonian darkness reigned. I doubt if one is ever in complete darkness above-ground. No night is so dark that the outline of an object may not be seen by the keenest eyes, but not even the faintest outline could be seen in that cavern, when the object was passed before the eyeballs. The darkness was so great that according to one of our party it could be felt, and we all called out in concert, "Light the candles!"

In some of the caves are found numerous skulls on the niches in the walls, and the bones of kings and princes that have lain there for ages.

Next day, with Mr. J. K. Farley, the assessor of the island, added to our party, we set out to visit the extinct crater known as Kaluahonu (the place where the turtle was cooked). This is not over three miles from Koloa. A high precipice like a wall sweeps around about one third of the valley in which Koloa is situ-

ated, then rises away into the mountain range of which Hoary Head is the chief. On the top of this ridge is a great square block of stone, which a very fertile imagination might fancy had some resemblance to a turtle. The ancient Hawaiians evidently mistook it for one, hence the following legend:

A great many years ago, a powerful chief with all his warriors and fishermen went fishing and caught a monster turtle. They took it over the hill to the place where that vast hole in the earth now is, and the chief set his men to digging the *imu* in which the turtle was to be cooked. A city of a hundred thousand might be easily dumped into the hole they dug and not fill it up.

While the men were at work preparing the *imu*, the chief fell asleep. While he slept, and the men were occupied with their labors, the turtle took advantage of his opportunity to escape, and started along the cliff toward the sea. It had not gone a mile from Kaluahonu when the chief awoke, and seeing it about to escape, cursed it and turned it to stone. The stone pointed out by Mr. Farley is said to be the identical turtle petrified.

In order to reach Kaluahonu, we crossed a hill or ridge of considerable height, and passed almost entirely around the rim of the crater. The ridge and top of the crater are covered with a dense growth of

pandanus, breadfruit, papaya, wild oranges, guava, coconuts, and strawberries; in fact wild fruits and berries enough may be found there at all seasons of the year to sustain the lives of several persons with no other labor than picking. Papayas as large as cantelopes or muskmelons grew in profusion on every hand. Delightful as they are raw, they are much better baked or stewed, and make most delicious pastry.

Descending into the crater Kaluahonu, we found quite an extensive coffee-plantation down there on one side, on the other a plain of swamp-grass and a lake. After going completely around the lake, we left the crater.

Next morning our party started to go to Makaweli plantation, Waimea, and the Barking Sands of Mana. The morning was delightfully cool and pleasant, but a storm-cloud was seen lingering about old Hoary Head, so that we had some misgivings as to the future.

On the way to Waimea we passed the elegant homes of Gay and Robinson. The Gays and Robinsons are families well known in Hawaii. They are the owners of Nihau, an island west of Kauai, twenty miles long and seven wide, containing an area of ninety-seven square miles. Their family history, as narrated to me, is both romantic and interesting. According to the story, two cousins named Gay and Robinson, living in Australia, came to Kauai. They

had been ship-owners or sea captains, or perhaps both, and being economical and saving, had laid by considerable money. For the sum of $10,000 they purchased the island of Nihau from the ruling king. The island was sold "dirt cheap," yet it is doubtful if any one else would have paid as much at that time. The young men established a cattle-ranch on the island, which from the very beginning proved a paying institution. From this island and their large possessions on Kauai, the Gays and Robinsons have grown immensely wealthy.

The scenery along the road to Waimea is simply grand. We passed the famous Hanapepe valley, which like a fairyland lies two or three hundred feet below the level of the general landscape. Its cottages and villages, with spots of green marking the rice-plantations, looked like a bright painting over which a thin blue gauze veil had been spread. The soil along the road is red, the hills are red, the hollows red, and the cane-fields red.

A white-duck suit worn on that road soon becomes as crimson as the blouse of a barn-painter. At noon we reached the Makaweli plantation, one of the most recent sugar enterprises of Kauai, which covers what was formerly a dry, arid plain, devoid of any kind of vegetation. The water for irrigating this large tract is brought in ditches from Hanapepe River, which is tapped several miles inland. These ditches and flumes

cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but this proved to be money well spent.

Mr. Hugh Morrison, the manager of the plantation, a Scotchman, receives a salary of $10,000 per annum.

The interview with him published by that brilliant woman, the late Kate Field, in the Chicago *Times-Herald*, blasted the hopes of the Royalists that the Scotch, who are very powerful on the islands, would rise and place Miss Kaiulani Cleghorn on the throne. Miss Cleghorn is a half-caste, who was supposed to have some right to the crown. Her father being a Scotchman, it was thought that the Scots would favor her, after the overthrow of Liliuokalani, but the utterances of the principal Scotchman on the group of islands settled that matter. In that interview Mr. Morrison said:

"We have determined that there shall be no more monarchy. A large majority of us want a settled government. We need it for our peace of mind as well as for our pockets."

"Can't you have stability under a monarchy?" asked the interviewer.

"No. We are tired of trusting to a broken reed. The orgies of Kalakaua were detrimental to good government. Liliuokalani showed her hand by throwing out the Wilcox cabinet, than which none could have been better. The men at the head of the present government are admirable. They exercise

great moderation, and you may rest assured there will be no change, except for the better."

"What would be better?"

"A protectorate or annexation. Tho a British subject, I realize, as every one must, that these islands are to all intents and purposes American. They owe their prosperity to the United States, and we are ready for annexation."

The drive from Makaweli, like all the remainder of the road, is pleasant, with an ever-shifting scene of beauty. The clouds, which all the morning had been hanging about the mountain peaks, began to spread, and gave indication of rain. The Portuguese driver was told to hurry up his lazy team, and he gave them an extra cut, which induced them to make brisker time for the space of five minutes. At last the beautiful village of Waimea was in sight, beyond the river. Descending the great cliff by a winding road, we were brought to the long bridge which spans the stream near its mouth. The quaint Highland cottages and picturesque Oriental huts give a charming appearance to the village.

Pausing at the store we inquired for the parsonage, which was pointed out to us. It is a large stone building erected many years ago, and the only house where the traveler can get accommodations. Rev. Mr. Massey, the present occupant of the house and pastor of the foreign church, was a fellow passenger

from San Francisco. Just as we entered the house, the low-hung clouds which for two long hours had withheld their garnered fulness began to weep such copious showers that we knew our journey for the day was ended.

Mr. Massey insisted that we remain with him until morning. The pastor, who is a young man, lives alone in the great old house with his Japanese cook and housekeeper. The parsonage is the building to which the sheriff's body was brought after he was shot by Koolau, the outlaw leper, and it is among the mountains just back of Waimea that Koolau now lives.

The "Barking Sands" are about twelve miles beyond Waimea at a place called Mana. A long line of low sand-hills is thrown up by the beach, and as one walks over these mounds, or strikes the sand, a sound is produced very much resembling the barking of a dog. This sound seems to be a property peculiar to the sand, as it can be heard in a sample taken to a foreign country if the sand is kept perfectly dry, for moisture deadens the sound. Scientists claim that the compression of air between the angular particles of sand creates the growling noise, but the natives say that the *uhanes* (spirits) of their departed ancestors take this means to show their displeasure at being disturbed. I have seen several samples of the barking sands in different parts of the islands kept in bags.

A peck of sand in a bag tossed from end to end will produce a "wow, wow"-like sound, very much resembling the bark of a dog.

Near Mana is a large stone mound by the sea, once the sacred altar at which the natives worshiped; even in recent years native worshipers have been seen there, which proves that superstition has not been wholly eradicated from the minds of the Hawaiians.

About three miles beyond Waimea another natural curiosity appears in the wonderful mirage which occasionally greets the traveler. At times the sandy tract that stretches along the road seems to become transformed into a lake of sparkling water, where images of horses and cattle can be seen, apparently feeding on the submerged vegetation, while trunks of trees seem to rise up out of the water. So natural and life-like is the mirage that one can scarce believe it an illusion, but as one advances, the phantom images disappear, and nothing remains but the glittering sand. The natives say that at certain seasons, just before dawn, the old giant Kamalimaloa, once a powerful chief of Mana, is seen rising out of the ground armed with his spear, and with a helmet on his head. He leaves his grass huts, and everything belonging to him, and is seeking his lost loves, two beautiful maidens who scorned his affections, and throughout ceaseless ages he is doomed to wander

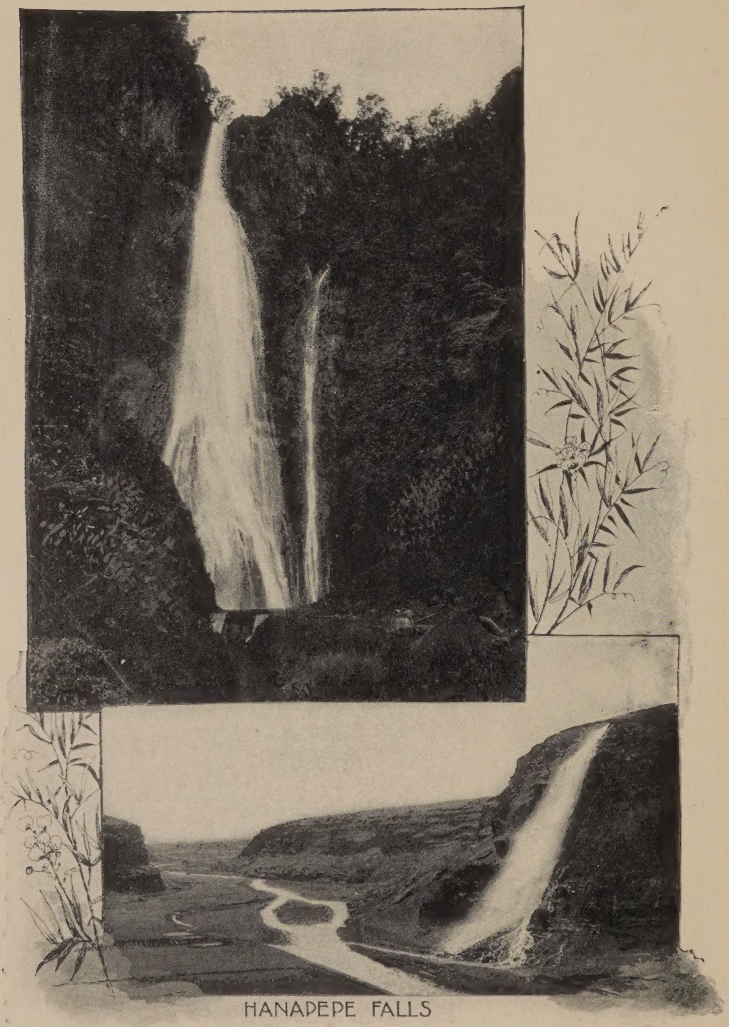
about the earth a hopeless lover, seeking those objects of his affections who continually shun him.

In the churchyard of the old foreign church at Waimea are laid people of every nationality and belief. Roman Catholic, Protestant, and pagan sleep side by side. Hawaiians, Chinese, Japanese, Malays, South Sea Islanders, Americans, and Europeans, without regard to religious beliefs, rest together in that churchyard. Rev. Mr. Massey, passing the church one night, was attracted by a strange, weird light and mysterious incantations at the rear of the building. Creeping near enough to see what it all meant, he saw a Japanese burying his baby with all the heathenish rites of his native Japan. To the parson it was a singular sight. Under the very shadows of a Christian church, where Protestant and Catholic Christians were buried, was this savage performing a burial ceremony in accordance with heathenish rites.

The village of Waimea is distinguished in the ancient traditions of Kauai, and is also famous as the place where Captain Cook first anchored in 1778. On the surface of a large flat stone that lies within a few feet of Dr. Campbell's house is a broad arrow mark, said to have been made by Captain Cook to mark the place of his first landing. Three other broad arrow marks are in the village, supposed to have been made for the same purpose.

From the yard of Dr. Campbell's house can be seen

the ruins of the old Russian fort on the beach. Russia, like England and other European nations, once had her eye on the Sandwich Islands. She erected a fort at Waimea to defend her possessions there, and mounted several cannon upon the embankment, but was at last forced to surrender her claim; her cannon were dismounted, and the fort is now in ruins.



HANAPEPE FALLS

CHAPTER XXII

Picnic at Hanapepe Falls

Hanapepe Falls, at the upper end of the delightful valley of that name, has had its praises sounded by Jarvis, Bird, and every tourist who has written on the natural scenery of the Hawaiian Islands. From Koloa a party can visit the falls, spend an hour or two in admiring the wonderful scenery about them, and return the same day.

We were late in getting started that morning. The doctor had to amputate a finger crushed in the mill, and a dozen or more other patients to look after, and we could not think of leaving him behind. Eight o'clock was the hour set for our departure, but nine found us still seated on the *lanai*, and it was several minutes later before the last basket of lunch had been placed in the carriage, and the last trip made to the store for some article that had been forgotten. At last all preparations were made save making a compromise with Baby Goodhue, who was to be left behind. After many useless efforts to bribe him into staying at home, his parents perpetrated a fraud, by making him believe the whole expedition had fallen

through, and he was induced to go away with his nurse to play.

Then we secretly and hurriedly mounted horses or climbed into carriages, and the gay party started along the broad winding road among picturesque hills. Cane-fields were on every side, and the plume-like tassels from over the hill looked as if an army of knights were waiting to charge upon an enemy. We often met carts drawn by twelve or fourteen long-horned sullen oxen, driven by barefooted Japs.

The little valleys were numerous, and the descent to them so abrupt that they seemed mere canyons cut into the landscape. Fields and long stretches of plain or forest were above, while in the little valleys, not two hundred yards wide, were rice-fields, taro patches, coconuts, and bananas. To stand on the high bluff above and look down into the valleys seemed like gazing upon a miniature world, a land of Liliputians. The first was the Lawai valley, next came Kalahao and Wahiawa, each so different from the other, with scenery so constantly changing that the beholder can never weary in looking upon them.

The last valley we reached was the famous Hanapepe, which no tourist has ever slighted. Our first view on this lovely morning was from a lofty red cliff, from the side which the broad road was cut. The day was brilliant and cool as early June, and the glorious breeze sweeping in from the sea seemed to

inspire all the party with the exuberant spirits of school children.

Before us was the long flume which brings the water from the mountains to the Makaweli plantation. It is an excellent piece of engineering. The fall is only one foot in a thousand, and yet the water sweeps on in one resistless flood, which to the beholder seems to flow uphill.

The carriage was enabled to proceed along the bluff for two or three miles above the valley, when we reached some foothills, which were impassable for any sort of vehicle. The carriage was left here and the remainder of the journey made on horseback. The descent into the valley is very steep. Some rode their horses to the bottom, but others preferred to walk. At a native hut in the valley, horses and saddles were procured for those who had not yet found mounts, and the journey of two hours up the valley to the falls commenced. The scenery was simply sublime—trees, mountains, dashing waters, rivulets, and cascades, with perpendicular bluffs kissing the mild blue sky, and a sweet cool breeze fanning the cheek all the way. We seemed tireless, and the journey was none too long nor difficult. Down steep hills, over knife-like ridges too narrow to ride in double file, and along ledges of shelving rock, only three or four feet wide, we rode, sometimes at a gallop, but more often at a sober pace, while our necks

grew weary with the strain of gazing up at the fern-covered cliffs on each side of us.

Mr. Farley the recognized historian as well as guide of the party, pointed out many objects of interest rich in Hawaiian folklore. The Makaopihi Cave, in which lived a great chief in olden times, who was driven by his enemies to this retreat, from which he often sallied forth at night to attack them, was pointed out to us. Kaalalanuio Maui was at one time a great personage, who dwelt upon the cliff on our right as we ascended the valley.

"Some say he was a god, and some say he was a devil," explained Mr. Farley. "That long sloping ledge is called his 'slide.' On a sort of sled, he used to coast over the grass, which was smooth as ice, and thus reach the valley."

"What did he do when he got there?" the doctor asked.

"The natives are somewhat divided in their opinion as to whether he went about doing good or destroying. At any rate there is the place down which he used to coast."

"Has any man coasted down that steep since?" asked the doctor.

"Not to my knowledge."

A man would require more than ordinary courage to attempt a descent such as that; and the chances are he would never make but one attempt.

Going and returning we forded the river between twenty-five and thirty times. The water often came up to the saddle girths, while the bottom of the streams was strewn with round, boulder-like stones, covered with a slimy moss or water-weed, which made our horses stumble and flounder, often threatening to throw their riders over their heads into the swift current. In addition to the round, slippery stones, there were many deep holes in the bottom of the river into which the horses plunged. It seemed that every time one would become interested in some lofty cliff or towering peak his horse would plunge half-way up to his middle, threatening to dislocate the neck of the rider.

The tiny cataracts on each side in the distance looked like threads of silver, yet some were large enough to turn a mill. We were in sight of seven of these at one time, some flowing into the Hanapepe River, and others seeking some subterranean passage to the sea.

As we neared the falls the valley or canyon narrowed, until it terminated in a cliff about two hundred and fifty feet in height, over which a vast body of water tumbled with the roar of a Niagara into a great stone basin below. The sight is sublime. Tho the volume of water pouring over this fall is small in comparison with Niagara, the surrounding scenery is superior. From the high mountains above, the cur-

rent comes, cold, sweet, and pure. The pool into which it falls is clear and the water almost ice-cold.

The horses were left at a shanty erected for the workmen who constructed the flume, about a fourth of a mile below the falls, and we crossed the long bridge which carries the flume over the lower stream. While on the bridge we were near enough to see the countless numbers of rainbows that adorn the falls, and advancing, we came close enough to feel the shower of spray upon our faces. Miss Bird's description of the Hanapepe Falls is perhaps as good as has ever been written.

"It rewards one well for penetrating the deep gash which has been made into the earth. It seemed so far away from all the buzzing, frivolous, or vexing things, in the cool, dark abyss into which only the noonday sun penetrates. All beautiful things which love damp; all exquisite tender ferns and mosses; all shade-loving plants flourish there in their perennial beauty. And high above in the sunshine, the pea-green candle-nut struggles with the dark ohia for precarious root-hold on the rocky ledges, and dense masses of eugenia, aflame with crimson flowers and bananas, and all the leafy wealth born of heat and damp, fill up the clefts which fissure the pali. Every now and then some scarlet tropic bird flashed across the shadow, but it was a lifeless, silent scene. The arches, buttresses, and columns suggest a temple, and

the deep tone of the fall is organ music. It is all beauty, solemnity, and worship."

It was within such scenes, and within hearing of the deep-toned roar of the cataract, with the dark, frowning precipices on either side, that our party sat down on the mossy bank to lunch. Like Miss Bird, I feel sad when I reflect how few in this great world of ours can ever behold this beautiful spot. He who has the opportunity is blessed above ordinary mortals. If the great line of tourists' travel is ever diverted from the well-worn trail of Europe to the unknown wonders of Polynesia, then the world may become more familiar with such scenes as Hanapepe.

After lunch, in the shadow of those beetling crags, we rose and wandered down the valley to where a cross-valley entered it from some mysterious recess of the mountains. At this point the valley broadens and is covered with a dense forest. On a large ohia-tree were a number of names and dates cut in the bark. One of these inscriptions bore the date of 1841. No doubt the hand that carved it has long since fallen to dust. Names which have never adorned the pages of history are on the tree. We entered the second valley, and gazed on the crags and peaks which would certainly do credit to famed Switerland. The valley abounded with ferns and flowers, which our party gathered to adorn themselves like the child-like natives of this earthly paradise.

At last the declining sun admonished us that it was time to return, and going to the shanty we mounted our horses and started back. The return was almost as pleasant and profitable as the journey up the valley, for such scenery as this will bear more than a passing glance.

At the point where we had left our carriage we climbed the steep hill, and were glad to be once more on the high plateau. On our return to the village, as we passed a native house, my attention was attracted to an old man in the yard, clothed only in a shirt and malo. When we approached him, he sat upon the ground and showed no disinclination to converse. He informed Mr. Farley, who speaks their language, that he was one hundred and ten years old.

"They don't know how old they are," Mr. Farley explained. "One can only fix their age by some past event in history." He then proceeded to question the old fellow, and learned that he was a house servant of Kamehameha III. At the time of the revolt of the King of Kauai he was only a boy, and from that fact Mr. Farley estimated that he was between seventy-five and eighty years of age. The natives have as vague a notion of time as of distance, and one can never safely take their uncorroborated statement of either.

Farther along the road Mr. Farley pointed out Mauna Kahili, some miles west of Koloa, which Mr.

Jarvis interprets to mean "Fly-brush," tho he admits that it has no possible resemblance to a fly-brush. Dr. Goodhue is of the opinion that Jarvis gave the wrong interpretation to the word Kahili, which he translates to mean helmet. The crest of the mountain certainly has more resemblance to a helmet than a fly-brush. The ascent of Kahili is both difficult and dangerous. Clouds eternally rest on its lofty peak. The top is covered with a kind of water-grass, so thoroughly soaked that to wade through it is like wading a stream. When one treads on the grass gushing fountains start from it.

To ascend the mountain, one is compelled to walk up the backbone of the spur, which leads to the very summit. It is very steep and slippery, owing to the smooth grass, and progress is slow and dangerous. Before one is a third of the distance up the side he will find his knees trembling and his breath almost gone. As he ascends higher, the mountain becomes more densely wooded and the spur narrower, until its breadth is scarce two feet, presenting a knife-like ridge, bordered on either side by precipices of from four hundred to a thousand feet. These precipices are in places overgrown with vegetation, sparse at the top where the banks are too steep to admit the accumulation of soil, but gradually growing denser until it reaches the bottom, where may be found sylvan dells, groves of dark-leaved hou, the silvery-leaved

kukui, and the stately ohia, with its flowers of vermilion and gold, forming a fine contrast with the bowers of green surrounding them. So dense is the foliage in those sylvan retreats as to defy even the rays of the tropical sun. The mina birds fully appreciate these grateful shades, and in the heat of day hold concerts, and rejoice that this beautiful spot on earth has been created.

But for the brushwood on the mountain, the ascent would be dangerous. Few persons can gaze down the dark glen on either side without growing dizzy. But the shrubs partially break the view, and the branches and roots afford sufficient support to admit of ascent or descent in safety. Near the summit, the vegetation consists of tangled masses of shrub and small trees so thickly interlocked as to form a network, which has become so dense that great care and labor are required to make one's way through. Overhead the leaves form an impenetrable barrier to the sun, while beneath the trunks, limbs, and vines form an equal one from the earth. One has to make his way through by crawling, wriggling like a snake, jumping and swinging from branch to branch, for many hundred feet without touching soil.

As the crest of this mountain is nine tenths of the time buried in clouds and rain, the dampness is excessive, and the mosses which cover every branch are saturated and dripping with water. Young trees

TREE FERNS

are here to be seen in all vigor, maintaining an unequal contest with a legion of parasitical vines and numerous families of ferns, which seem to thrive where nothing else can live.

The dead trunks of trees, like decayed hopes, are overgrown and overshadowed by younger branches and parasites. Advancing still higher, the path becomes so intricate and narrow that the vision can reach but a few feet in any direction. The moss covering the branches proves a treacherous guide, and when one supposes a branch to be a stout limb, and seizes it, it degenerates into a little twig so tender that it snaps at a touch, and the unwary climber is precipitated into a bed of slimy and chilly vegetation. After two hours groping and climbing, the summit is gained. The top is a small plateau, little more than a rod square, with stout trees growing along the sides.

On this summit may be found several large timbers which have been there from time immemorial. Mr. Farley, our authority on historical matters of the island, did not know how long these timbers had been on the mountaintop, nor could he tell how they had been brought there. There is a legend of this mountain summit, as there is of almost every other point of the Hawaiian Islands. It is said that here, in the days long gone by, there dwelt a great robber-baron, and that these ancient timbers are the ruins of his castle, in which he lived on bad terms with his

less elevated neighbors. As the approaches to its sides are only a few narrow ridges, a small number of warriors were able to keep at bay a host of enemies. His castle, owing to its position, was impregnable. During the night his followers would go down the mountainside and levy blackmail, in the shape of pigs, fowls, taro, and yams for their lord's table. The end of this robber-baron is not known, but Mr. Jarvis suggests that from the atmosphere in which he lived he might have died of rheumatism, influenza, or pneumonia.

CHAPTER XXIII

Our Journey to Hanalei.

Lying on the coast in a beautiful bay, about forty miles from Koloa, is the pretty little village of Hanalei. The road for the entire distance is excellent and easily traversed by carriages. No round of excursions on Kauai would be complete without a visit to this valley, and having heard so much of its beauty, I was very desirous to see it. Our party for the expedition consisted by Dr. Goodhue, his wife and baby, Mr. Farley, Dr. Crane, myself, and two native servants.

Early in the morning, with the carriage and three saddle horses, we started on the delightful journey. My steed was an ambitious roan, determined not to be left behind. He outstripped every other animal in the procession, and when I attempted to check him, assumed some of the characteristics of an unbroken mustang. According to the suggestion of one of my companions I let him out for a three-mile dash to "take the ginger out of him." As we flew past scores of cane-carts, the Japanese drivers scampered to one side to avoid being ridden down by the flying steed.

A mile or two ahead of the party, I met one of the professional rat-catchers with twenty-five or thirty dogs of the rat-terrier species. The whole pack assailed my horse with barks and yelps.

"Are those all the dogs you have?" I asked, while my horse came to a halt and began to kick at the rate of six hundred revolutions to the minute.

"Yes," the Oriental answered, gazing with very little concern on the scene.

The angry horse, unable to strike his tormentors with either of his four feet, leaped the circle of yelping canines, and ran for a mile before I could check him.

Rat-catching is an employment in the islands. Rats are very destructive to the sugar-cane, and it is said that a rat-catcher with his little army of dogs may in a day or two drive out or destroy the rodents of a plantation. The mongoose was brought to the islands to destroy the rats, but is so destructive to fowls and birds that it has proven a greater nuisance than the rats themselves.

After my horse was somewhat quieted, Dr. Goodhue overtook me, and we galloped along the broad road cut out of the side of the red hill, while we discussed books, and especially current literature. The doctor, tho realistic in his views and tastes to a certain extent, is by no means a pessimist, nor is he a realist to the utter destruction of romance. He be-

lieves that a strong, vigorous literature like Scott's is of far more advantage to the world than the weak, effete realism of the present day.

"But give me breezy books," he declared as we galloped down the broad carriage-road. "Such a book is always a friend, and we invariably feel better after reading it."

We reached Lihue, where we made a short stop and procured a change of horses for the remainder of the drive. From this point the road winds around a lofty cliff with a part of the village above and a part below. The mountains were on our left, a lofty cliff and a vale with gushing water on our right, vistas of tropical trees on every side, and the broad ocean beyond. All the elements of the most beautiful scenery are here in the compass of a few miles.

After crossing the Wailua River, for some distance the carriage spun along a ridge, with a panorama of beautiful valleys, hills and mountains and sea on each side. The tall chimneys of the Kapaa sugar-mill met our view, and we soon reached the mill with its cluster of houses and huts. Two miles beyond this is the pretty little village of Kealia, where is situated the large Kealia sugar-mill of Colonel Z. S. Spalding, the only successful diffusion plant that I saw on the islands.

Leaving Kealia, we followed the road with the high ridge on our left growing thinner and thinner, until

at one point there is a hole through the mountain range, as if a cannon-shot had been fired through it, and the clear sky can be seen on the opposite side. Mr. Farley gave the following tradition of the hole through the mountain:

"A long time ago there lived a kind of a demon, half man and half hog. He came from one of the other islands, Oahu I believe. There lived a young prince at Waimea who was a brave man and a great warrior. He heard that this devil hog was at Hanalei rooting up the taro patches and destroying the yams, and he proceeded to build a fence across the island to keep him out. That is the fence he built," added Mr. Farley, pointing to the high mountain. Dr. Goodhue thought such a fence ought to keep out any ordinary hog.

"But it did not suffice in this instance," continued Mr. Farley. "The Prince of Waimea had his fence almost completed, when he discovered that all his work had been a failure. He had constructed this great range we have on our left, and, commencing on the other side, had built the range of which Hoary Head is the terminus, leaving only the gap through which we passed this morning to be filled up, when his job would have been complete. But being tired he sat down to rest a few moments. While he was thus engaged, no doubt contemplating the sweet satisfaction he would have at baffling his enemy, he was

started by a most diabolical laugh, and looking up saw this half-hog, and half-man devil (Kamapuaa by name) sitting on the top of Hoary Head. Kamapuaa scorned the folly of the prince, and that individual seized his spear and prepared for battle. They fought all the way from Kaloa to this place. Kamapuaa, seeing that he was getting the worst of it, leaped the fence or mountain range, and the prince fearing that he would escape, hurled his spear at him. He aimed a little too low, and the spear striking the side of the mountain range went through, making the hole which you see. When the natives see the cloud resting on the top of old Hoary Head, they say that Kamapuaa is sitting on the mountaintop."

Mr. Whitney in his "Tourists' Guide through Hawaii," gives the following tradition of this same half hog and half man.

"In the side of the mountain, as the traveler descends, a large well can be seen, famed in Hawaiian song and story. They tell how Kamapuaa, one of the kings of Oahu, half man and half hog, came to Kipukai, landed on the cliff, which is pointed out to the tourist, with a wish to find the famous spring and drink of its waters. Two goddesses guarded the fountain, and for mischief covered it over with branches and stone, and hid themselves near-by. Kamapuaa sought a long time, and finally discovered the place. As he cleared away the rubbish and bent over

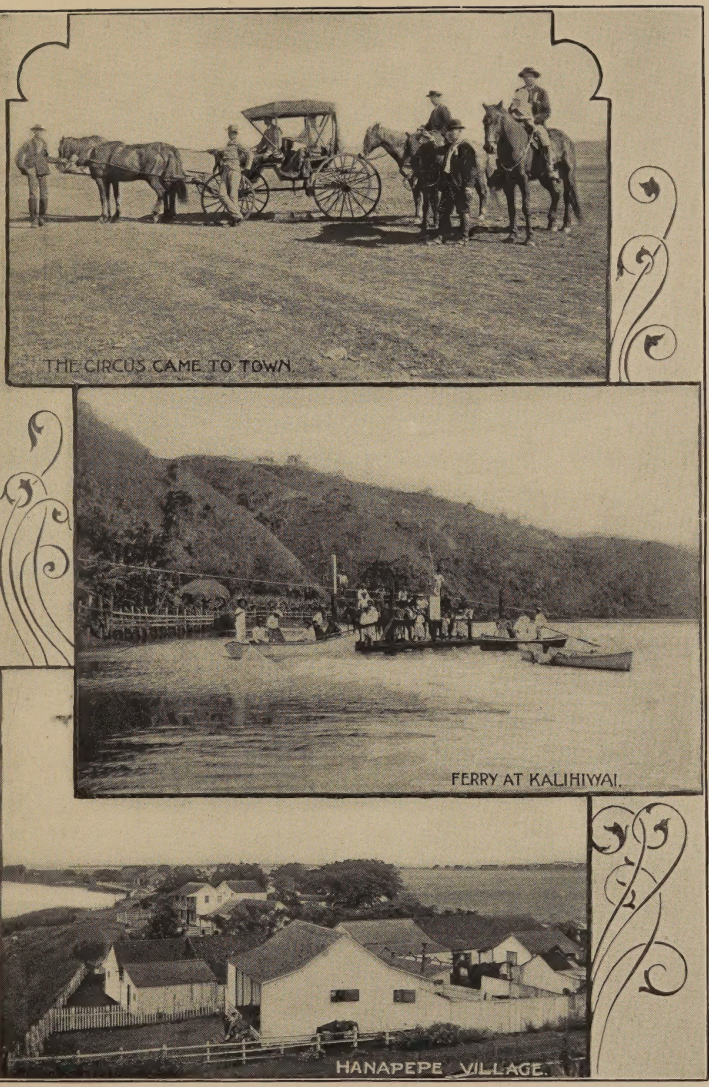
to quench his thirst, in the depths of the clear water he saw the reflection of two lovely maidens. He observed that they were not far away, but when he addressed them they ridiculed him. Not knowing that they were goddesses in the form of maidens, and angered by their taunts, he seized them in his powerful grasp, and threw them across the valley. They fell on the top of the lower ridges, and were changed to stone; their forms being distinctly seen to this day."

Beyond the spear-hole in the mountain is the village of Anahola, on a grassy plain, inhabited chiefly by Chinamen, Japanese, and native Hawaians.

Wirth's circus, which had been at Honolulu for a month, was billed for Kauai. I do not know whether it was the first circus that had ever visited the island or not, but it was the chief topic of conversation, and everybody was on the *qui vive* of expectation. When our party entered the village, we discovered at once that we were exciting no little attention among the natives, who were gathered in groups, gazing at us and jabbering in a manner that denoted more than ordinary interest. Mr. Farley, our interpreter, went to a group to learn the cause of their excitement, and a moment later came back with a broad smile on his face.

"Do you know what they think we are?" he asked.

"No."



THE CIRCUS CAME TO TOWN.

FERRY AT KALIHIWAI.

HANAPEPE VILLAGE.

"The circus come to town."

On the banks of the beautiful stream of Moloaa, in the shadow of a great rock, we halted for an hour's nooning, then harnessed again and resumed our journey. That delightful day seemed as if it would never come to an end. That journey, the scenery, the sky, sea, and mountains; how they dwell in my memory still! Those long January days, when it seemed as tho heaven and earth had united in an untiring jubilate; when the rich warm air that fanned our cheeks was so laden with the perfume of rare exotics as to make the garden island seem a bed of roses; when nature seemed strewing every inch of earth's broad bosom with flowers, while my native land was buried in snow, was a time long to be remembered. Who could forget such a delightful dream?

At Kalihiwai we found a ferry or scow, that was pulled across the stream by a rope in the hands of a pair of lame Hawaiian Charons. The stream was wide, but so shallow that we had to wade some distance before we came to the scow, with its nose jammed in the sand-bar, over which a thin sheet of water flowed. Our horses and the carriage were taken on board, and we were landed safely on the other side. From this point our road wound about the mountains, through passes, the cosiest dells, with quaint little homes and steeples of native churches. We now came to a famous forest of ohia-trees, which I was informed be-

longed to Claus Spreckles, the sugar-king. At one time he contemplated cutting the trees away, and turning the lovely grove into a sugar-plantation, but some of the inhabitants petitioned him to spare the beautiful trees, and he respected their wishes. The home of the *head luna* of the sugar-plantation is just beyond the grove.

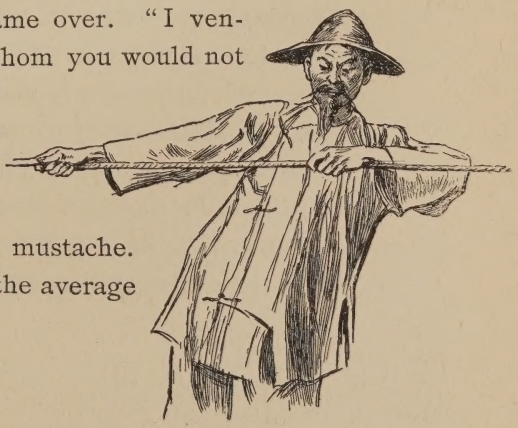
At last after crossing streams, valleys, and mountains, we descended a long, winding road, and saw spread out below us the famous Hanalei valley, with its countless squares of rice-fields. On our right was the rice-mill, from which steam and black smoke was issuing. That valley, with its dark and pale-green fields, its brooks and river, its quaint cottages and bungalows, is an enchanting scene. This is one of the most tropical districts of the island. Shut in by mountain ranges and traversed by many mountain streams, it seemed more a picture than a reality. The mountains in the distance are not so much noted for their height as their peculiar formation, and their distinctive, broken curves and jagged peaks, which throw a weird shadow over the vale and its luxuriant growth. The olive, lemon, orange, and mango trees abound, while the most brilliant flowers, the passion vine, the florabunda, the flaming cactus, and the wondrously beautiful magnolia, give to the landscape all the varied hues of the floral world.

When this magnificent scene burst on our view, all

expressions of mirth gave way to silent contemplation. Then, as we went winding slowly down through the gloomy mountain-passes, the cloudless day drawing to a close, those secluded glens and cooling shades, hundreds of feet below, where sparkling waters bubbled to tempt the thirsty traveler, seemed a veritable paradise. On a distant hillside, like an opal set in emerald, a great red stone seemed afire with the radiant beams of the declining sun. Farther away across the valley, apparently not more than a mile or two above the wooded gorge, the bristling peaks of distant mountains rose in many fantastic forms.

The Hanalei River is crossed in one of the scows above described, and as usual we found the boat on the opposite side of the stream. To our calls there issued from a hut on the farther side a Chinaman with Tatar features. He boarded his boat, and taking his place on the running board, began pulling it over by the rope stretched across the stream.

"Just look at that ferryman's face," said Mr. Farley as the Chinaman came over. "I venture to say he is one whom you would not care to meet alone."



The Tatar was a large man, with high cheek-bones, a thin beard on his chin, and a fierce mustache. His eyes "toed in" like the average

Chinaman, and his large teeth added to his general ferocity of appearance. Taken all in all, he was the most villainous-looking person I ever met.

"He was once a pirate," said Mr. Farley. He looked as if he might still be following the same calling. I could half imagine that I saw the handle of his crease, or his cutlass hanging at his side. The pirate-ferryman was attired in the loose-fitting garb of the Oriental, with the inverted saucepan hat on his head. His hair was plaited in a frowsy cue, and hung like a dangling pigtail down his back. When he had ferried us over and we were at a safe distance Mr. Farley told us the wild, adventurous story of this singular personage, which I will give as nearly as I can remember it.

Several years ago, a Chinese piratical junk being hard-pressed, the crew in order to save their necks put in to the Sandwich Islands, and landed on Kauai to engage in some more honorable and less dangerous calling. They secured employment on a plantation. At this time there lived on the island a ranchman who owned several thousand head of cattle, and who had in his employ twenty-two cowboys.

The ex-pirates soon grew tired of the humdrum life of the plantation, and pined for some excitement to stir up their stagnant blood. About forty of them decided one night to make a raid on the ranch, and relieve the owner of his surplus gold and silver, then

seize one of the inter-island vessels and return to China. They surrounded the house of the ranchman, whom they began to threaten with dire vengeance if he did not pour out his treasure at their feet. In true buccaneer style they waved their cane knives, and encouraged the cattle-king to disgorge by threats of carving his anatomy into sausage-meat. While the cattle king parleyed with the ill-favored Mongolians, persuading them with a Winchester to preserve a respectable distance, his cowboys quietly stole out the rear way and mounted their horses. But they had no notion of deserting their employer; there was before them a vision of rare sport. The entire troop suddenly swept around the house and bore down on the pigtailed mob like a cyclone. Twenty-two lassos whizzed through the air, and twenty-two Celestials were quickly dragged at the heels of flying bronchos. The others took to their own heels, and fled over the hill pursued by some wandering bullets from the cattle-king's Winchester. The twenty-two thus captured were elevated to the position of a public improvement committee, and had helped to build some of the excellent roads we had traveled over that day. Our ferryman with the Tatar phiz was said to have been one of the twenty-two "roped in by the cowboys."

After we crossed the ferry, we spun along a level bottom road for nearly a mile, and then turning

abruptly to the right down a street, were soon in sight of the dashing surf, the roar of which had already reached our ears. When we had passed the entire village and were on the beach we turned back almost in the direction we had come, and were soon at the Hanalei Hotel. The host had been apprised of our coming, and with his whole family was in the yard looking for us. After a hearty and enthusiastic welcome, we were hurried into the house, rooms were assigned to each, and we had just finished a bath when dinner was announced. The dinner was such a repast as tired, hungry excursionists could wish. We had roast pig, duck, baked taro, taro cakes, sweet-potatoes, baked breadfruit, papaya, and a dozen like dishes and sauces found only in the tropics.

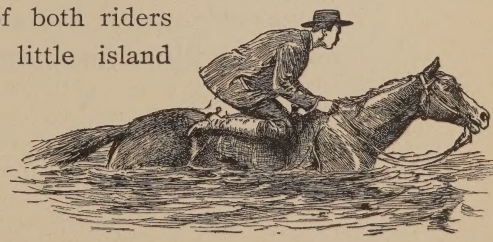
We rose early next morning, January 14, 1896, for we had a heavy day's work before us, intending to visit the caves, the shell-beach, the palisades, and the ladder, which is as far as any person can go on that side of the island. All the rest is made up of towering cliffs, and perpendicular precipices from hundreds to thousands of feet in height.

Horses were saddled, our host, Mr. Deverill, volunteered to go himself as guide, and with our party now swelled to almost a dozen in number, we started on our journey. We had the sea on our right and the picturesque peaks on our left. Towering points and beetling crags in all the fantastic shapes which boil-

ing lava can assume, were constantly in sight. I distinctly remember one point that had a strong resemblance to a spear-head, while another looked like the head of a human being. Each of these has a separate tradition.

From a high promontory, we gazed on Hanalei valley. The river Lumahi we crossed in a scow, but the other streams we were able to ford, tho sometimes the water came almost over the backs of our horses. The Warniho River was so deep as almost to compel the animals to swim. Dr. Crane, who rode one of the lowest horses, tried to do the circus act (ride on his knees) to keep his feet from getting wet. He did not cut a graceful figure with his horse floundering through the water almost over his back, and threatening to pitch his rider over his head at every step; but the doctor, like Mark Twain's Probate Judge of Humboldt County, did not complain. We crossed without any serious accident, and reached the Haena flat.

Drs. Goodhue and Crane, with Mrs. Goodhue, decided to wait on the shell-beach and gather shells, while the remainder of the party went on "to the jumping-off place." Mr. Deverill is a hard rider, and to keep up with him we dashed over streams and stones, up and down hills, and along slippery banks at the risk of necks of both riders and steeds. The tough little island



ponies seem never to tire, and we sped on hour after hour without pausing to rest.

Mr. D., who assumed the rôle of guide and instructor, pointed out Makano Point, from the top of which the natives used to send off their fireworks. These mainly consisted of candle-nuts and pieces of light wood rich with rosin, so that when burning they would float off on the air. In the base of this great cliff are two caves. The first, Maniniholo, has an entrance large enough for five hundred people to stand in. It reaches farther back under the hill, with an arched roof so low that one is compelled to crawl to enter the next chamber. The second cave, Waikapalai, has at its entrance a pool of deep, clear water which extends far into the cavern, so that it can only be explored in a boat. A third cave, a mile up the coast, is called Waikanaloa. It is a vast subterranean chamber, with narrow corridors branching off into the unexplored grottoes of the mountains. We passed a lake of fresh water, literally filled with gold and silver fish, and beautiful red fishes, such as are found in aquariums.

Leaving the caves, we continued around the coast until we reached the vast palisades or high, inaccessible cliffs. Here were ladders arranged leading from cliff to cliff, and by mounting to the topmost ledge one may be able to walk half a mile farther along the narrow shelf, where he comes to a point beyond which

further progress without wings is utterly impossible. We had reached the "jumping-off place."

Having gone as far as we could, and pretty well worn ourselves out climbing the rocks, we remounted the horses and returned to where the remainder of the party had been left, and, with their shell treasures, wended our way back to the village.

CHAPTER XXIV

A Disgusted Parson

While at Waimea, arrangements had been made with Rev. Mr. Massey to come over to Koloa, and join our party in a contemplated journey to Wailua Falls. On our return from Hanalei, we found that he had reached Koloa during the afternoon, and was at the home of Miss Smith. As soon as he was apprised of our arrival he came over to the Goodhue cottage, and the evening was spent in discussing the wonders we had discovered on Kauai, and the wonders that still remained for us to view.

Next morning Mr. Farley was too much "used up" by his Hanalei journey to accompany us, and Dr. Goodhue declared he had too long neglected his patients; consequently we had to go without either. Our party was now narrowed down to Mrs. Goodhue, Rev. Massey, Dr. Crane, myself, Antone the Portuguese driver, and a tall awkward Kanaka for a guide, who assured us he knew the way to the falls, and that it was "not too far."

Having a little time, we stopped at Lihue to visit the public school under the principalship of Professor

Alexander. The school numbers one hundred and twenty pupils, most of whom are native Hawaiians, the others being Anglo-Saxons and Orientals, with a few Portuguese. The lesson for that morning was on the circus. The professor thought it best to direct the minds of the children to subjects which most interested them, and finding that the expected circus was the all-absorbing topic of the little folks, had chosen it for a lesson. Some had written essays on the circus, some had drawn pictures of it, some had solved problems, using the animals and tumblers as the representatives of the significant digits, while others had parsed the circus in their grammar lesson.

The professor gave us an exhibition of the skill of his scholars in singing as directed by motions of his hand, according to a new system, the name of which I have forgotten, but in which a certain movement indicates a certain note. He demonstrated that they could sing the most difficult airs which they had never heard before, from simple motions of the hand. The principal of the school has three assistants, of whom his wife is one.

We visited Mrs. Alexander's room, where we found about thirty little folks, mostly ranging from eight to twelve, whites, natives, half-castes, Japanese, and Chinese, some of whom knew not one word of English.

The exercise of the hour was reading in the second

reader; subject "The Dolls' Picnic." It seemed that farmer Brown's children decided to give their dolls a picnic, and stole some of their mother's spice-cakes and jam-tarts for the occasion. The picnic was held in the wood-box. Many things wholly foreign to children of the tropics were mentioned in the story. After the little folks had struggled through the lesson, the teacher told them to close their books.

"What is the lesson about?" she asked.

"The dolls' picnic," answered a little nut-brown maid.

"What is a picnic?" the teacher next asked.

A dozen little hands went up. The teacher, singling out one, said: "You may tell."

The little Kanaka girl rose and answered: "Spice-cakes and jam-tarts."

The teacher, blushing crimson, explained: "Oh, no, spice-cakes and jam-tarts are what we sometimes have at a picnic, but they are not a good definition for a picnic itself."

A little boy in whose veins was the blood of the Anglo-Saxon defined a picnic as going off in the woods and having a good time. Next came the question: "Where is the picnic held?"

This time another native girl was called upon and answered: "In the wood-box."

Never did teacher or parents attempt to show children off to strangers that the youngsters were not at

their stupidest. But after all, amusing as the answer was, one must remember that the native children of Hawaii have no more conception of a wood-box than American children have of a Hawaiian *imu*. As they never have occasion to heat their houses, and as all their cooking is done out-of-doors, the unheard-of wood-box was Greek to the little Kanaka girl. The dolls' picnic being in the wood-box she naturally supposed that all picnics were held in the same place. I quitted the school fully impressed that the instructors of Hawaiian children had no picnic on their hands.

From Lihue we followed our guide for about two miles along a broad, smooth road. The guide at last paused at a gate and opened it, and let us into a field, then took his place again at the head of the procession. The parson, having a strong suspicion that he was leading us astray, bawled to the native:

"Is this the way to the falls?"

"Yes, we go——"

"How far is it?"

"Not too far."

"But how many miles?"

"'Bout a mile."

The road became rougher, the hills steeper, and the crossings more dangerous.

"This is a dangerous route," the parson declared. "I am sure no carriage ever traveled it before. Nothing short of a bullock-cart can stand this."

Dr. Crane said he could see six miles ahead of him, and there were no falls within reach of his vision.

"At the gate the guide said we were only a mile from the falls," put in Mrs. Goodhue.

"And we have gone three miles already."

The parson thought those fellows could not distinguish between a rod and a league.

"We shall not reach the falls to-day, if they are off in that direction," declared Dr. Crane, gazing across the vast hills, valleys, and mountains.

"That fellow is lost, brethren," the parson put in. "I tell you he is lost."

Mrs. Goodhue said she had come too see the falls, and was going to see them before she returned.

"My dear madam, I fear your wish will not be realized," the parson returned.

"Then I shall score my first failure," the plucky woman declared.

Antone growled something about his horses being tired and the "baddest roads" he ever "seed." The guide, seemingly sanguine of success, pushed on higher and higher into the breaks and hills, and the road at last gave out altogether. There was not even the semblance of a path. The guide began to show signs of bewilderment, and often paused to look about him, or gaze appealingly toward us. The doctor thought he acted queerly, and doubted his ability to lead us over the precipice.

Protestation and growling became general, and the guide may be thankful that he understood so little English, for he would have heard some very uncomplimentary remarks about him, if he had. The dark face of the good-natured Hawaiian was wreathed in smiles, and he continued to urge us a little farther; but at last drew rein on the top of a precipice, and the parson declared we had "come to the jumping-off place."

"Well, what is the matter now?" we asked when the carriage came alongside the native.

"Fence up."

"What is fenced up?"

"Road."

"To the falls?"

"Yes."

"Where is the road? We don't see any."

The guide looked bewildered and pointed back in the direction we had come. Then every one, even the Portuguese driver, poured forth the vials of his wrath on the head of the good-natured guide, who smiled at the bold insinuations against his mental capabilities. The rain-cloud, which had all day long hung over the mountain, now extended its wide-spreading wings over us and let fall a gentle shower, which happily was of short duration.

As it was nearly two o'clock, we decided to divide our time between attacking the lunch and abusing the

guide. Antone's horses needed rest, and he tied them out to graze. After lunch Dr. Crane and myself went on an independent exploring expedition. The guide had pointed out so many directions to the falls that we came to the conclusion we had just as much license for guessing as he. Notwithstanding his warnings we went over a slope and down a steep winding path, descending the bluff of over two hundred feet in height. The descent was difficult, for the recent shower had made it slippery and the grass very wet.

When we reached the valley below, a labyrinth of tropical forest rose before us. The pandanus, the guava, the kukui, coa, and scores of different species grew in abundance. Among the trees was a tall, coarse jungle-grass with thousands of parasitic vines and mosses, making it in places almost impenetrable to foot-passengers.

Guided by the sound of rushing waters, we followed a dim forest path until we came upon the hidden river. The sound of roaring water which had drawn us thither was no more than a series of tiny cascades or rapids rushing over the rocks in the bottom of the stream. On the banks of the stream was a hut made of corrugated iron, which had evidently been built for the accommodation of men working on the flumes, and had been deserted so long that the grass and vines had grown up thickly about it.

As we heard the voices of our friends calling us from the bluff above, we went no farther than the deserted house. When we had once more reached the top of the bluff, the parson told us that it had at last dawned upon the obtuse mind of the guide that we wanted to go to the falls.

"We certainly tried to make that plain to him all along," the doctor declared.

"Yet he says this is the promised land he thought we wanted to behold, and that if it is the falls we want to see, they are back the way we came."

Antone was busy harnessing his horses, and the guide resaddling his tired steed. When all was ready we started back toward the gate, the guide leading us at a gallop. When we asked him how far we were now from the falls, he answered with a grin: "'Bout a mile."

"It is my opinion we might as well go home," the disgusted parson at last declared. "It is now after three, the night will be very dark, and no doubt we shall be soaked before we reach home."

"I don't believe he knows even now where the falls are," the doctor declared.

"That man got a wooden head," growled Antone sulkily.

"Don't you like this journey into the mountains?" Mrs. Goodhue mischievously asked the Portuguese.

"No, its the baddest trip I ever made, and all

because that fellow knows nothing," Antone declared.

The return was as fatiguing as going up to the plateau. We had the same ravines and ditches to cross, the same hills to pull up and go down, and the parson became very nervous lest the vehicle should capsize.

"We shall have to let the Wailua Falls go, for it will be night now ere we reach home," said the parson.

"I came to see the falls, and I am going to see them," Mrs. Goodhue declared. "I never failed, and I won't fail now." The parson with an air of resignation responded:

"When a woman wills, she will,
You may depend on't,
And when she won't, she won't,
And that's the end on't."

"When a woman makes up her mind to accomplish a purpose she is not going to be balked by trifles," Mrs. Goodhue answered.

"I would rather fail in almost any undertaking than to be jolted four hours more."

The hill we were descending was very steep and dangerous, especially as one of the brakes of the wagon had given way and the wheels could not be locked. As the horses were fatigued anyway, some of our party walked down the hill and for a considerable distance beyond. At last the carriage overtook

us and we once more climbed in. We met a Portuguese who seemed an old *Kamaaina*, and asked him where the Wailua Falls were. He answered they were about four miles off and pointed to the direction the guide had last been seen going. This revived in our breasts the faint hope that after all the guide had come to his senses and knew what he was doing. We appealed to the parson to consent to make one more effort to accomplish the object of the journey, and he tacitly did so, tho he was sure the late hour at which we must return would give him an attack of bronchitis.

On the top of the next hill we found our wretchedly good-humored guide waiting for us. I don't believe the severest of all the dull cares of this world could ruffle the fellow's temper. We said enough that day to have put a mendicant monk on his muscle, but the guide bore it with the most provoking good-humor, even attempting a joke at our expense.

We were ascending a steep hill, when the guide, who had just reached the crest, gave utterance to a shout, something like "Kai hekai!"

"Hi kai!" came an answering shout from over the hill, and the thunder of many hoofs, roar of wheels, and a cloud of dust warned us that there was danger ahead. A dozen long-horned oxen drawing a cart in which were some bags of sugar were coming at a

sweeping trot down the hill, and a collision seemed inevitable.

"Pilikia, pilikia!" yelled the guide.

"Some one will be killed before this thing is over!" cried the parson, leaping from the carriage.

"Keep to the right," shouted the doctor to the Portuguese driver. "Look out, not too far, or you will go over the precipice."

Collisions such as we were threatened with, I have been told, often occur, and loss of life is sometimes the result. The Japanese driver, seeing the danger we were in, ran along the line of his oxen, beating them up to the right, close against the frowning cliff from which the road had been cut. Down the hill faster and faster the long-horned brutes flew. At the bottom of the hill there was a tremendous crash. The pin holding the box down dropped out, and the front end of the bed flew up, scattering the bags of sugar in every direction. One of the wheels ran up against the side of the cliff and threatened to upset the clumsy vehicle. Some of the oxen in front fell, and those in the rear rushed on them, and such kicking, floundering, horning, and bellowing as followed I have never witnessed. The Jap, by liberal use of goad and whip, got the leaders up, and started them at a trot, dragging the others after them.

Our complacent guide surveyed the scene for a moment, and then sweetly murmured, "Pilikia!" and

rode on; and we followed, glad to have had an escape, even if it was a narrow one.

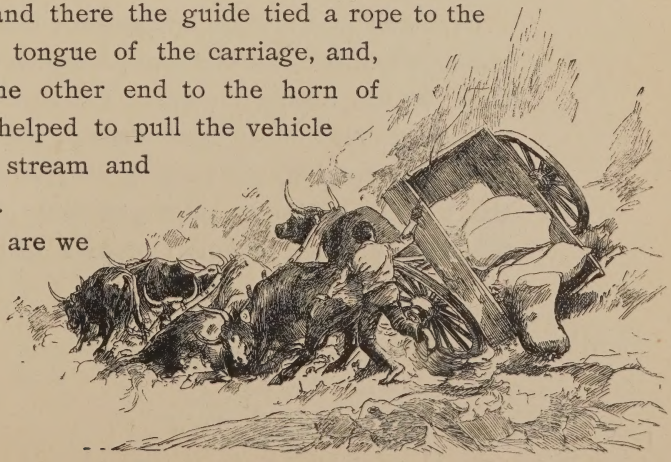
Mrs. Goodhue sought to console the parson with the reflection that, tho the journey had had some unpleasant features, it afforded considerable entertainment. But tho a Scotchman, Mr. Massey did not more than half appreciate the joke, and replied:

"I know I shall have bronchitis to make up for this."

When we reached the great gate we were almost inclined to take the road to Koloa, but being sure that the falls could not be far, we felt it our duty to make one more effort to find them. Even Antone had grown a little hopeful, and Mr. Massey was passive until the guide led us along to the end of a lane, and then turned into a wild forest; then the parson, no longer able to keep quiet, declared:

"He is taking us into the woods again."

"How can we find the falls without going to the woods?" Mrs. Goodhue asked. We came to the Wailua River, and there the guide tied a rope to the end of the tongue of the carriage, and, fastening the other end to the horn of his saddle, helped to pull the vehicle across the stream and up the bank.



"How far are we

from the falls now?" some one ventured to ask.

The guide laughingly answered: "Come on."

The carriage followed him up a steep hill, along a doubtful path, and on into a wild, lonesome-looking valley, where, it appeared, no one had ever been before. The parson declared that we must go no farther, or we should be compelled to spend the night in the forest. The guide had gone on out of sight, consequently we gave him the slip, and returned to the river at the ford we had crossed. There sat our complacent, smiling guide on his horse.

We had just recrossed the river when some one of our party chanced to glance down the stream and discovered the falls, not a hundred paces away. To stop Antone and scramble out of the carriage was but the work of a moment, and we were all scampering as fast as we could down the stony steep toward the roaring cataract and silently wondering why we had not seen it or heard it before.

Dr. Crane and I, more enthusiastic than the others, rushed down the declivity and paused on the lava rock close by the raging torrent. The sun was sinking low in the west, but it threw some of its light into the deep gash cut into the earth, giving us some idea of the beauty, sublimity, and grandeur of the scene. The river is about seventy feet wide, and a gorge one

WAILUA FALLS, KAUAI

hundred and twenty-eight feet in depth catches the water in its lava basin, and tosses the spray many feet into the air. The sun shining into the gulch tints the spray with rainbow hues, and a feeling of awe steals over one as the deafening roar of the cataract continues in one unbroken sound. As one notes the gorge into which the river falls, the luxuriance of the foliage therein attracts much attention. Dense masses of ferns cling to every available spot, and great trees, more than half concealed by creeping vines and moss, loom up from below. Banana-trees tended only by the hand of nature attain a great height here, while the plain from which one gazes into the shadowy vale beneath is thickly covered with guava-trees, whose golden fruit tempts the appetite of the beholder.

We were gazing on this magnificent scene, lost in wonder and contemplation, when the whole affair had a ridiculous termination. The guide, touching my arm, asked:

"This place you want come?" and when I answered in the affirmative, he smiled and added:

"Thought you want go all around."

Dr. Crane with a smile returned:

"Well, you have taken us all round, and now, as the sun is very low, take us back to Koloa."

Mrs. Goodhue was quite jubilant at having conquered at last, and the parson partially recovered his

spirits when we were once more on the road to Koloa, which we reached at a late hour. The good man had his promised attack of bronchitis, and it was nearly daylight before the stubborn disease succumbed to the medical skill of Dr. Crane.

CHAPTER XXV

The Ostrich-Farm. A Night at Sea

The time for my departure from Kauai, the garden island, was near at hand. Only one day more remained, and then I must bid adieu to such hospitable friends and such a genial clime as had made my stay and tour one continuous round of pleasure-excursions. It made me sad to contemplate leaving so delightful a place, and I still look back with regret to the happy hours spent in this earthly paradise.

One point of interest I had not yet visited, and that was the ostrich farm. Ostrich farming is interesting to nearly every one, and especially so to a man who has a wife and two daughters to supply with millinery.

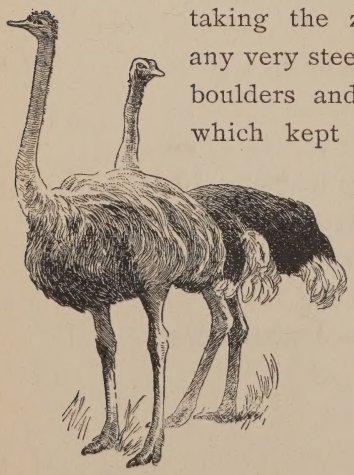
The journey to the farm was arranged by my friends Dr. Goodhue and Mr. Farley. Dr. Crane, a tourist like myself, was to accompany me, and we had a small Portuguese boy, mounted on a diminutive pony, for a guide. The little fellow assured us that he had crossed the mountains to the farm a dozen times, and that there was no danger of his losing the way. Mounted on spirited horses, we dashed across the

lava-strewn plain, and started toward the great ridge or mountain chain that lies between Hoary Head and the heights farther west. Our guide's diminutive pony was a tough little creature and capable of carrying his small rider farther over the plain in an hour than our horses, consequently we were sometimes severely taxed to keep pace with him.

We descended into a sort of basin at the foot of the mountain, in which is a lake of fresh water of considerable extent.

Flocks of wild ducks were in the lake or flying about it. Our sporting blood was roused to such an extent that we wished we had provided ourselves with guns.

After leaving the lake, we began to ascend what seemed a rugged, inaccessible mountain, lava-strewn and almost bare of vegetation. Great blocks of stone lay so thick over the mountainside that at first glance it seemed impossible to ascend it. Our little guide, taking the zigzag path, which always leads up any very steep mountain, led us on among huge boulders and rough stones of monstrous size, which kept one in a constant state of nervous anxiety lest they should topple over on him and crush out his existence. Before we were half-way up the mountain our horses were blowing and almost exhausted, and we were



compelled to pause and let them rest. When we glanced from the first resting-place to the top, we seemed to have made no progress whatever.

After a short pause the guide urged his pony on again and we followed, at last reaching the summit. From this point we could see a valley of several hundred acres lying below, surrounded on three sides by mountain ranges, accessible at only two points, and shut in on the third side by the ocean.

Just across the valley appeared a field enclosed by a plain board fence, and a pretty cottage near the beach. From our elevated position we could see the great birds stalking about in the sand.

The ostrich-farm on Kauai is owned by Mr. Charles N. Cooke, of Honolulu, and is managed by Mr. A. H. Turner. Mr. Cook bought out Dr. Trousseau's stock of ostriches on Oahu, and transferred the farm to Kauai.

After giving our horses a few minutes to breathe, we descended the mountain slope by a zigzag path somewhat similar to the one by which we had ascended, and rode across the plain toward the farm. When we came within a few rods of the farm, the large birds raised their wings and fled over the hill, at which Dr. Crane's horse took fright and came near unseating his rider.

Mr. Turner and his wife live a solitary life at the farm, cut off by sea and mountains from all the rest

of the world. They are always glad to see visitors, and we found ourselves welcome. After lunch Mr. Turner showed us some of the specimens of ostrich feathers plucked a month or two before. He also showed us some eggs and the incubator in which the eggs are hatched.

"Since the ostriches were brought here from Honolulu, they have been attacked by a parasite in the stomach which has taken off half of them; but we have found a remedy for that, and they are now in a healthy condition," said Mr. Turner.

When we went to the ostrich paddocks, a monster bird, which owing to his warlike propensities was named John Sullivan, advanced with stately stride, glancing at us first with one eye, then with the other. Flapping his short bunchy wings, he dropped down upon his haunches, and began writhing and twisting his neck and body, going through a system of gyrations that would have puzzled a contortionist.

"Why does he do that?" the doctor asked.

"It is a challenge to fight," Mr. Turner explained. "When two cocks fight they go through similar motions, then approach each other, and each tries to get above the other, so that he can look down upon him. After those preliminaries have been gone through, the battle in earnest begins, which is simply a system of kicking and stamping with the feet."

"Do they bite?"

"Yes, but their bite amounts to nothing. Why, a setting hen can discount the bite of an ostrich any time. Their only weapons are their feet. Their kick is equal to that of a mule, and no pine-board fence can resist their blows. They have been known to break human arms and legs, and even to crush skulls, by a single kick."

Mr. Turner informed us that the ostrich will hatch about three times a year, with about fifteen or sixteen eggs to a setting. Their nests are on the sand, or a basin hollowed out in it.

"Do they let the sun hatch their eggs?" we asked.

"No. That is a mistake some scientists have made. The ostrich never covers up her eggs. She is a faithful sitter. She sits on the eggs all day, and at sunset the male goes and sits on them until the sun rises. He is never a moment tardy."

We were shown the plucking-pen into which the ostriches are driven, fastened so they cannot hurt themselves or any one else, and their feathers plucked. This is done twice a year. A perfect African ostrich has been known to yield $200 worth of feathers at a plucking, tho the Hawaiian ostriches have never yielded such profits as yet.

To the question of what food was given the birds, Mr. Turner answered:

"Sorghum, sunflower seed, corn, alfalfa, and bones

pounded and ground small enough for them to swallow."

The sample of bones shown us indicated that they did not have to be ground very fine. We went to one of the nests and found a hen sitting on it. The next nest we came to was vacant. It was a mere hole hollowed out in the sand with two or three monster eggs in it. The place selected for the ostrich-farm could not be more secluded or suitable. The valley is sandy, and the big birds are as much in their element here as in their native Africa.

"When we first brought them here, two of them took fright, walked off the cliff and tumbled into the sea," said Mr. Turner. "We manned a boat, put out after them, and brought one back, but the last that was ever seen of the other, he was putting out across the Pacific toward Asia."

"Do they exercise any caution?"

"Caution? No. They are bigger fools than Thompson's colt. You see that fellow walking down the path he has made along the fence? Remove the fence, and it would be three days before he found it out—then he would tumble over the path rather than step over it. They will not step over a fence one board high, but fall over it. If one gets frightened he may run until he falls dead, unless he gets to a place where he can stick his head in the sand, and imagine he is concealed.

"Let a man suddenly enter their pen, and the fighting cock, like John Sullivan, will look at him several minutes as if trying to make him out, before either advancing or retreating. The ostrich is not prepared mentally against sudden surprises, and is a bird of few resources."

Ostrich-farming in Hawaii is so far an experiment, but the proprietor of the present farm, Mr. Charles N. Cooke, is a gentleman possessing wealth, business judgment, and determination, and will no doubt give the big birds a fair trial.

On our return, we were caught on the Koloa plain in a Kona storm, one of those terrible hurricanes which almost sweep one off his feet. We were riding along the plain, when the black cloud suddenly enveloped us in almost midnight darkness, the wind blew so fiercely that we could hardly retain our places in the saddles, and the downpour of rain quickly drenched us to the skin. For a few minutes it was so dark, and the rainfall so dense, that we could not see five rods before our horses.

But the rain was of short duration; the clouds parted, the sun shone, tho the wind blew a gale all day. On arriving at Koloa, my friends tried to dissuade me from leaving the island in such a storm, but I had made arrangements to go in the *Mikahala*, and my time was up. Goodhue accompanied me to Nawiliwili. When we came in sight of the sea and

found it white with foam-crested waves, the doctor said:

"You will have a rough night on the channel."

I answered that I was a good sailor and had no fears of this gale.

"If you go through this night without any uncomfortable feeling on such a small craft as the *Mikahala*, you can count yourself proof against seasickness."

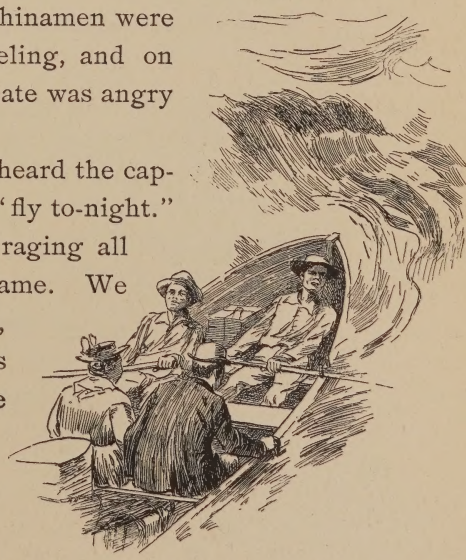
At the dock, my friend the doctor bade me farewell, and returned to his home. The vessel was already in port and at anchor, and a boat had put off for shore. When the purser landed, he said the last boat would not leave the dock for an hour; consequently I decided to pass that time on shore rather than have an extra hour's churning on a rocking ship.

When the time was up, I started in the last boat for the vessel; the wind was blowing furiously, and the waves, even in the bay, rolling high enough to almost tip the boat on end. By my side sat a fat old native woman, with piles of goods, boxes, and bundles about her. As the boat soared over the waves, the water was sometimes splashed upon us.

We reached the ship's side without accident. The *Mikahala* was kicking up her heels, pulling and tugging at her anchor, like an impatient steed. The boat was bobbing, and the ship was bobbing, and when the ship bobbed up the boat bobbed down, and

vice versa, until it made leaping to the ladder over the ship's side an exciting and difficult feat. The big fat *wahine* made several efforts to catch the ship's ladder as it passed up and down before her, but failed. The impatient sailors at last commanded her to leap, and she leaped, but just at that instant the boat went down nine feet below the ship. There was a shriek, and for a brief moment a figure clothed in scarlet calico might have been seen clinging to the ladder with one hand, and clawing the air with the other, then a plunge and another scream, and we had a woman overboard. Two of the native sailors leaped into the surging billows, seized her and brought her to the surface, and in an incredibly short time she was in the boat; her next effort to gain the ladder was more successful. I reached the deck without any impromptu sea-bath, and found everything in commotion. More than a score of Japs and Chinamen were in the steerage, sick, quarreling, and on the verge of a riot. The mate was angry and the sailors sullen.

As we weighed anchor, I heard the captain remark that we would "fly to-night." The storm which had been raging all day increased as evening came. We were soon out of the harbor, climbing billows mountains high, or plunging into the



bottom of the sea. The ship's prow occasionally plunged into a wave which rolled over the deck, almost threatening to submerge us. Feeling dizzy, I stood on the forward deck holding to a rope for some time to keep from being washed overboard.

The captain sat in his cabin, quietly smoking a cigar, while he soared upward and downward, seeming to suffer no inconvenience from the terrible undulations. He invited me to join him, but my head did not feel exactly right, and my stomach was by no means right. Everything began to turn blue, and so excusing myself I made my way to my stateroom, as seasick as one need ever care to be.

Crawling into my berth I soon fell asleep, and when I awoke we were in Honolulu.

CHAPTER XXVI

Ancient Traditions

Like the North American Indian's, the Hawaiian's origin is not positively known. Prof. W. D. Alexander, the best authority on the subject, in his "Brief History of the Hawaiian People," says:

"The question of the origin of the Hawaiian race is one which can not be said to be fully solved. As we have seen, the Hawaiian Islands are more than two thousand miles distant from the nearest inhabited land; and the prevailing winds and currents are from the east and northeast to the south and southwest."

After stating that the affinities of the people, plants, and animals are decidedly Polynesian, Professor Alexander adds:

"Again, it has been proved that the Polynesian language is but one member of a widespread family of languages, including those spoken in Micronesia, the Philippine Islands, the Malay archipelago, and Madagascar.

That eminent scholar and student of Hawaiian history and mythology, Dr. Emerson, in a paper read before the Hawaiian Historical Society, May 18th, 1893, entitled "Long Voyages of Ancient Hawaiians," gives the following interesting tradition:

"It is perhaps impossible to decide what name should be placed first in the list of those who played the rôle of navigator during the period of intercourse between Hawaii and the archipelago of the South. No doubt, many names have failed to reach us by having dropped out of tradition, or having been so overlaid with mythical extravagances as to effectually conceal the truth that lies at the bottom of their story. Of those that have survived, none seems more worthy to head the list, both as to importance and priority in time, than Paao.

"The story of Paao so well illustrates the disturbed condition of the times, and some peculiarities of Polynesian life, that it seems worth while to give it at length.

"Paao and his older brother, Lono Pele, were priests of Samoa, Paao being the *kahu* (keeper) of the god *Kukailimoku*. They were both men of authority and weight, highly accomplished in the arts of heathen life. Paao was also skilled in navigation, astronomy, and divination. Both of the brothers were successful farmers, and each of them had a son to whom he was greatly attached.

"The relations between the brothers were by no means pleasant, and seem to have become so strained as to result in open violence.

"On one occasion Lono Pele, having suffered from thievish depredations on his farm, came to Paao and complained that Paao's son had been stealing his fruit.

"'Did you see him take the fruit?' said Paao.

"'No; but I saw him walking on the land, and I firmly believe it was he that took it,' said Lono Pele.

"'If so, my son is in the wrong,' said Paao.

"'Yes, he is,' said Lono Pele.

"'That being the case I will cut him open,' said Paao; 'but if your stolen fruit is not found within him, what shall be done to you?'

"'That is none of my affair,' said Lono Pele. 'Who

ever heard of cutting open a man's stomach to decide such a question?' Paao then cuts open his son's body, and bade Lono Pele come and witness the fact that the stolen fruit was not there.

"Paao, beside himself with grief and regret for the loss of his son, immediately began to plan vengeance and to seek the death of the son of his brother, Lono Pele.

"True to the instincts and impulses of his Polynesian blood, he determined in disgust to abandon the scene of his strife and seek a home in other lands.

"With this purpose in view, he at once set his *kahunas* at the task of constructing a large double canoe. The work neared completion, the top-rails had been fitted and put in place, the cross-pieces (*inko*) hewn into shape, the hulls of the canoes smeared with black paint, and there remained only the sacred task of binding firmly together the different parts with sinnet (*aha*). Paao now ordered a taboo; for a month no fire was to be lighted, no person to walk abroad, no one was to work on his farm or go a-fishing. At the opening of the second month Paao heard the noise of some one drumming on the canoes. On inquiry, it proved that it was his nephew, a fine youth, the son of his brother, Lono Pele, who was guilty of this impertinent breach of ceremony. Seeing his opportunity, Paao commanded his people to catch the boy and slay him. This was done, and the body of the hapless youth, after serving as a consecrating sacrifice, was buried under the canoe. The work of binding the lashings was now accomplished, and the taboo declared at an end.

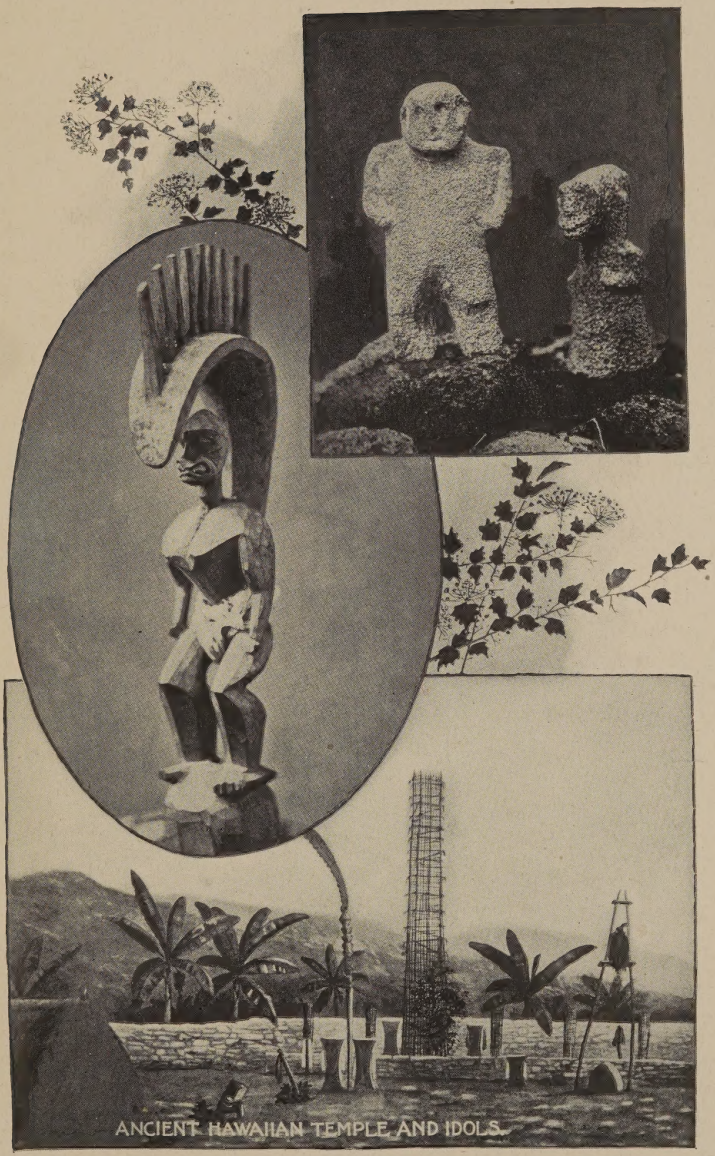
"As soon as the days of the taboo were passed, Lono Pele started out in search of his missing son, and turning his steps toward the house of Paao, he came to the shed (*halau*), where the canoes were resting on their blocks (*lona*), and stopped to admire the elegance of their proportions. As he stood at the stern and passed his eye

along to the bow in critical appreciation of their lines, his attention was drawn to a swarming of flies that had gathered. He removed a block from beneath the canoe, and, to his horror, there lay the body of the dead boy. His indignation and wrath vented themselves in bitter imprecations against the authors of the atrocious murder, and in irony he called the canoe *Ka-nalo-a-mu-ia* (the swarming of the flies).

"As the preparations for his departure neared completion, Paao launched his canoe into the sea, and began to lay in supplies of food and water, and all kinds of stores for a long voyage. The canoe was rigged with a mast and a triangular sail of braided pandanus leaf called *a la*, which was placed with its apex downward. When the wind was contrary, or the weather so rough that the sail could not be used to advantage, the mast and sail would probably be unshipped, folded up, and lashed to the *iakos*, or cross-pieces that held the two canoes together, and progress would then depend upon the use of the paddle. There were seats for forty paddlemen sitting two on a bench. 'Midships of the canoe was a raised platform (*pola*) screened off by mats, and protected against the weather by a roof, or awning, which was for the accommodation of Paao and his family party, including an older sister Namauu-o-Malea.

"Paao himself was the priest of the company, a most important office; Makaalawa, the navigator and astronomer (*kilo-hoku*), upon whom depended the course to be taken; Halau, the sailing-master (*hookele-moana*); Puoleole, the trumpeter (*puhi-pu*); besides these are mentioned awa-chewers and stewards.

"The most important freight that Paao took with him was the feather idol *Kukailimoku*, which generations afterward played such a distinguished rôle as the war-god of the invincible Kamehameha I., who conquered the islands.



ANCIENT HAWAIIAN TEMPLE AND IDOLS.

"There is apparent reason to suppose that Paao also took with him the two large maika stones, which popular tradition named "*Na Ulu a Paao*," and which only a few years ago Mr. Fornander was instrumental in rescuing from the ruins of the *Heiau* of Mookini in Kohala.

"The departure of Paao and his company was marked by appropriate religious ceremonies to bring success to his venture in search of new lands. The canoe passed close under the bluff or promontory called Kaakoheo, and then struck boldly out to sea. When the craft was so far out that her sail was only a speck in the horizon, the great prophet and wizard, Makuakaumana, standing on the promontory, called in a voice which, from its remoteness, sounded to Paao like the attenuated trilling of a spider web.

"'Take me too.'

"'Who are you?' shouted back Paao across the waters.

"'A prophet.'

"'Your name?'

"'Makuakaumana.'

"'The canoe is full,' answered Paao; 'the only place left is the *momoa*' (a projection at the very stern of the canoe).

"'I will take it,' said Makuakaumana.

"'Jump aboard then,' said Paao; and at the word the wizard made one jump and, catching hold of the *manu*, seated himself on the *momoa*. I have purposely restrained myself from weeding out this extravagance, that we may see how myths attach themselves to the plain narrative of historic events.

"The voyage was stormy. No sooner did Lono Pele learn that Paao had cleared from the land than he brought all his incantations to bear to overwhelm him; he loosed against him the fierce south wind, *Konaku*, reinforced by the *Konanuianiho*, *Moae*, *Konaheapuku*, *Kikiap*, *Leleuli*,

and *Lelekuilua*, and shut him in with black rain-clouds, a terrible storm. Paao had made wise preparations; his canoes were covered with deck-mats fore and aft, to prevent the entrance of the waves. Yet what was more to the point, to defeat the enchantments of his brother, he was accompanied by a school of *aku* and of *opelu*. These fish, that have ever since been held in peculiar reverence by the Hawaiian people, were his *aumakua*, ancestral divinities, beings that in a popular sense may be considered as something between a mascot and guardian angel. When the winds and waves threatened to swamp him, the peculiar movements of these fish acted as a charm to quiet the tempest. Lono Pele next sent against his brother a cold wind from the north called the *hoolua*, but this also was warded off, and Paao remained unscathed. As a last resource Lono Pele commissioned an unclean flying monster—a huge bird, called *Kekahakaiwainapali*—to proceed against Paao and overwhelm the canoe with his filth. This last effort was also abortive; and Lono Pele having exhausted his black arts, Paao went on his way without further molestation.

"Land was first reached in the district of Puna, Hawaii. Here Paao built a temple (*heiau* or *luakini*), significantly called *Wahaula* (red mouth), in honor of his idol, *Kukailimoku*. His residence, however, was not fixed until he reached Kohala, where he built the large temple (*heiau*) of *Mookini* in a land (*Ahupuaa*) called *Puuepa*, the ruins of which remain to the present day."

There were four great gods that were worshiped throughout all Polynesia; *Kane*, *Kanaloa*, *Ku*, and *Lono*. These deities were supposed to have existed since the period of primeval chaos or night. In addition to these, there were numerous other local gods

which demanded the worship of the heathen, as well as gods of the professions, and of individuals. Nearly every fisherman had his shark-god, and there are Hawaiians to this day who retain belief in shark-gods, which they worship as their patron saints. An old woman whose word would hardly be questioned on ordinary matters relates with the utmost sincerity how, when a child, her shark-god carried her to shore from a sinking boat on his back.

But the great goddess of Hawaii was Pele, of whom there are a thousand traditions, many of which have already been given. Of this goddess and her family, Prof. W. D. Alexander, in his history of the Hawaiian people, says:

"Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, and her numerous family formed a class of deities by themselves. She with her six sisters, Hiiaka, her brother, Kamohoalii, and others, was said to have emigrated from Kahiki (Samoa) in ancient times. They were said to have first lived at Moanalua in Oahu, then to have moved their residence to Kalaupapa, Molokai, then to Haleakala, and finally to have settled on Hawaii.

"Their headquarters were in Hale-mau-mau, in the crater of Kilauea, but they also caused eruptions of Mauna Loa and Hualalai. In southern Hawaii, Pele was more feared than any other deity, and no one dared to approach her abode without making offering of the ohelo-berries that grow in the neighborhood. Whenever an eruption took place, great quantities of hogs and other articles of property were thrown into the lava stream in order to appease her anger.

"Mr. Ellis says: 'The conical craters were said to be their houses, where they frequently amused themselves by playing drafts, *konane;* the roaring of the furnaces and the crackling of the flames were the music of their dance, and the red fiery surge was the surf in which they played.'"

Among the traditions and myths of Hawaii one of the most romantic is known as the "Helen of Hawaii." The famous story of Homer is no more entertaining than that of the beautiful Hina. Long before white people were known in Hawaii, if we are to believe the traditions, there lived a mighty chief at Haupu, Molokai, who had built himself a great fort or castle. He was a native or "original inhabitant," and hated the Polynesians, who were pouring into the lower islands and overrunning them.

From all accounts this chief, whose name was Kaupeepee, was a buccaneer, who plundered other chiefs and islands indiscriminately. There lived at Hilo a chief named Hakalauileo, who had a wife named Hina, said to be the most beautiful woman in the world. Hakalauileo was an enemy of Kaupeepee, and when the latter had heard of the charms of Hakalauileo's lovely wife, he determined to abduct her and carry her off to his stronghold. First he set out to Hilo in disguise to see with his own eyes if she was as fair as represented, and was smitten at sight of her.

With some of his most skilful sailors and buccaneers, he watched his opportunity. After nightfall, while

the moon was shining, Hina with her women-servants repaired to the beach to bathe. A signal was given, and a long light canoe, heavily manned, dashed through the surf among the bathers. The women with shrieks ran toward the shore. Suddenly a man leaped into the water and seized the fair Hina. There was a brief struggle, a stifled scream, a sharp word of command, and a moment later Kaupeepee was again in the canoe, with the nude and frantic Hina in his arms.

His skilled sailors sent their boats flying through the waters, and in due time his stronghold was reached. There the pirate set about winning the affections of his captive, and tho she had left a husband and two sons at Hilo, he seems to have succeeded.

Hina's husband applied to his mother-in-law, a sorceress, to know what to do, but as usual the mother-in-law was perverse, and refused to give him any further satisfaction save that his wife was living. For fifteen long years Hakalauileo, the bereaved husband, sought his wife among all the islands, but in vain. He began to despair and finally ceased to search farther.

Meanwhile Hina's two sons, Kana and Niheu, had reached the stage of manhood, and determined to take up the search where their father had left off. It took two years for them to locate their captive mother; but at last they learned that she was imprisoned in the

great castle on Molokai, and with a large army attacked the abductor's stronghold. They were repulsed at first, but renewed the attack, and Kaupeepee and his followers were slain and Hina restored to her family. While there was great joy to her in the embrace of her sons, it is said she wept over the death of Kaupeepee, who with his love had made light her long imprisonment.

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Another interesting tradition is known among Hawaiian legends as "The Royal Hunchback." Traditionary history represents ancient Hawaii as like ancient England, periodically overrun by barbarians. The original inhabitants of Hawaii were subjugated by conquerors of the south. Cedric the Saxon never hated the Norman conquerors more than Kamaiole was said to hate the King Kanipahu and his invaders. A chief of one of the invaders named Waiuku won the love of Kamaiole's sister and secretly married her. Kamaiole found his sister Iola in the grass house of her husband and stabbed her. The enraged husband chased him to the presence of the king, where they finally engaged in a duel, and the husband of Iola was slain by her brother, who also attempted the life of the king, and failing in this, escaped and made his way to his district in Kau.

Iola recovered and gave birth to a daughter, whom she named Makea. Kamaiole roused his warriors in

Kau and attacked and overthrew the king's forces. The king concealed his two sons, Iola, and her daughter in a secluded valley, and went to live in Molokai. He lived as a common peasant, and his tall form became bent with care and hard labor, until he grew to be a hunchback. Eighteen years passed. His sons became men, and Iola's daughter a beautiful maiden. Kalapana, one of his sons, married Makea.

Kamaiole proving to be a tyrant angered the priests and common people. The high priest sought Kanipahu on Molokai, and tried to induce him to come back to Hawaii, and rouse the people against the usurper. But the king answered that he was old, hard toil had deformed him until he was a hunchback. He said he had two sons, and told the priest where they would be found, and sent word to Kalapana that he would surrender his power to him. Kalapana received the intelligence with joy, and at once began to rally the discontented Hawaiians. In two or three engagements he defeated the usurper and drove him into Kona, where the principal battle was fought. While the battle was raging furiously there suddenly appeared an old white-haired warrior who, notwithstanding his stooped shoulders, was invincible. Just as Kamaiole was raising his spear to strike down Kalapana, the old gray-haired stranger stabbed him, and he fell.

The battle was soon ended, and when Kalapana

asked for the usurper, the old white-haired warrior, pointing to him, answered:

"Here he is."

Then Makea came to seek her husband, and finding Kamaiole dying gave him some water out of a calabash. As the dying man drank he looked at her and said:

"Iola."

"No, not Iola your sister, but Makea her daughter." With a look of inexpressible hate on his features the usurper died. Kalapana became king, and his father, the royal hunchback, went back to Molokai where he lived and died in seclusion.

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About the year A.D. 1170, according to Hawaiian tradition, Hua was king of Eastern Maui. He was a sort of robber baron, whose conduct was censured by the high priest Luahoomoe. The high priest, who was a good man, could not brook the outlaw's depredations on other islands and kingdoms. Luahoomoe had two sons, Kaakakai and Kaanahua, of whom the first was the husband of Oulolu, a beautiful young woman. He was to be high priest at his father's death. Luuana, the priest of the king's household, was a scheming villain, and had his eye on the office of high priest, and laid many plans to dispose of Luahoomoe and his two sons.

At last the King of Hana, as Hua was called, deter-

mined to kill the high priest. Luahoomoe, learning of his designs, sent his sons to live in the wild, secluded regions of Haleakala, while the wife of Kaakakai lived in another secluded mountain. The high priest was killed by the king, and while Luuana, the newly chosen high priest, was taking the body to the *heiau* for sacrifice, the gate of the outer enclosure, the tall *pea* or wooden cross, indicative of the sanctity of the place, fell to the ground. On reaching the inner court the earth began to quake, groans issued from the carved images of the gods, and the altar sank into the earth, leaving a great dark yawning cavity from which issued fire and smoke. The attendants and newly made high priest dropped the body and fled.

From that time a drought seized the whole land. The skies were cloudless, the springs and rivers were dried up. The people in Hana perished, and Hua the king left the country. Wherever he went drought followed him. He went to Hawaii and in Kahala died of thirst—"and his bones were left to dry in the sun; and the saying of 'rattling are the bones of Hua in the sun,' or 'dry are the bones of Hua in the sun,' has come down to the present as a significant reference to the fate of one high in power who defied the gods and persecuted the priesthood."

The drought extended over the entire group, and even to Ewa in Oahu. A celebrated priest or prophet

in Ewa named Naulua-a-Maihea climbed the Waianae Mountains to look for a cloud. He saw none save a mere speck over Haleakala in Maui, and knew that the sons of the slain high priest were there. They alone could bring rain, and he sailed in his canoe to find them.

Oluolu, the wife of the high priest's son, Kaakahai, had been most miraculously preserved in her home far up the valley. The spirit of the murdered high priest had appeared to her in the night and told her of a secret cavern in which there was an abundance of fresh water.

Kaakaaki and Kaanahua were found and induced to offer sacrifice to the gods. They did so, and the clouds gathered, the rain fell, the grass grew, and once more the land was filled with plenty.

. . . . . .

Altho barbarous to the extent to which a brave, warm-hearted and hospitable people are capable of becoming, when free from Christianizing and civilizing influences, the Hawaiians were never cannibals, and seem to have always entertained a supreme disgust for such practises.

There are traditions, however, that convince one that at some time in the past the islands were visited by cannibals.

Several centuries ago a number of canoes loaded with strange men and women who had come from

some unknown part of the world, landed at Kauai. They were darker than the Kauaians, and spoke an entirely different language, but otherwise resembled them. They brought different gods with them and had different modes of worship. Lands were given them at the foot of the mountains back of Waimea and here they lived for some time in peace. The women of the new-comers would persist in eating fish and fruits forbidden by the priests of Kauai. Maholekau, one of the chiefs, married Palua, a daughter of Kokoa, chief of the strangers. Like mother Eve she would persist in eating forbidden fruits, and was killed by orders of the high priest and her body thrown into the sea.

When Kokoa learned that his daughter had been killed, he slew a relative of the high priest and the body was roasted and eaten. Now for the first time was the real character of the newcomers known. They were cannibals. Their appetites whetted anew, they began to kill and eat their neighbors. War was made upon them, and, after many deaths and feasts, they were driven from Kauai and went to the island of Oahu, and settled on the great plateau of Halemanu.

Kokoa, the chief of the cannibals, had a lieutenant named Lotu, who is described as a perfect giant in size. Lotu was the guard of the pass and killed the unwary travelers as they came along, and sent their bodies up to the great oven to be cooked. In this way for a

long time he supplied his people with food. When so many people had gone up into the mountains and never returned, the Oahuans, altho having no positive proof, came to suspect the colony on Halemanu, and gave them a wide berth.

Lotu made incursions into the country and captured many victims, whom he dragged up the mountain and sent to the oven. But he had a voracious appetite, and either in consequence of being too lazy to "hustle" for game or from his inordinate love for her, he ate his mother-in-law. She tasted so good that he determined to eat all his wife's relations. He killed his wife's brother and made a meal of him. His wife's remaining brother Napopo, objecting to the fondness of his brother-in-law for his family, and, fearing he might be the next victim, fled to Kauai. Here he determined to train himself in the use of arms, and in wrestling and boxing, and other manly arts of the day.

He succeeded so well that, according to Hawaiian chronicles, no bruiser in the whole country could equal him. When quite certain of his proficiency, he returned to Oahu and went to Halemanu.

Lotu had just had a family jar, and his wife Kaholekua had come out considerably worsted, and at the very moment of her brother's arrival she lay unconscious behind some tapa curtains. Napopo demanded to see his sister, and Lotu pointed to the curtain.

Taking a glance at her, Napopo, supposing she was dead, went out of the house to weep, and Lotu followed him to console him with the assurance they had one meal ahead.

But Napopo was not to be thus consoled, and the two men grappled with each other in a hand-to-hand fight. All the brother's experience as a wrestler stood him in good stead on this occasion. Tho he could bruise and wound his brother-in-law, he was unable to kill him, not having any weapon in his hand. He conceived the brilliant idea of dragging him to the edge of a steep precipice near, and throwing him over the embankment.

Lotu, knowing what it meant to fall five hundred feet on the rocks, clung to him "closer than a brother-in-law," and in the struggle they both went over clasped in each other's arms. It is said that Lotu's head was caught in the fork of a tree and jerked from the body, and that Napopo and the headless trunk of Lotu fell upon the sharp rocks.

Meanwhile Kaholekua, the injured wife of Lotu, partially recovering from the blow dealt by her unnatural husband, crept from the house just in time to see her brother and husband go tumbling over the cliff. In an agony of despair, she rushed to the precipice and with one long shriek leaped over the cliff and perished with her loved ones. If this story has any special moral, it teaches that, tho cannibal

you may be, you should never devour your wife's relations.

The inhabitants of Oahu at last came to suspect the kind of food Kokoa and his followers lived on, and made it so hot for them that the whole colony took to their canoes, left the island, and have never been seen or heard of since.

There are many other famous legends and traditions in Hawaiian folklore, among which are "The Peasant Prince" and "The Lover of a Goddess," but to give them all would require another volume as large as this. What has been given is sufficient to enable the reader to form some idea of the traditional history of Hawaii.

CHAPTER XXVII

History, Ancient and Modern

Ever since their discovery the islands have had two names: the Hawaiian Islands, and the Sandwich Islands. The name *Sandwich Islands* was given them by Captain Cook at the time of their discovery, in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich, who was then the First Lord of the British Admiralty; but the name *Hawaiian Islands*, derived from the largest island of the group, is the official name, and has survived all others.

Of all countries we have reliable and unreliable history. The unreliable history is mixed up with myths and legends, and events and dates that are uncertain. The traditions given in the preceding chapter may be considered under that head. Prior to Cook's discovery there is no reliable history of Hawaii, tho from the traditions one can form a theory.

It is generally supposed that the Spanish buccaneers, early in the seventeenth century, landed on the Hawaiian shore, and it is quite probable that shipwrecked Spaniards arrived in Kona, Hawaii, as early as 1527.

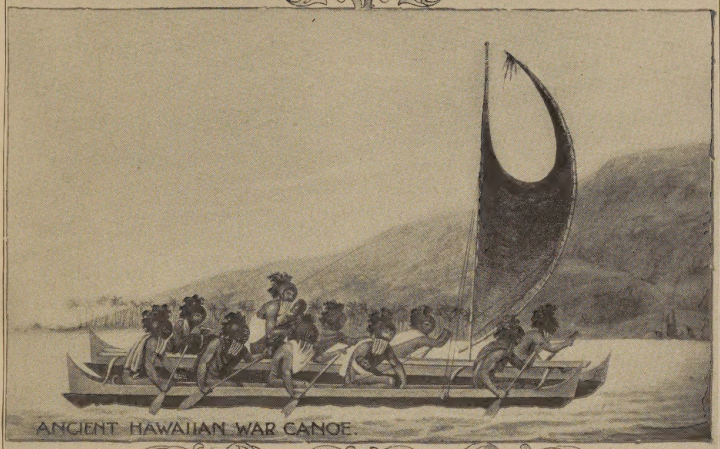
From time to time it seems that various Spanish

vessels touched at or were wrecked on Hawaii. The Spaniards took Hawaiian wives and left descendants—evidence of which may be found in the almost white Hawaiians on the islands to-day.

On January 18, 1778, Captain James Cook with two armed ships, the *Resolution* and *Discovery*, sailing from the Society Islands to the northwest coast of North America, discovered the Hawaiian Islands. The first island discovered was Oahu, and bearing northeast by east he soon after saw the island of Kauia directly ahead. Next morning, while standing for the island of Kauai, he saw a third island, Niihau. He was now convinced that a group of islands hitherto unknown to the civilized world was in these waters.

The first landing of Captain Cook, as has been stated, was at Waimea. Cook's landing was not effected without bloodshed. The first boat approaching the shore, finding the natives pressing too closely upon them, fired a volley by which one man was killed.

Notwithstanding they had killed one of the natives, they were received with kindness, and many presents were given them by the forgiving Hawaiians. Cook, having explored the coast of Alaska, Bering Strait, and the Arctic Ocean until stopped by the ice-fields, returned to the Hawaiian Islands and spent the winter there.



ANCIENT HAWAIIAN WAR CANOE.

CAPT COOK'S FIRST VIEW OF THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

Kamehameha, then a young man, visited him on his ship. Cook visited various islands and stopped at various villages, everywhere treated with respect and kindness. The natives in places worshiped him as a god, and brought presents to the sailors, from whom they contracted diseases hitherto unknown on the islands.

From the many violations of the laws and taboos of the natives, Captain Cook and his sailors became involved in quarrels with them, and when the whites took their departure on February 4, the natives rejoiced, tho their joy was of short duration. Captain Cook's intention was to survey the Leeward Islands, and lay in a supply of water before sailing for the Arctic seas.

Off Kawaihae his ships encountered a violent gale, in which the *Resolution* sprang her foremast; and they put back to Kealakekua Bay, in order to repair it, arriving at their old anchorage on the morning of Thursday, February 11. They were coolly received, for the natives began to have their suspicions of the white strangers. They landed their boats and tools and proceeded to their work of repairing. Certain of the natives stole some of their tools, and they had frequent encounters with them. While Cook was trying to decoy the aged chief on board his ship, intending to hold him a prisoner until the stolen articles were returned, there was a collision between the

sailors and natives; the former fired on the latter and a native named Kalima was killed.

An immense band of natives had collected on the shore, some armed with spears and daggers. One of the warriors approached Captain Cook with a dagger, saying the foreigners had killed his brother, and he would be revenged. Captain Cook fired at him without effect, and ordered Lieutenant Philips to withdraw the marines to the boats. The instant the retreat began Cook was struck by a stone, and discovering the man who had thrown it, drew his second pistol, and shot him dead. The marines fired on the chief and warriors, and before the former had time to reload the savages rushed into close quarters and killed four of their number. The others escaped by swimming to their boats.

Cook was left on land surrounded by savages. He waved his hat to the men in the boat, and called to them to cease firing and return for him. At this moment one of the chiefs ran up behind Cook and plunged an iron dagger into his back, which passed completely through his body, coming out at his breast, and killing him instantly. Only a portion of Cook's remains were recovered, which gave rise to the erroneous notion among some historians that the Hawaiians were cannibals, and had devoured the body.

One witness to the death of Captain Cook was the great Hawaiian Napoleon, Kamehameha I., who was

even then a prince and heir to the crown. He had seen enough of the whites to know that they possessed superior arms and ability. Kamehameha on his accession to the throne conceived the idea of conquering all the islands, and making the many petty chiefs subject to his rule.

After Cook's visit, other vessels (both English and American) landed at the islands, some of the navigators behaving well, and others not. In the year 1789, Captain Metcalf, an American fur-trader in command of the *Eleanor*, visited the islands on his way to China. His son, only eighteen years of age, commanded a little schooner called the *Fair American*, which had been detained by the Spaniards at Nootka Sound.

During the latter part of February, 1790, the *Eleanor* crossed the Hawaiian channel and anchored off Honuaula, Maui. There Kaouiki, the chief of Olowalu, with his men, stole a boat one night from its moorings at the stern, and murdered the sailor who was sleeping in it. It was then broken up for the nails in it, after which the thieves returned to Olowalu. When Captain Metcalf learned that the guilty parties had come from Olowalu, he proceeded thither in the *Eleanor*, and after a certain taboo was over, resumed trading with the natives. A great number of canoes from far and near had crowded around his ship, when suddenly a broadside of cannon and musketry was poured into them, covering the waves with dead and

dying, and splintered canoes. Captain Metcalf then returned to Hawaii, and lay off and on near Kealakekua Bay, waiting for the tender, which about the same time had arrived off Kawaihae.

A chief with a fleet of canoes went to the *Fair American* as if to trade, and while the boy captain was off his guard, threw him overboard, and murdered the crew except the mate Isaac Davis. The vessel was hauled up on the shore and stripped of all its guns and ammunition. Next day, March 17, 1790, John Young, the boatswain of the *Eleanor*, who was on shore, found himself detained, and all the canoes tabooed by order of the young King Kamehameha, lest Metcalf should hear of the death of his son and loss of the schooner. For two days the *Eleanor* stood off and on, firing signal guns for Young's return, and finally sailed for China.

The capture of Young and Davis was the beginning of a new era in Hawaiian history. No two names are better known in this land of the tropics than those of the two officers taken from the American vessels.

Kamehameha was shrewd enough to realize that in these sailors he had men with whom he could carry out his long-cherished plans, the uniting of the entire group under one common sovereignty. The cannon, muskets, and ammunition taken from the *Fair American* were sufficient to arm his soldiers and make them invincible.

His kindness to his prisoners soon made them his friends, and they proved loyal and faithful subjects to his majesty, Kamehameha the Great. Young and Davis were the marshals of the Hawaiian Napoleon, his Ney and McDonald.

The conquest took many years, and nothing but the indomitable will, courage, and perseverance of Kamehameha and his two able lieutenants could have won. At last the entire group was conquered, and Kamehameha acknowledged king over all. Young and Davis were rewarded with official honors, lands, and wives. Some of their descendants may still be found on the islands.

The conquest of Kamehameha to a great extent broke the power of the chiefs and priests. Europeans and Americans were visiting the islands; they became a great resort for whalers and traders, who in bringing goods are said to have imported mosquitoes, lizards, scorpions, and tarantulas. The islands grew in importance, and king and chiefs were made to see the cruelty and injury of taboos and the folly of idolatry. As has been previously related,* the taboos were abolished and the idols destroyed. Then came that other influence for good, the American missionaries, to whose work a whole chapter* has been devoted.

Their influence for good was marked from the very first. It was not only their object to save the soul of

* Chapter IV.

the benighted heathen, but also to better his earthly condition. Under Kamehameha III., through the exertions of the American missionaries, a constitution was obtained for the people, guaranteeing them rights never before enjoyed or dreamed of. According to Professor Alexander, the ablest Hawaiian historian and best authority on the subject, a gross error held by Deacon Shearman (which may have helped Colonel Blount in his reports) is that the Hawaiians in ancient times held their lands in common. No native or old resident of the country ever advanced any such theory.

While in New Zealand there exists a system of tribal ownership of land, and in Samoa a communal or village ownership, in the Hawaiian Islands a most despotic feudal system had existed for centuries. The common peasantry could not be said to have any rights to either real or personal property that a chief "was bound to respect." So far from being *adscripti glebæ*, they were merely tenants at will, liable to be dispossessed at any time at the arbitrary caprice of a chief. An old resident, speaking of the past under absolute monarchy, says the country was full of people who were "*hemo*," *i.e.*, dispossessed of their lands.

Three words from a new to a former "Konohiki," or land agent, *Ua hemo* (Thou art dispossessed) might evict a thousand unoffending people, and send them

houseless and homeless to find *makamakas*, or guest-friends, in other valleys.

Chief Justice Lee, referring to the subject in his first address to the Royal Hawaiian Agricultural Society in 1850, said:

"Until within the last year, the Hawaiian held his land as a mere tenant at sufferance, subject to be dispossessed at any time that it might suit the will or caprice of his chief or that of his oppressive *luna* (overseer). Of what avail was it to the common people to raise more than enough to supply the immediate wants of their subsistence? Would the surplus belong to them, or furnish the means of future independence? Far from it. It would go to add to the stores of their despotic lord, who claimed absolute right in all their property, and who periodically sent forth his hordes of *lunas* to scour the country and plunder the people without mercy.

"Often did these ravagers, these land-pirates, leave the poor *makaainana* (peasant) little else than his *malo* (breech-clout), his digger, and his calabash! I thank God that these things are now at an end, and that the poor Kanaka may stand on the border of his little taro-patch, and holding his fee-simple patent in his hand, bid defiance to the world. Yes, I thank God that He has moved the hearts of the king and chiefs of these islands to let the oppressed go free!"

In this distribution of lands, for which the missionaries have since been blamed, the taro and rice lands, by far the most valuable, were distributed among the common people. The percentage retained by the king and his chiefs was of course very large,

but in comparison of values was not nearly so great as has been represented by the enemies of the missionaries. The lands given the poor people were usually in low grounds next to the sea, very rich, and to-day very valuable, while the larger tracts which the kings and nobles reserved were on the mountainsides, and save for wood, pastures, and hunting often absolutely worthless. In his address to the king through his minister of foreign affairs April 27, 1847, Bishop L. D. Maigret used the following impressive argument in favor of the distribution of the lands, which will give further insight into the condition of the common people prior to the reign of Kamehameha III.:

"To grant lands to the natives, and secure to them, forever, the enjoyment and property of said lands. The Hawaiian Government will lose nothing by being generous. Whatever a sovereign gives to his subjects is more his own than if he took it away from them. The islands, it is said, have nearly eight thousand square miles [six thousand is more nearly correct] and one hundred thousand inhabitants. Dividing these eight thousand square miles among one hundred thousand inhabitants, it is found that every native would have upwards of forty-eight acres of land. Supposing the Government to keep for itself nine tenths, out of the remaining one tenth there would be upward of three acres for every inhabitant. In this view, the sovereign of these lands is more able to make his people happy, for the happiness of a sovereign does not consist in the power to make his people happy, but in his really making them happy. Let him then distribute lands to his subjects, as did, in old

times, the chief and legislature of the Hebrews, and he will soon see disappear a multitude of evils which consume and decimate the population of the islands. The natives then will have something to eat and wherewith to clothe themselves; then they will labor with gladness because they will be interested in their labor, and the fruit of their labor will be insured to them; parents in the future will be able to raise their families—the multiplication of marriages will be encouraged; we shall no longer see that plurality of adoptive fathers so hurtful to filial love and the correction of children; the natives will become attached to a spot of ground which they well know belongs to them; they will then construct habitations more solid, more durable, more spacious, healthier, and better fitted for the preservation of good morals; we shall no longer see so many vagabonds who live only at the expense of others, and who unceremoniously enter the first house they come to; the natives will no longer lie down on the wet muddy ground; in their houses there will no longer be the disgusting intermixture whence originate so many diseases and so much corruption; the people will bless the sovereign who governs them—they will grant him all their affection and confidence, and they will respect more than ever his authority."

With this division of lands, and the granting of privileges to the common people, there was an immediate change for the better among the Hawaiian people. The schools established on the islands were showing good results. Education, industry, and even thrift, marked the course of some of the Hawaiians, and a general advance of the masses began.

Kamehameha III., having departed from absolute

monarchy, and given the people a constitution with lands and liberties, lived to see the excellent results of his work. There was a provisional cession of the islands to Great Britain in 1843, but in November of the same year their independence was restored to them. On January 27, 1848, the first *mahele* or division of land was made.

The islands became important to the outside world. Many white families other than missionaries came and settled upon them. Some of the natives proving improvident mortgaged their lands to raise money for *luaus* and dissipation, and, forfeiting their mortgages, lost their property.

The sugar-cane, found growing in such abundance on the islands, attracted great attention on account of the size of its stalks and their remarkable sweetness. The Chinese made many efforts to extract sugar and molasses from the cane, and in 1835 an American firm established the mill at Koloa, first run by horse-power and then by water, now run by steam, which began making and exporting sugar.

This and other industries opened the eyes of the world to the richness of the islands. Speculators of every nationality came there, lands became valuable, and schemes were set on foot to make great fortunes, and great fortunes have been made.

Early in the history of the country the two parties, the missionary and anti-missionary, sprang up. Both

parties courted the favor of the ruling monarch, as it was only through him they could hope to succeed, the missionaries to save the natives from vice and degradation, the anti-missionaries to accomplish such unholy schemes as lotteries and opium-sales to enrich themselves.

Kamehameha III. was succeeded, January 11, 1855, by Kamehameha IV., who on November 30, 1863, was succeeded by Kamehameha V., the last of the line of Kamehamehas.

Kamehameha V. was inferior in every respect to his ancestors, and his policy was reactionary. Under him the "recrudescence" of heathenism commenced, and he revived the old pagan orgies and encouraged the lascivious hulahula dancers and the pernicious class of Kahunas or sorcerers which had ever been a curse to the country. His reactionary conduct was no doubt brought about by scheming and unprincipled men, who, jealous of the influence of the missionaries, sought to rouse all the latent savage that slumbered in the breast of the monarch. This influence was made so strong by the anti-missionary party that there began a growing jealousy and hatred of all Americans, save those who were in accord with the notions of the court.

Kamehameha V. was succeeded by Lunalilo, who lived but one year after being crowned. During his short reign the feeling against Americans was fanned

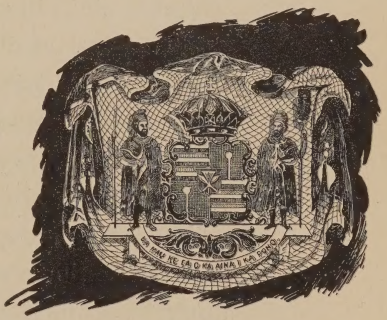
into a flame by several causes, among them the enforcement of the law for the segregation of lepers, the ceding of Pearl Harbor to the United States, and a mutiny at the barracks. After the death of Kamehameha V., Lunalilo was elected king by the legislature. At this election David Kalakaua was a candidate, and smarted under his defeat. At this time the Hawaiians were a mixed people. Many white men and women of influence had been born on the islands, and, in speaking of citizens, these should not be called foreigners. In his manifesto previous to the election of 1873 Kalakaua appealed to the race prejudice. He promised if elected to repeal the poll-tax, to place only natives in government offices, and to amend the constitution of 1864 which gave more liberties to the people. He said:

"Beware of the constitution of 1852 and the false teaching of the foreigners, who are now seeking to obtain the direction of the Government, if Lunalilo ascends the throne."

Walter Murray Gibson, formerly a Mormon apostle and shepherd of Lanai, at this time a professional politician and editor of the *Nuhou*, disappointed at being left out of Lunalilo's cabinet, took up the rôle of agitator and joined Kalakaua's party.

At the death of Lunalilo, February 3, 1874, no successor being appointed and there being no lineal descendant to the throne, an election was held and David

Kalakaua was declared elected—but by means asserted to be questionable—over queen-dowager Emma. The election resulted in a riot. The riot was instigated by the followers of Queen Emma, and Mr. H. A. Pierce, the American Minister, ordered the marines landed from the United States men-of-war *Tuscarora* and *Portsmouth*. They dispersed the mob and arrested some of the ringleaders, and bloodshed was prevented. The conduct of Minister Pierce was never criticized for landing troops to protect American property, altho those marines had gone so far as to quell the riot.



Kalakaua was crowned, and a reciprocity treaty concluded with the United States, favorable to the sugar-interests. The first effect of the reciprocity treaty was to cause an increased activity in the sugar-interests. Mr. T. S. Alexander called the attention of Colonel Claus Spreckles to the fertile plain of Central Maui, then lying waste, which only needed irrigation to produce immense crops of cane. Claus Spreckles secured a lease of water-supply, and established the Sprecklesville plantation, said to be the largest in the world. Kalakaua, like Kamehameha V., showed a desire to return to absolute monarchy, and kept the people in

constant dread for their liberties, properties, andlives. He was debased and debauched, and kept a troop of hula girls, who danced nude for the amusement of himself and his associates. He was a sporting man, led and controlled by sporting men. When the Louisiana Lottery learned that its days were numbered in the United States, the projectors and stockholders of that institution began casting about for a suitable place in close proximity to the United States for carrying on their nefarious business, and selected the Hawaiian Islands.

In 1884 a lottery bill was almost forced through the legislature by agents of the Louisiana Company. It offered to pay the expenses of the leper settlement for a license to carry on the business, besides offering private inducements to venal legislators. Colonel Spreckles, having loaned the king large sums of money, had considerable influence over him at this time. In defiance of public indignation shown by mass-meetings and petitions, the lottery bill was forced to a second reading, and if Claus Spreckles had not brought all his powerful influence to bear on the king to prevent it, it would undoubtedly have become a law.

One of the most wholesome acts of Kalakaua's reign was what is called the Dole homestead act. All true friends of the native race have reason to rejoice that through the influence of Christian gentlemen, much

evil was averted and some good accomplished even during the licentious reign of Kalakaua.

Kalakaua's reign of seventeen years was not marked by any material advancement. He was weakened in mind and body by dissipation, and usually under the influence of evil-minded persons. His extravagance almost wrecked the country. His pet desire was the promulgation of a constitution that would place all the power in his hands. In 1887 his conduct was carried to such an extreme that the people revolted and demanded a new constitution, restoring to them the liberties and privileges guaranteed by the constitution of 1864. After appealing in vain for protection from the United States, Great Britain, France, and Portugal, Kalakaua granted the request, and signed the new constitution, guaranteeing them their liberties and compelling him to cease meddling with politics. Dissipation had wrecked the health of the king, and while on a visit to California he died, January 20, 1891.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Overthrow of Monarchy

A feeling of uneasiness had come over the people. Kalakaua's troubled reign, his extravagance, his hatred of children born of American parents, gave birth to fears that they might be dispossessed of their property, and perhaps put to death. The king's sister Liliuokalani succeeded him on the throne. She was the wife of an Englishman, Mr. J. O. Dominis, and it is claimed by many that she was under English influence. While visiting in London, she was entertained by Queen Victoria.

Liliuokalani had been reared and educated by American missionaries, and during her brother's reign she was the hope of the Americans. In her it was thought they would surely have a firm friend. But after her coronation her whole manner underwent a change. The associates and friends of her early life were cast aside, and favorites whose interests were hostile to theirs were chosen. Perhaps she was not as bad as she has been represented, but she was beyond doubt weak, vacillating, and filled with ungovernable prejudices. It is said that she was angered at

Liliuokalani, Queen of Hawaii, 1891—1893.
(From her latest Photograph by Prince, of Washington.)

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her brother when he yielded to the demands of the committee for a more liberal constitution.

The country was in a wretched state. The nation was badly in debt and public improvements at a standstill. The queen received a salary of $20,000 per annum, twice as much as President Dole receives, and in addition to this her income from crown lands was a little over $49,000, making her annual income nearly $70,000, almost $20,000 more than that of the President of the United States. Instead of economizing by cutting down expenses, she was advised to resort to discreditable and injurious measures for increasing the revenue. The Louisiana Lottery emissaries were ready to take advantage of the unfortunate woman's necessities; so were the opium smugglers, and they brought powerful influences to bear upon the executive and the legislative body to effect their purposes. The uneasiness of the people at the frequent changes of the queen's ministers and her threatening manner toward their liberties was partially allayed by the appointment of what is known as the Wilcox-Jones cabinet. This cabinet was composed of the Hon. George Wilcox, Minister of the Interior; Hon. Mark Robinson, Minister of Foreign Affairs; P. C. Jones, Minister of Finance; and Cecil Brown, Attorney-General. They opposed the fatal measures of the queen, and with them the country would have been safe. But the Wilcox-Jones cabinet was of short

duration. Not being able to control them at the proper moment for action, the queen dismissed them.

It was at what was known as the long term of the legislature that the opium and lottery bills were passed. The term continued until the most reliable members were compelled to return to their plantations, it being the grinding season, when they were needed in their cane-fields and at their mills. No sooner were they gone than the friends of these iniquitous measures, finding they had a majority in both branches of the legislature, rushed the lottery and opium bills through. The queen dismissed the Wilcox-Jones cabinet, and appointed in their stead a cabinet consisting of Hon. Sam Parker, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Hon. W. Cornwell, Minister of Finance; Hon. Arthur P. Peterson, Attorney-General; and Hon. John Colburn, Minister of Interior. The lottery and opium bills were signed without delay and the legislature prorogued.

I was told while in Honolulu that after the lottery and opium bills had passed both houses, many Christian ladies called on the queen and implored her to veto the pernicious measures which would turn her lovely little country into a den of infamy. She wept with them over the terrible state of affairs, and all knelt in prayer to God to help the queen in this terrible ordeal, and the ladies left feeling sure their

queen would save them; but an hour later she had signed both bills, and they became law.

Tho the indignation of the populace was intense, no revolutionary action was yet thought of. Next day came an announcement for which the people were wholly unprepared, altho the plot had been brewing all along. The queen expected the lottery to be a source of revenue that would enable her to be less dependent on loans. It was also supposed that the Louisiana Company, being outlawed in the United States, could be relied upon to oppose any measures looking toward annexation, which had been the great nightmare of her majesty and her friends; perhaps the passage of the lottery and opium bills was not wholly unexpected by the far-seeing statesmen of Honolulu, but no one dreamed of what was to follow.

The public was electrified, thrilled with alarm and dread, when it became known that the queen was going to declare a new constitution. That constitution was to be a return to absolute monarchy, a constitution that would deprive every white man, unless married to a Hawaiian woman, of the elective franchise, and which made the property of the whites alone assessable for taxation—a far more tyrannical measure than that which caused our forefathers to throw off the British yoke. This constitution, it is said, had been prepared by the queen a year before, but that

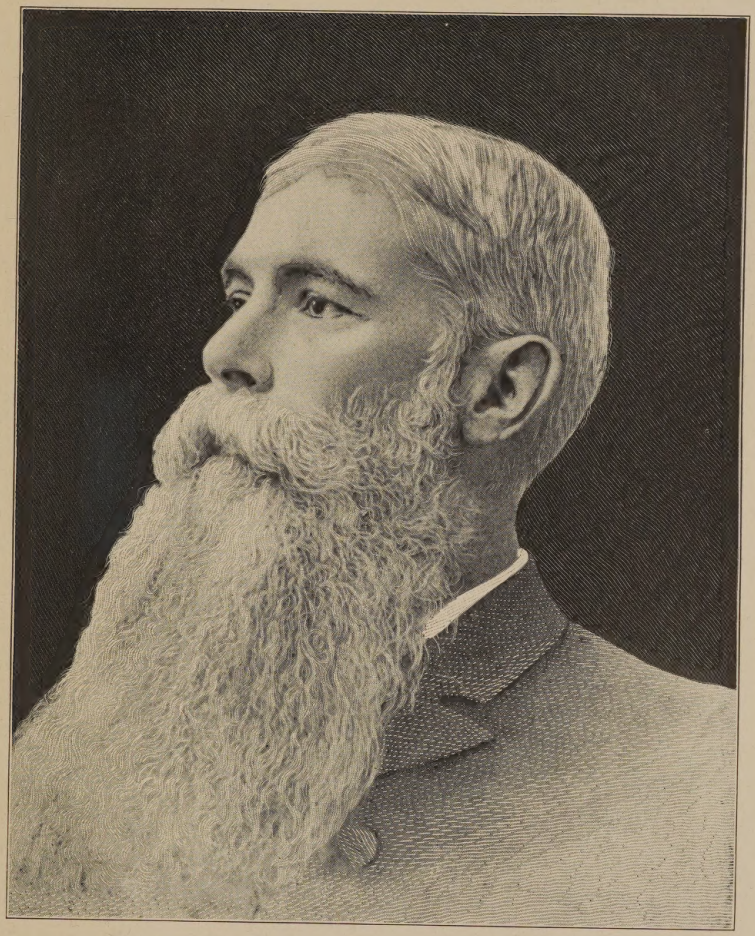
she had never had the courage to promulgate it or ask her cabinet to sign it.

After the ceremony of proroguing the legislature, the queen returned to the palace intending to proclaim the new constitution. The native society called "Hui Kalaiaina" marched to the palace in double file. The president carried a large package which contained the constitution.

A great crowd of Hawaiians had assembled around the palace gates and in the grounds near the front entrance of the building, while the queen's guard under arms were drawn up in a line from the steps to the west gate. In the throne-room the "Hui Kalaiaina" were drawn up in regular lines, and their president, Alapai, had an address to deliver, which he held in his hand. Besides these, most of the native members of the legislature, Chief Justice Judd with Justice Bickerton, some members of the diplomatic corps and other officials were stationed, as for a state ceremony.

At this time a remarkable scene was being enacted in the blue room, to which the cabinet had been summoned by the queen. On their arrival she placed before them a copy of the new constitution, demanded their signatures, and declared her intention to promulgate it at once. According to his own account, Mr. Parker said:

"Your majesty, we have not read that constitution,



S. B. Dole, President of the Republic of Hawaii.

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but before we read it you must know that this is a revolutionary act. It can not be done." An angry discussion followed. The cabinet spoke of a meeting just held with the foreign representatives and of the danger of an uprising. She told them that she would not have undertaken such a step if they had not encouraged her. She said "they led her to the brink of a precipice, and now were leaving her to take the leap alone." She also said:

"Why not give the people this constitution, and I will bear the brunt of all the blame afterward?"

Mr. Peterson said:

"We have not read the constitution;" on which she exclaimed:

"How dare you say that when you have had it in your possession for a month?"

She invited them to resign, which they declined to do. She went on to threaten the cabinet that unless they acceded to her wishes she could go upon the steps of the palace and tell the excited mob that she wished to give them a new constitution, but that her ministers were inside hindering her from doing so. The ministers well remembered the court-house riot of 1874, and the fate of the unlucky representatives who then fell into the hands of the mob. Before her threat could be put into execution, three of her ministers escaped from the palace by different exits, and repaired to their offices in the government building.

Mr. Parker alone remained with the queen, fearing that, if left alone, she might sign the constitution herself, proclaim it from the palace balcony, complaining that her cabinet and judges would not comply with her wishes, and tell the people to look out for them. Meanwhile Marshal Wilson told the chief justice with great emotion that he had been fighting the battle alone all the morning, and that the queen was determined to carry out her design.

It is said that Mr. Wilson advised the unfortunate queen not to attempt the promulgation of the constitution, assuring her it would be her ruin if she did, but at the same time declaring his intention to stand or fall with her. He was the only one of her friends when the struggle came who was found willing to resist the armed force of the revolutionists.

The queen's cabinet, fearing the friends of the queen on one hand and the white element on the other, flying from the wrath of both, raised the excitement to the boiling-point. The queen's revolutionary acts caused the organization of a Committee of Safety, which first held its meetings with closed doors.

"Gentlemen," said one, "we are brought face to face with this question; what shall we do?" After considerable discussion Hon. L. A. Thurston moved "that preliminary steps be taken at once to form a provisional government, with a view to annexation to the United States of America."

A committee meanwhile waited on Mr. John L. Stevens, Minister of the United States, to ask the support of the United States troops on board the *Boston*. Mr. Stevens answered that he would have no part in their revolution, but that he would request troops to be landed to protect American life and property, and for that purpose only.

The revolutionary party, finding that they could not depend on the troops on board the *Boston* to help them, determined to overthrow the government themselves, or lose their lives in the attempt. The Committee of Safety was formed, and arms were collected from various quarters, and stored in places where they would be handy for use. The barracks of the committee was on Beritania Street. One morning all the arms in boxes had been taken to the barracks. Shortly after noon, January 17, 1893, Mr. John Good, Mr. Edwin Benner, Edward Parris, and a man named Fritz, with a wagon, were taking some arms from the store of Hall & Son to the barracks, when they were discovered by the police. Benner was driving the wagon, Good was at his side, and Parris and Fritz sat in the rear end of the vehicle. Just as the wagon came down King Street to Fort Street, a policeman who had been watching Hall & Sons' store seized the horse by the bit and cried:

"Surrender!"

"What shall I do?" asked Benner.

"Go on!" yelled Good.

Benner slashed the policeman across the face with his whip, and he let go the horse and blew a whistle, and two more policemen came to his aid and seized the horse. One tried to climb into the front part of the wagon, but Benner with the stock of his whip knocked him senseless. Another policeman attacked Parris and Fritz who were in the rear, but they kicked him away.

The wagon meanwhile had struggled on into the street, and could have got away had not a Fort Street car at this moment come up and met a King Street car, and both got blocked right on the crossing, and to add to the confusion a large truck wagon came up and ran into the cars. More policemen hurried to the scene. Another tried to climb upon the wagon and was knocked down. The fighting and swearing attracted an excited throng of people.

Just as the wagon got clear of the cars and trucks a fifth policeman was seen running across the street; he paused and thrust his hand in his hip-pocket as if to draw a pistol. A voice from one of the cars cried:

"Look out, he is going to shoot."

Snatching his revolver from his hip pocket, Good cried:

"Benner, it's life and death; if we must, we must!" and fired.

The policeman fell wounded in the shoulder-blade.

COMPANY OF CITIZEN GUARDS.

CREW OF THE U.S. BATTLESHIP BOSTON.

The wagon thundered down the street and reached the barracks unmolested, tho pursued for some distance by a policeman.

Already men had begun to gather about the government building. There was but one with a gun at first, but a German Captain Klemme with thirty-two armed men came soon after, and was followed by Tim Murray, and another company, and the proclamation was read which concluded with:

1. The Hawaiian monarchical system of government is hereby abrogated.

2. A provisional government for the control and management of public affairs and the protection of the public peace is hereby established, to exist until terms of union with the United States of America have been negotiated and agreed upon.

3. Such provisional government shall consist of an executive council of four members, who are declared to be S. B. Dole, J. A. King, P. C. Jones, W. O. Smith, who shall administer the executive departments of the Government, the first named acting as president and chairman of such council and administering the department of foreign affairs, and the others severally administering the departments of interior, finance, and attorney-general, respectively, in the order in which they are above enumerated, according to existing Hawaiian law as far as may be consistent with this proclamation; and also of an advisory council which shall consist of fourteen members, who are hereby declared to be S. M. Damon, A. Brown, L. A. Thurston, J. F. Morgan, J. Emmeluth, H. Waterhouse, J. A. McChandless, E. D. Tenney, F. W. McChesney, F. Wilhelm, W. R. Castle, W. G. Ash-

ley, W. C. Wilder, C. Bolte. Such advisory council shall also have general legislative authority.

Such executive and advisory councils shall, acting jointly, have power to remove any member of either council and to fill any other vacancy.

4. All officers under the existing Government are hereby requested to continue to exercise their functions and perform the duties of their respective offices, with the exception of the following-named persons: Queen Liliuokolani; Charles B. Wilson, *Marshal;* Samuel Parker, *Minister of Foreign Affairs;* W. H. Cornwell, *Minister of Finance;* John F. Colburn, *Minister of the Interior;* Arthur P. Peterson, *Attorney-General,* who are hereby removed from office.

5. All Hawaiian laws and constitutional principles not inconsistent herewith shall continue in force until further order of the executive and advisory councils.

(Signed) HENRY E. COOPER, Chairman, and twelve others as the Committee of Safety, and dated Honolulu, January 17, 1893.

The insurgents then marched to the palace, where they found no one save an indignant woman, once a queen but now deserted by her cabinet, and her soldiers safely housed in the police quarters, making no effort to save her. But one thing remained to be done to make the revolution complete; that was the capture of the police-station. It was done without bloodshed, and the new Government duly installed.

But for what has been said in print and in Congress in regard to the action taken by Minister Stevens, the story might end here. His conduct and that of the

captain of the *Boston* have been severely criticized, and need some explanation. Their part in the transaction, briefly told, is as follows:

Minister Stevens had been to Hilo, and returned after the revolution had begun to take form, and found the whole city of Honolulu in turmoil. After being appealed to by a respectable number of American citizens to land troops from the *Boston* to protect their lives and property, he determined to do so. In this he had a precedent in the case of Minister Pierce, mentioned in the preceding chapter, where the marines from two American men-of-war not only landed but dispersed and arrested rioters. His request to Captain Wiltse was very carefully worded and its meaning can not be mistaken:

UNITED STATES LEGATION,
HONOLULU, January 16, 1893.

SIR:—In view of the existing critical circumstances in Honolulu, indicating an inadequate force, I request you to land marines and sailors from the ship under your command for the protection of the United States Legation and United States Consulate, and to secure the safety of American life and property.

JOHN L. STEVENS,
Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States.

Captain Wiltse, in issuing his order to Lieutenant Swinburne who commanded the landing party, took great care to impress on him that the troops must take

no part in the controversy between the queen and her people. The marines were landed and marched up King Street. Eight went past the palace to guard the house of an American citizen named Hopper, some went to the legation, and some to the consulate. When evening came, Minister Stevens procured a building of a royalist for the marines to be quartered in during their stay on shore.

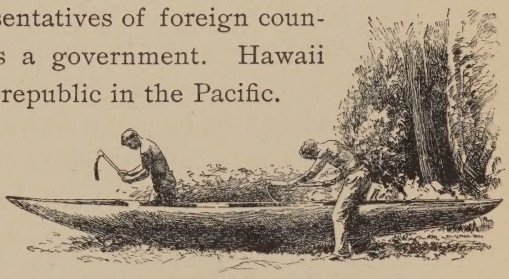
Next day, January 17, when the queen's cabinet saw that the Committee of Safety had revolutionary intentions, they called on Minister Stevens and implored him to use the United States troops to protect the queen against the revolutionists. Mr. Stevens answered that the men from the *Boston* were landed for the purpose of protecting American life and property only. He concluded his speech with:

"Gentlemen, these men were landed for one purpose only, a pacific purpose, and we can not take part in any contest. I can not use this force for sustaining the queen or anybody else."

The cabinet, or part of them, twice appealed to Minister Stevens to protect the queen against the provisional government, and he plainly informed them on both occasions that it was not his intention to aid either side in the contest. Finding that the United States troops would not be used to protect her, the queen drew up terms of capitulation, in which were cunningly inserted fright and intimidation, and an

agreement to submit her claims to the arbitration of the United States Government. This document was sent to the provisional government, and the officers made the mistake of filing it, instead of returning it and demanding an unconditional surrender. The filing of that paper proved a source of great annoyance to the new government, as the sequel will show.

After the provisional government was in possession of the state buildings and the police quarters, and the queen's guard had surrendered to them, Minister Stevens and other representatives of foreign countries recognized them as a government. Hawaii was a republic, the only republic in the Pacific.



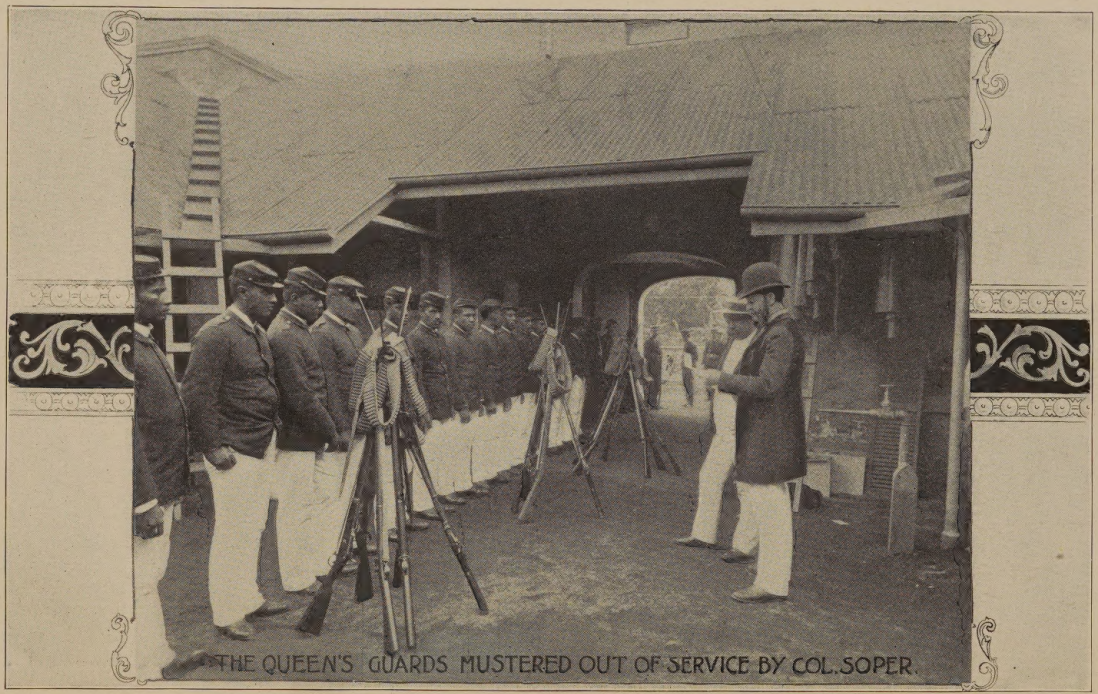
NATIVE BOAT BUILDERS.

CHAPTER XXIX

Commissioner Blount's Visit

Kate Field said many smart things during her career as a newspaper woman, but the best bit of sarcasm she has ever uttered against the American policy was in regard to the quadrennial change in chief executives, in which she remarks that each succeeding President deems it a display of patriotism and ability to undo and oppose every measure his predecessor advocated. There is no longer any need to deny the fact that there is more inexplicable mystery in the events which followed the establishment of the provisional government of Hawaii, with more misrepresentation than over any other matter of equal importance which concerned the United States so little.

On the formation of the provisional government, Colonel J. H. Soper was elected commander-in-chief of the Hawaiian army, which was divided into regulars, National Guards, and Citizens' Guards. The guards of the queen were drawn up in line, the roll called by Colonel Soper, they were paid up to the end of the month, and mustered out of service.



THE QUEEN'S GUARDS MUSTERED OUT OF SERVICE BY COL. SOPER.

A commission composed of Hon. L. A. Thurston, W. C. Wilder, W. R. Castle, J. Marsden, and C. L. Carter was sent to Washington with propositions for a treaty of annexation. The Inter-Island steamer *Claudine* conveyed the party to San Francisco. The queen was permitted to send a letter of remonstrance to the United States Government by the same ship that carried the annexation commission. It is believed by some of the more intelligent classes in Honolulu that there was a deep-laid scheme to thwart the purposes of the provisional government. That back of this scheme were the British officials in Honolulu, Minister Wodehouse and others, and the Louisiana Lottery men, who it is claimed wisely read the future.

In November, 1892, there had been an election in the United States, putting the Democrats in power, with Grover Cleveland as President. The revolution in Hawaii was January 17, 1893, about two months before Cleveland's inauguration, consequently President Harrison had but a short time to serve. There can be no question that Harrison favored the annexation of the islands, and if the philosophy of the late Kate Field was true, his immediate successor "would deem it patriotic and wise to oppose whatever Harrison favored and to seek to undo everything he did." If the queen and her friends had such beliefs, they knew that they had only to delay

annexation two months, and then it would be blocked.

The annexation commission arrived in Washington, and after an investigation into the matter a treaty of annexation was prepared and sent to the Senate for ratification. Before it could be disposed of, Mr. Harrison's term expired, and Mr. Cleveland was inaugurated. He immediately withdrew the treaty from the consideration of the Senate, and seven days after his inauguration appointed Colonel James H. Blount, of Georgia, a special commissioner to visit the Hawaiian Islands and report to him concerning the condition of the country, and what part the United States marines had taken in overthrowing the queen. There were many speculations in Honolulu as to what the incoming Administration would do, and Mr. Blount's appointment was to many of the patriots a satisfactory one.

The commissioner arrived in Honolulu in due time, and was quartered in one of the cottages of the Hawaiian Hotel. He is described by those who met him as a gentleman of good address and pleasant appearance. He had some friends and acquaintances in the city, who had become naturalized Hawaiians, and from their knowledge of the gentleman they assured all that he would deal fairly with them in his report.

The colonel's wife, who accompanied him, it is said became very intimate with the wife and daughters of

Senator Waterhouse, and the people of Honolulu, with that hospitality for which they are noted, did all in their power to make the visit of the colonel pleasant.

His associations, however, soon aroused suspicion. His special friends are said to have been a British consul, known to be unfriendly to the provisional government, and a number of rank royalists. Minister Stevens, who met the commissioner on his arrival, and did everything possible to make his stay pleasant, was not consulted in the matter of the investigation, tho he was in reality the best informed person. Senator Waterhouse said:

"When I volunteered to make any statement in defense of our course, Colonel Blount would say: "I don't want to hear that, I don't care anything about it."

While he was investigating the proceedings of Kamehameha III. (an event which had about as much bearing on the revolution as the building of Solomon's temple) Professor Lyons invited him to his office, offering to show him by the maps and surveys that the portion of lands set aside for the common people, tho small in area, were the most valuable on the islands. The commissioner never went to the office, nor examined a single record in the land department. He busied himself taking *ex parte* statements, many of them foreign to the issue. There can be no doubt

that the commissioner was imposed on by some persons eager to have monarchy restored. The commissioner took the wise precaution to have each person sign his statement, which some said they were assured would not be given to the public. One or two of those statements were so false that, when they were afterward published in the Hawaiian journals, the parties making them were forced to admit their untruthfulness over their own signatures.

Many amusing stories are told in Honolulu of Colonel Blount's residence there, and the efforts of the patriots to win favor with him. On the establishment of the provisional government, Minister Stevens, at the earnest solicitation of its officials, assumed a sort of protectorate over the islands, until the treaty of annexation could be arranged, and the American flag was hoisted over the government building, and the marines from the *Boston* quartered near it. The American citizens of Honolulu, and those Hawaiians born of American parents, eager to display their patriotism and love for a country which they hoped soon to call their own, determined on a grand Fourth of July celebration, as the American eagle was to utter its first scream over the islands of the Pacific. A committee of arrangements was appointed of which Colonel Blount was made chairman, and an hour was fixed at the Arlington Hotel for the committee to

meet and make arrangements for the forthcoming celebration.

It is said that when the committee assembled, Colonel Blount was not present. Some one was sent out to find him, and ascertained that he had gone with a half-caste to a native *luau*. An old American citizen of Honolulu declared:

"I tell you, boys, you had better watch him. When a man prefers roast-pig and poi to the Fourth of July, he can't be depended on."

Some of the patriots or "P. G.'s" (*i.e.*, Provisional Government men) had friends in good standing with the British consul, and through him kept posted on the commissioner's movements.

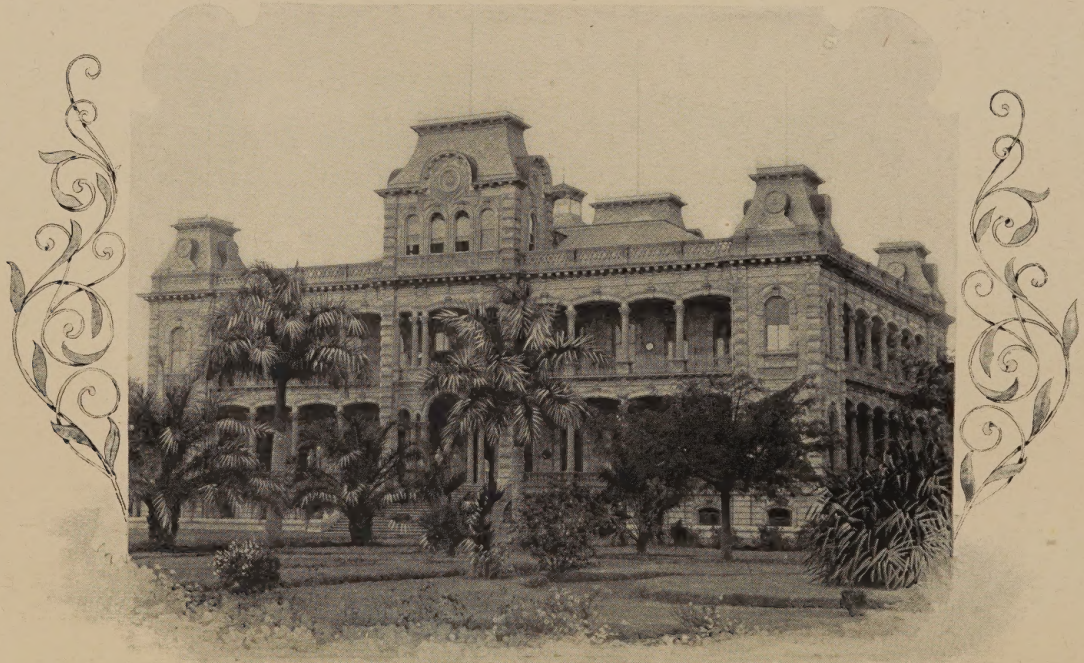
Many of the English residents, and even some of the officials became arrogant and insulting to the patriots. They often pointed in derision to the hated flag flying over the capitol building, and declared that it would come down in a short time. Mr. Nottage, the English author, in his book on the islands at this period, misrepresents the facts, as shown by the records and evidence of reliable eye-witnesses. He declares that the opposition to the queen was wholly by American adventurers, when he could have learned with a little investigation that it was the Germans who struck the first blow for freedom. He represents the Hawaiians as being to a man opposed to the patriotic Government. There were six natives in the convention that

framed the constitution for the republic, and more than half of the offices of the republic are to-day filled by natives. He furthermore declares that the natives to a man are averse to annexation. In a journey over the entire group I conversed with about two hundred intelligent, and often well-educated, full-blood Hawaiians, on the subject of annexation. Out of two hundred natives, one hundred and seventy-three were in favor of annexation, and some of them quite enthusiastic on the subject. Mr. Nottage was on the ground with Commissioner Blount, and both seem to have made the same mistake. Professor Alexander, the Hawaiian historian born on the islands of missionary parents, in speaking of Colonel Blount's manner of securing evidence for his report, says:

"The commissioner possessed some special qualifications for the difficult part which he was to play. Naturally reticent, he had an uncommon power of concealing his private sentiments, which has caused him to be accused of dissimulation. While the queen's friends knew that he was on their side, the supporters of the provisional government believed that, even if he was opposed to annexation, he appreciated the character and motives of the leaders in the late revolution.

"He also showed no little shrewdness and adroitness as a prosecuting attorney, in his choice of witnesses, and in the preparation of questions, etc., to make out his case.

"His method was to hold private interviews with individuals, who were examined by him in his private office, the questions and answers being taken down by his sten-



PALACE, NOW EXECUTIVE BUILDING.

ographer, Mr. Ellis Mills, and kept strictly secret. It is the general testimony of those whom he questioned that he carefully shut off any voluntary statements beyond the simplest replies to his leading questions. If any reply did not suit him, he would cross-examine the witness at great length, in order to modify or break down the force of his first statement. He also received and filed numerous written statements, mostly from royalists, in some of which Mr. Nordoff had a hand, and fifteen affidavits, all made by royalists.

"The complaint is justly made that the commissioner did not seek evidence from the leading members of the Committee of Safety, from the members of the Wilcox cabinet, or from Lieutenant Swinburne and other officers of the *Boston*.

"It was with much difficulty and apparent reluctance on his part that any hearing could be obtained for those patriotic natives who opposed the lottery bill, and their evidence was not recorded.

"Nor was Minister Stevens informed of the charges against him, or given any opportunity to reply to them. Much of this suppressed evidence was brought out by the Senate committee on foreign relations. On May 17 Colonel Blount's commission as minister plenipotentiary reached him. He accepted the office with reluctance, but an air of mystery pervaded his conduct, and while many had come to fear his report, no one knew positively anything about it. On July 31, he wrote to Secretary Gresham:

"'Dear Sir:—The condition of the parties in the islands is one of quiescence. The action of the United States is awaited by all as a necessity. . . . The present Government can only rest on the use of military force, possessed of most of the arms in the islands, with a small white

population to draw from to strengthen it. Ultimately it will fall without fail. It may preserve its existence a year or two, but not longer.'"

As matter of fact, the Government is now in its fifth year, and stronger than ever.

Perhaps the most thrilling event of the whole transaction was the hauling down of the American flag from the government building by order of Commissioner Blount. The royalists were apprised of the commissioner's intent some time before the patriots, and were in high glee. The British were first to tell the story, and it was thought by some of the patriots that it had been started by them to tantalize the Americans.

An Englishman living in Honolulu accosted an American lady with:

"Well, Mrs. Shroder, your flag will come down tomorrow."

"No it won't," she cried. "When that flag goes up it never comes down!"

"Ha, ha! you will see, you will see. We have a man here who has pulled down that flag before, and he enjoys it." (This insinuation had reference to Blount's service in the Confederate army.)

"You are speaking a falsehood," cried the indignant Mrs. Shroder. "There does not live an American mean enough to pull down the flag of his country."

"Wait and you will see," and with a chuckle of exultation he went away.

Next day a great concourse of people were seen going toward the capitol building. Mrs. Shroder, having heard that the rumor of the day before was to be verified, followed them. The commissioner had ordered the flag to be lowered and the marines to be marched on board the *Boston*.

The Hawaiian troops were drawn up not far from the *Boston* marines under arms. A dead silence fell on the group, broken only by an occasional sob.

"Aha! I told you that that flag would come down to-day," hissed an exulting voice at the side of the American lady, and glancing in the direction of it she beheld the Englishman of the day before, with a sardonic grin on his face. He continued to exult and tantalize her until she quitted the scene in tears. When it came to lowering the flag it is said none of the officers of the *Boston* would do it, but sent a common marine to pull it down. When the flag had been lowered, the American marines marched slowly and silently as a funeral procession on board the *Boston*.

Then the Hawaiian troops advanced to the capitol and the Hawaiian flag mounted the flagstaff. No cheers greeted its appearance.

The soldiers and guards were silent but desperate, and the royalists exultant but silent.

Commissioner Blount's report was at last submitted

to the President, and its contents made known to the public. It is a voluminous affair, consisting of twelve or thirteen hundred closely printed pages. The report has been reviewed by able critics. Perhaps the best criticism of commissioner and report is the following from the New York *Tribune:*

"While I do not question his honesty of purpose, his methods were those of a prosecuting attorney, and his report is an astonishing piece of special pleading. It is pervaded from beginning to end with a strange hostility to the American colony, built up and fostered by the policy of the United States for the last forty years, which has created the civilization of the islands, developed their resources, and opened an important field of commerce to the Pacific States. With their struggle for decent and honest government during the last fifteen years, he has no sympathy whatever. In his letter of April 6, he condemns them for participating in the affairs of the islands. In his view the character of the people of these islands is and must be overwhelmingly Asiatic, which he probably regards as a consummation devoutly to be wished, and he 'deprecates the idea of immigrants from the United States being able to find encouragement in the matter of obtaining homes in these islands.' He seems to think as Governor McDuffie of South Carolina wrote of the Texans in 1836, that 'having emigrated to that country they had forfeited all claim to fraternal regard,' and that having left a land of freedom for a land of despotism with their eyes open, they deserved their fate."

After the removal of all American protection, the patriots found it necessary to organize a more perma-

MEMBERS OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

nent government. A committee was appointed to draft a constitution. That committee, as has been stated, had six Hawaiians on it, in addition to many white men born on the islands. The constitution is an able document, modeled somewhat after the Constitution of the United States. It vests the executive power of the republic in a president and cabinet. The president holds his office for six years. His qualifications are that he must be thirty-five years of age, must have been born on the islands, or have been a citizen of them for fifteen years.

The legislative powers of the Government are vested in a Senate and House of Representatives.

The constitution provides for a judiciary department and all the different branches essential to a permanent Government. All hope of annexation, for four years at least, was then at an end, and on July 4 President Dole, on the steps of the government building, read to the assembled thousands his proclamation, declaring the provisional government at an end, and the Republic of Hawaii established.

CHAPTER XXX

The Demand of Minister Willis

If the people in the Hawaiian Islands supposed that they had reached the end of their troubles they were greatly mistaken; they seemed to have only commenced. The President of the United States, under the impression that monarchy in Hawaii had been overthrown by Minister John L. Stevens and Captain Wiltse, deemed that he was under moral obligation to restore the deposed queen to the throne. Colonel Blount's report had confirmed his suspicions, and he selected Hon. Albert S. Willis, who had served the State of Kentucky in Congress, to go to the Sandwich Islands, remove President Dole, and let Liliuokalani have her throne. It is claimed by some of the President's critics, that having that end in view, his letter to President Dole was rather inconsistent. The following is a copy of the letter:

"Grover Cleveland,
"President of the United States of America.

"*To His Excellency, Sanford B. Dole, President of the Provisional Government of the Hawaiian Islands.*

"Great and Good Friend:—I have made choice of Albert S. Willis, one of our distinguished citizens, to re-

side near the government of your excellency in the quality of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America. He is informed of the relative interests of the two countries, and of our desire to cultivate to the fullest extent the friendship which has so long subsisted between us. My knowledge of his character and ability gives me entire confidence that he will constantly endeavor to advance the interests and prosperity of both governments, and so render himself acceptable to your excellency.

"I therefore request your excellency to receive him favorably and to give full credence to what he shall say on the part of the United States, and to the assurances which I have charged him to convey to you of the best wishes of this Government for the prosperity of the Hawaiian Islands. May God have your excellency in His wise keeping.

"Written at Washington, this 27th day of September, in the year 1893.

"Your good friend."

Minister Willis soon found himself in an embarrassing position. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, and had a kind heart; but with judgment warped by prejudices and strong fealty to party and friends, it was only natural that he should fall into error. He was as close-mouthed as Commissioner Blount, tho it is his nature to be open and frank. Tho the Hawaiians were all anxiety to know what attitude he would take, they found him silent and mysterious.

Mr. Willis's mission was really to restore the queen,

but just how far he was to go, and just what he was to resort to in order to restore her, will perhaps never be known. The *Boston* had been relieved at Honolulu by the *Philadelphia*, which the Hawaiians regarded as an ill omen.

The new minister soon secretly commenced the work upon which he had been sent. On November 13, 1893, the ex-queen, accompanied by her ex-chamberlain, called at the legation according to previous arrangements, and after the usual formal greetings, and conversation about the weather, Mr. Willis said that the President of the United States very much regretted her overthrow, which he feared had been brought about by the former minister and the marines of the *Boston*, but that with her consent and cooperation the wrong might be redressed. To this she bowed in silence. The minister then went on:

"The President expects and believes that when you are reinstated you will show forgiveness and magnanimity; that you will wish to be queen of all the people, both native and foreign-born; that you will make haste to secure their love and loyalty, and to establish peace, friendship, and good government." But she did not care to answer this. After waiting a moment, Minister Willis continued:

"The President not only tenders you his sympathy, but wishes to help you. Before fully making known to you his purposes, I desire to know whether you are

willing to answer certain questions which it is my duty to ask?"

"I am willing," she answered.

"Should you be restored to the throne," continued the minister, "would you grant full amnesty as to life and property to all those persons who have been or who are now in the provisional government?"

After hesitating a moment, she slowly answered, as if weighing every word:

"There are certain laws of my Government by which I shall abide. My decision would be, as the law directs, that such persons should be beheaded and their property confiscated to the Government."

"Is it your feeling that these people should be beheaded and their property confiscated?"

"It is," she aswered.

The minister did not like the plan of having the head of his President's "great and good friend" cut off, so he said:

"Do you fully understand the meaning of every word which I have said to you, and of every word you have said to me, and, if so, do you still have the same opinion?"

"I have understood and mean all I have said," she answered, "but I might leave the decision to my ministers."

Minister Willis was vexed and puzzled, but continued his questioning.

"Suppose it was necessary to make a decision before you appointed any ministers, and that you were asked to issue a royal proclamation of general amnesty, would you do it?"

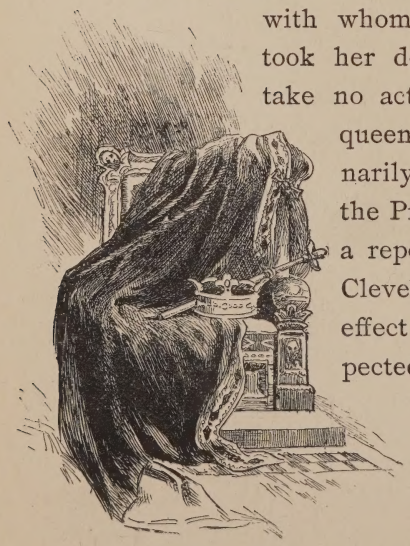
After a moment's pause she answered:

"I have no legal right to do that, and I would not do it. These people were the cause of the revolution and the constitution of 1887. There will never be any peace while they are here. They must be sent out of the country, or punished, and their property confiscated."

Mr. Willis was dumbfounded at the obstinacy of the woman, and after a moment's thought said:

"I have no further communication to make to you now, and will have none until I can hear from my Government, which will probably be in three or four weeks."

The queen then named four of her trusted friends with whom Mr. Willis might confer, and took her departure. The minister dared take no action in regard to restoring the queen, after he found her so sanguinarily inclined, without conferring with the President of his country. He sent a report of the interview to President Cleveland and received an answer in effect that if Mrs. Dominis ever expected to wear the crown and purple



robe, she must display a more forgiving disposition.

This was all kept secret from the officers of the republic and friends of the Government, who never once dreamed that their heads were in danger. The people were nevertheless very uneasy. The city was full of rumors, and every movement on the part of the *Philadelphia* was looked upon as a hostile demonstration. The officers and crew, who had all along been looked upon as friends and protectors, had of a sudden changed into terrible enemies.

On December 14, the steamship *Corwin* arrived with instructions from Washington, which in substance were about as follows: The President of the United States wished the queen to grant general amnesty to his "great and good friend Dole" and his followers in the revolution, and if she did this, it was his wish that Mr. Dole would step down and out, and surrender the Government to her. But as Congress alone has power to declare war, he said Mr. Willis could not use force, for the landing of troops to restore the queen would be a declaration of war, and would subject the President himself to impeachment.

On the 16th, the ex-queen again went to Minister Willis, who said:

"The President expects and believes that when reinstated you will show forgiveness and magnanimity." He then wanted to know if she had changed her mind

since November 13. She said she would let Dole and his friends keep their heads, but that they and their families must be deported, and their property confiscated. Their presence and that of their children would always be a menace to her and her people.

She also insisted on being reinstated with a new constitution, similar to the one she had attempted to promulgate. She generously agreed to pay all the obligations incurred by the republic out of the confiscated property.

The ex-queen was flatly told that Mr. Cleveland through his officers would not attempt to restore her unless she would guarantee full amnesty as to both life and property. Seeing that it was the only way possible for her again to ascend the throne, she consented that full and complete amnesty should be granted her subjects, much as it grieved her heart to do so.

The most interested parties to this contract were these same subjects, who were supposed to know nothing about the many secret caucuses and plans; but the whole matter leaked out in spite of all the efforts at secrecy, and the entire city was wild with excitement. Rumors were abroad, and women and children distracted with fear.

Mr. H. F. Glade, consul for Germany, on the morning of the 18th, called upon Mr. Willis and asked him to say something to allay the extreme tension of alarm

which was paralyzing all business and filling the people with terror. The minister replied that he was unable to say anything—that he was laboring to the utmost to secure a result satisfactory to all parties, but did not expect to attain that end under forty-eight hours.

Increased activity, stir, and preparations on board the men-of-war *Philadelphia* and *Adams* were discernible all that morning. Crowds of natives thronged to the wharves in expectation of an immediate landing of the United States marines to restore the queen. A majority of the native police threw up their positions, rather than take the required oath to support the Government.

The patriots gave President Dole and the officers of the republic the strongest assurances of their readiness to resist to the death the United States forces in any attempt to restore the queen. The Government at first felt some hesitation in proposing to Americans to fire on the flag of their country. The urgent appeals from American citizens, however, determined them not to yield without some show of resistance at least. Had they known that the ex-queen had ever expressed a desire to behead or transport them, at that moment when excitement had risen to such a pitch, the farce might have ended in a tragedy.

President Dole wrote a note to Minister Willis, asking him if he was really holding secret meetings with Liliuokalani with the intention of restoring her to

the throne, and demanded an explanation of his mysterious conduct. Mr. Willis answered that he had a communication from his Government which he wished to make to the provisional government, asking the president to set an hour. The hour of 1:30 P.M., December 19, 1893, was fixed. At 9:30 A.M. on that very day, Mr. Carter had brought the ex-queen's express agreement to all the conditions required, assuring full amnesty to all her subjects on condition of her restoration by the United States.

At the hour agreed upon, Minister Willis called upon President Dole and his cabinet, and read from a prepared speech a statement expressing the regret of the President of the United States that they had taken the law into their own hands in overthrowing monarchy. He also read the agreement of the queen to grant full amnesty if she was once more restored.

He said that the President did not believe that the Hawaiian republic was established by the Hawaiian people, but by Minister Stevens and Captain Wiltse of the *Boston*, and that her majesty Liliuokalani ought to be restored. He concluded with:

"It becomes my further duty to advise you, sir, the executive of the provisional government and your ministers, of the President's determination of the question, which your action and that of the queen devolved upon him, and that you are expected to promptly relinquish to her her constitutional authority.

"And now, Mr. President and gentlemen of the pro-

James A. King,
Minister of Interior.

S. B. Dole,
President.

W. O. Smith,
Attorney-General.

P. C. Jones,
Minister of Finance.

PRESIDENT DOLE AND HIS FIRST CABINET.

visional government, with a deep and solemn sense of the gravity of the situation and with the earnest hope that your answer will be inspired by that high patriotism which forgets all self-interest, in the name and by the authority of the United States of America, I submit to you the question, Are you willing to abide by the decision of the President?"

President Dole, who listened carefully to his speech, informed the minister that he would give the matter due consideration, and answer him later. It was a plain proposition and did not require much study to give a decision. A man in his senses is not apt to surrender the liberties he has risked his life to obtain.

President Dole's reply to the demand of Minister Willis is an excellent state paper. After discussing their conduct and their right to frame and form a Government of their own, irrespective of the United States, he denied that the United States had any right to interfere now with their Government. The sum-total of President Dole's answer to the demand of Minister Willis was that he refused to surrender to the ex-queen.

The transmission of President Dole's letter, it was supposed, would result in the landing of troops from the *Adams* and *Philadelphia*, and active preparations for defense were made. The patriots filled bags with sand, and entrenched the capitol building. Their batteries were manned and men kept constantly on duty. The citizens' guard, the regulars and militia,

bade adieu to their families and took their places behind the breastworks to die by the bullets and bayonets of the marines, rather than to be enslaved by a tyrannical monarchy.

The officers and marines of the *Philadelphia* were in sympathy with the patriots, and took many ways to show it. They kept them posted as to all that took place on board the vessels, and of every visit made by the American minister. One of the secret messages sent to Colonel J. H. Soper, commander-in-chief of the Hawaiian army, was in substance as follows:

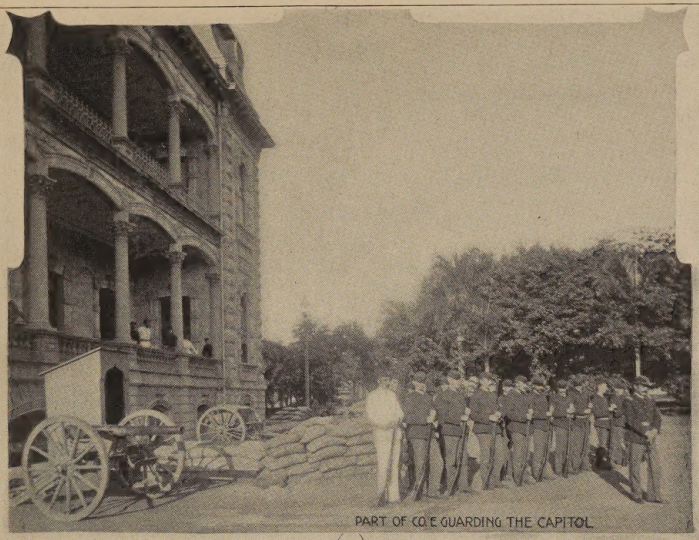
"If we land, for God's sake don't allow your men to fire on us, but move back and take all your arms and ammunition with you. All we will be required to do will be to place the queen in the government building, then retire and leave her alone."

This verbal message was received on December 5. The day previous Colonel Soper had received the following note in pencil, written on a piece of wrapping paper:

"There will be a landing-party from the ship to-morrow at 10 A.M. Do not be caught with your eyes shut. . . . The American Minister spent an hour on board the ship this morning. Yours truly,

_____"

There was a rumor among the patriots, to the effect that the officers of the *Philadelphia* held a meeting at



PART OF CO. E GUARDING THE CAPITOL

FORTIFYING AGAINST THE PHILADELPHIA

REVOLUTIONARY SCENES

which it was decided not to fire on the patriots even if commanded to do so, but this rumor was never verified.

The ship was cleared and guns ready. Boats were lowered and manned, and it seemed as if trouble was inevitable. The women and children were almost frantic with fear, while the husbands, fathers, and brothers took their places in line of battle, pale but firm and determined.

The commander-in-chief, with President Dole and his cabinet, consulted on what was best, and finally reached the following conclusion. They wished above all things to avoid a collision with the United States marines. Colonel Soper knew that the royalists were eager to bring on an engagement between the Americans and the patriots. They would themselves open fire on the marines, to lay the blame on the patriots. He stationed sharpshooters in the top of the capitol building with orders to shoot every royalist who should fire on the marines.

Colonel Soper had fifteen hundred men under arms. It was a dark, rainy day. Express wagons were on the ground in which all the ammunition was loaded. The cannon could either be dragged off or rendered useless by removing the supporting pins. The intentions of the commander-in-chief were kept even from his subordinate officers, who supposed, and many of whom suppose to this day, that they were to fight.

But if the troops had landed, Colonel Soper, with the information he had, intended to retire before them with all the arms and ammunition. All the gates were to be locked with Yale locks so they would have to break them down, and this would detain them for some time. When the ex-queen had been placed in the executive building, the marines having performed their duty would retire, and the patriots could retake the building, capture the queen, and resume business as a republic.

But the people of Honolulu were never in any danger of an attack from the marines of the *Philadelphia*, for there never was any intention to land them. On the 29th the arrival of President Cleveland's message referring the whole matter to the arbitrament of Congress relieved both the Government and the people from the long strain of apprehension and alarm. The President of the United States knew he had no authority to overthrow the republic of Hawaii. If they had glanced at Article I., Section 8, of the Constitution of the United States, the people would have understood that the President did not dare land troops in Honolulu for a warlike purpose.

CHAPTER XXXI

The Uprising of 1895

After the ineffectual efforts to restore the queen, the republic of the Pacific would, no doubt, have been at peace but for foreign interference. On July 4, 1894, the provisional government was made permanent, and those whose hearts were fixed on annexation determined to abide the result in silence.

The natives were well treated and filled a majority of the offices at the disposal of the chief executive. In this way a great many were won over to the republic. The elective franchise was extended to all Hawaiians who would take the oath of allegiance to the new Government, and particular pains were taken to reconcile the natives to the new order of things.

No punishment would be too severe for the "missionary government," as the patriots are sometimes called, if they had injured the Hawaiian people as has been charged. With all their faults, the Hawaiians are kind-hearted, gentle, affectionate, and hospitable, and any men who would take advantage of their

generosity, usurp their Government, and enslave them, ought to be severely punished. The facts show however that the missionaries, these "P. G.'s" as they are derisively called, are the only true friends the Hawaiians have on the islands. They who first induced the king to give them lands and homes and liberties are now the people who favor placing them on an equal footing with the greatest men of the earth.

Up to the time of the insurrection of 1895, some of the natives were kept in a constant state of alarm by designing parties, who were trying to convince them that their property and liberties were to be taken from them.

It is claimed that among those most active in fanning the flame against the Hawaiian republic were some of the English in Honolulu. There were many things sufficient to arouse suspicion. On January 3, 1895, only three days before the insurrection, the following notice appeared in the daily papers of Honolulu:

"British subjects residing in the Hawaiian Islands are requested to register themselves at her Britannic Majesty's Consulate-General, Honolulu. They will be required to produce their certificates of birth or some other satisfactory proof of their right to the nationality they claim, and further to make solemn declaration that they have not at any time renounced this nationality. British subjects not residing in Honolulu should apply to H. B.

PRESIDENT DOLE PROCLAIMING THE REPUBLIC OF HAWAII.

Hawaiian Copyright, F. Clifford, July 6, 1894.

M. Commissioner and Consul-General for the forms of registration which they will be required to sign.

(Signed) "A. G. S. HAWES,
"*H. B. M. Commissioner and Consul-General.*
"HONOLULU, January 3, 1895."

A gentleman living in Honolulu at the time, in speaking of this notice, said:

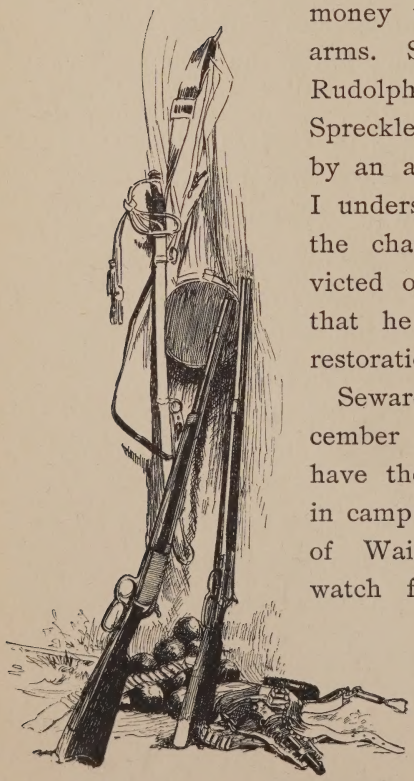
"At the time I considered the notice significant, tending to show that the commissioner was a man of at least extraordinary foresight and prudence. The power behind the insurrection of 1895 was unquestionably English; and how far British officials may have influenced the crisis, by commission or omission, is a question that to my mind would not at the time have borne close investigation."

Much of the war or insurrection of 1895 is still veiled in mystery. The insurrection was on the people before they even suspected it. It seems that after the refusal of President Dole and his cabinet to abdicate in favor of the queen, on the demand of Minister Willis, the royalists lost all hope of the United States aiding them, and began secretly to connive and scheme to restore the ex-queen. It is charged that the Louisiana Lottery, the only friend the royalists have in America, was at the bottom of the plot. Many of the instigators were too cowardly to take the field themselves, but put the poor Kanaka to the front, and took care to keep themselves out of

danger. Claiming to be the friends of the native, they set him up as a target before the men who really wanted to be his friends.

From the best information that can be gained, Major W. T. Seward, a white man and an American, went to San Francisco, and purchased two hundred and eighty-eight Winchester carbines, eighty revolvers, and a thousand rounds of ammunition, and had them sent on board a sealing schooner, the *H. C. Wahlburg*, by a tug, after the schooner had cleared the port of San Francisco.

There has been much question as to where the money was obtained to purchase the arms. Some say it was procured from Rudolph Spreckles, a young son of Claus Spreckles; others that it was furnished by an agent of the Lottery Company. I understand that Mr. Spreckles denies the charge; he has never been convicted of it, and there is no evidence that he could have profited by the restoration of the queen.



Seward returned to Honolulu on December 3 and made arrangements to have the natives under John Cummins in camp on an island at the farther end of Waimanalo called "Manana," and watch for the schooner. This island

WASHINGTON PLACE, RESIDENCE OF
EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI.

is known by Americans as "Rabbit Island," and is not far from the eastern point of Oahu, called "Makapuu." On December 22 the preconcerted signal, a blue light, was observed. The natives answered by a red light from the island, and the schooner replied with a white light.

A boat brought from Honolulu manned by natives put off to the schooner, which was standing off and on the island. Rabbit Island is well to the windward of Oahu and not likely to be observed, especially at night. When within hailing distance the boat was challenged, and the password demanded. The password, in contempt of the new government, was "Missionary!" It was given and the boat came alongside.

A three-quarter white named George Townsend boarded the schooner, and after some conversation two cases, containing in all eighty revolvers, were put in the boat, landed on the island, put in grain-bags with a quantity of cartridges, and buried in the sand.

After her overthrow the ex-queen went to live at her private residence in Honolulu, known as Washington Place. The pistols landed on Rabbit Island were afterward taken ashore and carried to Honolulu by way of Nuuanu Pali by three natives, and delivered to Captain Samuel Nowlein, late of the queen's guard at Washington Place (the queen's residence), and distributed to the natives. Charles Warren, a half-white in the employ of the ex-queen in the capacity of re-

tainer or servant, went aboard the schooner, which weighed anchor and stood off to windward. Captain Nowlein and Major Seward were notified of the action of the schooner.

W. H. Rickard, an Englishman, hired Captain Davies, another Englishman, to take his little steamer, the *Waimanalo*, to go around to the eastern part of Oahu and take the rest on board. Captain Davies was to receive ten thousand dollars for his services, of which sum twenty dollars was advanced for coal. The *Waimanalo* left Honolulu and anchored off the island, apparently for fishing, without arousing any suspicion, for the vessel had been spending days at a time working on a wreck off Molokai. Moreover, that part of Waimanaloland is seldom visited by any white persons, and the island itself would shut off the view of the steamer from the observation of persons at the plantation. On Sunday night, December 30, 1894, the captain of the steamer saw the preconcerted signal light, weighed anchor, met the schooner, and gave the password "Missionary," after which the arms, the two hundred and eighty-eight Winchester carbines and ammunition, were transferred by the boat to the steamer. The steamer came around Koko Head to Diamond Head. When near there W. H. Rickard came on board from Henry Bertleman's house. Bertleman is a half-white who was formerly on the queen's staff. Rickard questioned Warren as to the

number of rifles and cartridges on board, entering the amounts in a previously prepared letter, and sent it ashore to Bertleman.

Rickard stood off for twenty-four hours in the steamer *Waimanalo*. While away from shore the rifles were on the steamer's upper deck, and the men practised with them. This was on Wednesday, January 2. On Thursday night the steamer again came up to Bertleman's, and R. W. Wilcox came on board in a canoe, and said the arms could not be landed in Honolulu as arranged for, so the steamer stood off to Kahala, just east of Diamond Head, and landed them there. One case was buried in the sand, and a boat-load hid among the algaroba trees. This same evening (January 3) a large number of natives gathered at "Fisherman's Point" (immigration station, near saluting battery), and several special policemen were captured and their badges and pistols taken from them. Wilcox was at Fisherman's Point, and seeing that the Government had some knowledge of the gathering, went to Diamond Head and warned the steamer not to come into the harbor there to land the arms. It had been arranged to land part at Fisherman's Point and a part at the fish-market on Queen Street. Meanwhile T. B. Walker, an Englishman, son-in-law of John Cummins, had at Captain Nowlein's request filled on Sunday (December 30) some nine cast-iron shells with giant powder and bird-shot,

and had his son deliver them to Nowlein on New Year's Day. These shells or bombs had been cast at White & Ritman's foundry in Honolulu. Near midnight on Thursday, Walker went to the fish-market to see that the rifles and ammunition were safely landed there. He waited a long time, and not knowing of the change in the plans went home. On Saturday, January 5, many natives began to collect in small numbers at Antone Rosa's house, just beyond Diamond Head. The place is called "Kaalawai." The gathering of men continued on Sunday, January 6. That day the telephone-station (marine telegraph station) was taken possession of by armed men, and the telephone instrument wrenched out; Charlie Peterson and daughter, the operators, were made prisoners by the rebels, as were also some dozen other persons, residents and tourists who were taking Sunday strolls in and beyond the park. These were all taken to Rosa's place, kept under guard all night, and liberated on Monday.

It is reported that one of the conspirators was to blow up Central Union Church on Sunday night while the congregation was assembled there for worship. President Dole and cabinet, Chief Justice Judd, and many of the civil and military officers, would be in the church, and almost the entire Government could be swept away at a blow; but the same bomb would have killed hundreds of women and children.

It was Nowlein's plan to begin the attack at two o'clock Monday morning, the 7th. No better hour could have been selected. The order from Nowlein was to send a field-squad of leaders and their men to assemble at Kaalawai, the home of Antone Rosa, half-caste attorney, around Diamond Head from town. The men started at once. Recruits were gathered on the way. Some were lured by promises of feasting and drinking, and others pressed into service at the muzzle of the rifle.

The arms landed from the *Waimanalo* and buried in the sand were taken up and cleaned. Each recruit was provided with two or three belts of cartridges. In addition to the Winchesters and revolvers, they had a few hand-grenades to use at close quarters.

Unfortunately for the success of their plans the conspirators captured some gin and whisky, and began celebrating their victory in advance. Early Sunday afternoon they began practising with rifles and pistols, and yelling like Western cowboys on a frolic. News came to Marshal Hitchcock early in the afternoon that men had been seen with arms near Bertleman's house, and it was believed that a quantity of arms was stored in the building. Bertleman's house is on the town side of Diamond Head, and a squad of rebels under Lot Lane had been sent to guard the arms at this place.

Deputy Marshal Brown and Captain Parker, a nephew of Hon. Samuel Parker, with half a dozen Hawaiian mounted police, were sent to make the search. Brown rode up to the house with his men at his heels, and told Bertleman his mission. He dismounted and was reading the warrant to Bertleman, who declared: "I know nothing about it!"

At this moment a shot, followed by two or three more, was fired at the men in the yard. From another building the conspirators had opened fire on the police. J. B. Castle, Charles L. Carter, and Alfred Carter had followed close after the police, and came up just in time to take part in the battle that was raging in the yard.

Charles L. Carter fell with two mortal wounds, and lived but a few hours. Holi, a Hawaiian police-lieutenant, was shot through the body, but recovered. Another native officer had an arm shattered by an insurgent's bullet. The dying Charles Carter was taken into Bertleman's house, and Castle remained with him. Captain Parker captured two of the insurgents and started to Honolulu with them. Alfred Carter went for a doctor for his cousin, Brown left to call for reinforcements, and the native policemen remained at the house fighting overwhelming odds. Reinforcements came from the insurrectionists' camp, and opened fire on the house in which Mr. Castle, the wounded men, and police were. The native police

CITIZENS GUARD.

DEFENDING THE CAPITOL.

REVOLUTIONARY SCENES.

threatened to kill Mr. Bertleman unless the enemy ceased firing, and the shooting stopped.

Captain Parker had a narrow escape. The royalists had placed a price on his head; he was chased into the brush and remained there until daylight.

When Alfred Carter returned with Dr. Walters for the wounded men, they were fired on and driven back. But about this time a detachment of Company E, National Guard of Hawaii, under Lieutenant King arrived, and the insurgents retired. Dr. Walters, accompanied by Dr. Murray and Chester A. Doyle from Sans Souci Hotel, then went and removed Charles L. Carter to his home, where he died, and Holi and the policeman were taken to the hospital.

Meanwhile the large congregation which can always be found in Central Union Church on Sabbath evening was assembled for worship. The prayer, the singing, the Scripture reading were all impressive. The text was taken and the good man proceeded with his discourse. The utmost attention was given to it, and no one saw the man slip in at the door and, approaching Edwin Benner, whisper in his ear:

"The insurrection is on, and they are now fighting beyond Waikiki. Carter is killed and several are wounded. Notify all members of the Guard to assemble at their quarters at once."

Benner promptly rose from his seat and went quietly from pew to pew, moving calmly and cau-

tiously on tiptoe so as not to disturb the sermon. He whispered a word here and there, and men silently but quickly arose, and without betraying any excitement glided out. The good pastor went on with his sermon, but the silent departure of so many caused a little ripple of excitement and considerable mental speculation. Many a listener grew restless and uneasy, while there was some whispered speculation as to the cause of the departure of so many.

At last the clatter of cavalry, the rush of infantry, and roll of artillery on the street passing the church told every one that the war was on. The silent worshipers had been changed in the short space of ten minutes to fierce armed warriors rushing to battle in defense of their country. How wonderfully perfect must have been that organization, and how terribly in earnest the patriots, for the sermon to which they had sat down to listen as citizens was not half finished before they were changed to an army thundering on to battle!

Those still within the church could wait no longer, but rushed to the street in a mass; the sermon came to an unceremonious close, and the preacher himself, with eager, anxious face, went out to learn the cause of all the tumult. That Sunday night is one long to be remembered in Honolulu. The most intense excitement prevailed. The telephone-bells rang inces-

santly, as news flew from one end of the island to the other. Soldiers were forming and marching to the front. Every one was in total ignorance of the number and location of the enemy.

At daylight a few of the militia still held Bertleman's house.

About seventy of the natives under the half-caste Robert W. Wilcox and Lot Lane opened fire on the house from the ravines of Diamond Head as soon as it was light enough to see. Lieutenant King went with a small force of militia to engage the enemy, but was met by a withering fire, and, finding them too strongly posted to charge with the bayonet, he fell back.

A large force of insurgents was in the hollow basin or crater of Diamond Head, and so strongly posted that it was impossible to dislodge them from the land. A howitzer was placed on the deck of the tug *Eleu*, Captain J. W. Pratt, and it steamed out into the harbor close to Diamond Head and began shelling the enemy. The bombardment of Diamond Head continued from sea and land. Lieutenant Coyne came up with reinforcements and one cannon under Mr. Rhodes. Shot and shell and rifle-bullets were soon whistling and shrieking about the enemy, and by the time the sun had set, the conspirators were driven from their position and sent flying to the mountains back of Diamond Head. Not a man in the patriots'

forces had been killed, while it was reported that five of the rebels were dead.

On Sunday night Captain Nowlein with a large force started to take possession of Punchbowl Hill, at the rear of Honolulu. Had he gained it, and been supplied with artillery, it would have been a most advantageous post. Early Monday morning Marshal Hitchcock sent Captain Tim Murray with thirty-five men to head off any detour of this sort. Just about sunrise Murray and his men were fired into at close range from stone walls and the cover of heavy underbrush of lantana. A couple of hand-grenades were thrown at them, and they thought they were being assailed with canister. The enemy being strongly posted and outnumbering them, Murray's forces beat a retreat. Captain Ziegler, with sharpshooters and a field-piece, was sent to Murray's aid, and the battle renewed.

Ziegler established a line along the Moliili road and answered the fire from both sides. For nearly an hour the battle raged. The constant cracking of rifle shots and cheers of combatants were interrupted only by the hoarse roar of the deep-throated cannon sending solid shot and shell crashing into the stone and brambles.

The main body of conspirators was located among the rocks in a small extinct volcano. It took fifteen shells to dislodge them. After the explosion of each

shell the enemy would leap from cover and fire at the patriots, and then return to safety in the crater. Nowlein commanded the enemy at this place in person and had with him Greig, Widemann, and Marshall.

Ziegler sent Lieutenant Ludewig with a force to attack Nowlein in the flank. Ludewig was wounded in the thigh while making this movement; but the insurgents were getting the worst of it, and a white flag was seen to rise among the lantana, and seven men came in and surrendered. Others followed until thirty-three insurgents and seventeen guns were in the hands of the patriots, the other rebels having fled.

Among the prominent men of Honolulu who took part in this engagement as sharpshooters were Frank Clifford, Secretary Scott of the Board of Education, D. W. Corbett, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Joseph Marsden, L. L. McCandless, and William J. Forbes. Minister Damon was on the field, and Major Potter rode up and down the line of battle encouraging the troops. Notwithstanding the fight lasted almost an hour, and thousands of shots were fired, only three of the insurgents were killed. These, as usual, were natives. The white men, who had made a cat's-paw of them, escaped. Tho the marching and skirmishing was not all done, this fight practically broke the backbone of the insurrection.

Tuesday was spent in searching for the enemy and

following up rumors. On the march from Moliili road to the foothills, and from the road to Diamond Head, a few prisoners were taken and many guns picked up. Twenty rifles that had never seen service were found in a little fort near Waialae.

On Wednesday afternoon the patriot army came upon the enemy at Manoa, under the command of Robert W. Wilcox, who had received his military training in Italy. Wilcox made a stubborn fight. His men were strongly posted behind stones and in lantana bushes, while the soldiers of the republic were in an open space. Artillery and sharpshooters were hurried forward. After their arrival the conflict became too hot for the insurgents, and they fled. Wilcox left ten men behind to cover his retreat, and went to Panoa valley. Two of his natives came in under a white flag; one of them had his ear cut by a bullet. They led the way to where a third lay dead with a bullet in his brain. The firing did not cease until long after darkness had fallen upon the scene.

Manoa decided the insurrection against the rebels. The remainder of the week was given up to man-hunting. The rank and file, being natives, were coming in and surrendering, but the ringleaders were at large; many of them were never known, and have escaped punishment.

On Monday, January 14, 1895, Captain Parker, who was in the hills, learned of a native named Paiaina

Nalua that knew where Nowlein, Greig, Widemann, and Marshall were hiding. Marshall Hitchcock and Senator Waterhouse arrested the man, and under the interrogation of W. A. Kinney and Chief Justice Judd, he told them of a woman who knew where the insurgents were. A large force was sent to the vicinity, and on threatening the woman's son she revealed the hiding-place of the insurgents. The lad carried a message to their leaders demanding an immediate unconditional surrender. In a few moments they came out of the bushes, torn, bedraggled, and dirty, and as pitiable objects as one would wish to see. Marshall, who was merely a boy, was the only one who could summon a smile. He whistled as he was taken to town. This meeting of men who had been acquaintances, and even friends, was more trying than the battles in which they had fought.

Five hours after the capture of the four leaders, Robert Wilcox was taken and placed in jail. But one ringleader was still at large. He was Lot Lane. It was feared they would have considerable trouble with him, for Lane was a bold, desperate man. But on the 16th, just ten days after the insurrection commenced, Lane, completely starved out, came in and surrendered. He said:

"I saw it was no use to offer further battle against skilled troops and artillery." He subsequently added: "I went into this thing with my eyes open and on

principle. We are whipped, and I only hope that none of my friends on either side are hurt."

On Wednesday it was determined to arrest the ex-queen as one of the conspirators. She was a strong woman and it was thought she would resist. Captain Parker and Marshal Brown found her at her house, and Captain Parker told her he had an order for her arrest. She did not faint or cry out, but merely said: "All right; I will go."

In a few minutes Liliuokalani had made her toilet, and dressed entirely in black entered the carriage with Deputy Brown and Captain Parker. Mrs. Clark, her lady-in-waiting, followed in another cab with a hand-satchel.

The queen's premises were searched, and in a mine four feet under the ground, at the rear of her house, were found twenty-one giant-powder bombs, thirty-four rifles, eleven revolvers, five swords, thirty-eight belts filled with rifle-cartridges, eight belts filled with pistol-cartridges, and about one thousand rounds of ammunition. Sixteen bombs, or hand-grenades, made of cement, were found, four hand-bombs made of iron, and one of coconut shell.

An examination of the queen's escritoire showed that she had issued commissions to Robert W. Wilcox as minister of foreign affairs; Samuel Nowlein as minister of the interior; Charles T. Gulick as minister of finance; C. W. Ashford as attorney-general;

A. S. Cleghorn as governor of Oahu. Justices of the supreme court were Rosa and V. V. Ashford. Tho professing to hate all white men and to desire only natives in her country, the ex-queen was willing to place white men in her cabinet when she could get such as were willing to do her bidding.

The dispute in Hawaii is not so much a race-quarrel as a conflict of certain foreigners against American influence, and of a certain other influence against the missionary element. There are natives and white men on both sides. English influence and the lottery are arrayed on one side, and the American missionary and all moral, liberty-loving men, without regard to nationality, on the other.

Among those who took part in the suppression of the rebellion were several ministers of the Gospel. Mr. D. W. Corbett, who is a local preacher, was a sharpshooter. Rev. H. W. Peck, pastor of the M. E. church at Honolulu, was another; but no fighting parson or praying man was found on the other side.

The ringleaders were tried, convicted, and sentenced, but ultimately pardoned as has been related. Since then, with the exception of two more agents of the Louisiana Lottery, Sherman and Underwood, being captured, December, 1895, while trying to stir up an insurrection in the interest of the lottery, Hawaii has enjoyed perfect peace. The lottery and opium men will receive little encouragement there

in the future, for the people of Hawaii are heartily tired of being made catspaws to rake out other people's chestnuts.

The three years of the republic have been wonderfully prosperous. In September, 1895, cholera was brought to the islands in a ship from China, but the prompt action of the Board of Health stamped out the disease. The republic has proved a success, it is growing stronger every day, and tho it has foes without and within, it has successfully baffled them all. The people are prosperous, happy, and blessed beyond average mankind.

CHAPTER XXXII

Inter-Island Commerce

Inter-island commerce in Hawaii has been of phenomonally rapid growth. Our ignorance of the business and of the possible future of business developments of the islands often leads to the expression, "What is the use of making such a fuss over such a little, insignificant country anyway?"

When I determined to visit the Hawaiian Islands the question that perplexed me most was how I could get from one to another. I did not know that there was any packet line other than a native canoe for conveying passengers from island to island. On my arrival I found two steamship companies wholly engaged in inter-island commerce, with from sixteen to twenty steamers making regular trips on schedule time.

No doubt the only navigation known in early days was the double canoe, which in later years gave place to the sailing schooner or coaster. There are many people living on the islands who can remember the days of the sailing schooners, when adverse winds might make it necessary to spend a week in the passage from one island to another. Miss Bird, in

her book on the "Sandwich Islands," published in 1876, refers to the inter-island schooner, *The Rolling Moses*, as an uncomfortable means of going from island to island.

The importance of inter-island steam navigation, and the great advantage it has been to the development of the sugar and other industries, can hardly be overestimated. It is but fifteen years since the transportation facilities of the islands consisted exclusively of the boat *Kilauea*, which was run at a continuous loss by the Government, and the most sanguine would not have dreamed that in less than a score of years two large steamship companies, with an aggregate fleet of sixteen to twenty vessels, would be kept busy with the inter-island trade.

But the growth of the sugar and rice industries was watched by keen, sagacious business men, who were no false prophets when they declared there was a golden future in store for Hawaii. Among the most sagacious and sanguine of these inter-island navigators was Mr. S. G. Wilder, who took the agency for the *Kilauea*, and subsequently purchased the vessel. When he assumed the management and proprietorship of the *Kilauea*, that vessel, instead of being run at a loss, became a paying property. In 1877 the increasing business demanded another steamer, and the *Likelike* was ordered in San Francisco, and built under his direction and according to his plans. Upon the

arrival of the *Likelike*, she was bought from the Government at cost price; the *Kilauea* was also acquired about this time, and the transportation business carried forward as a private enterprise. In 1878 the *Mokolii* was built at San Francisco, and the following year the *Lehua* was added to the fleet.

In 1883 the *Kinau*, a magnificent iron vessel, was built in Philadelphia. These vessels were run as a private enterprise by S. G. Wilder until the incorporation of the Wilder Steamship Company in 1883. In 1884 the *Kilauea Hou* (*New Kilauea*), built in Honolulu, was purchased by the company.

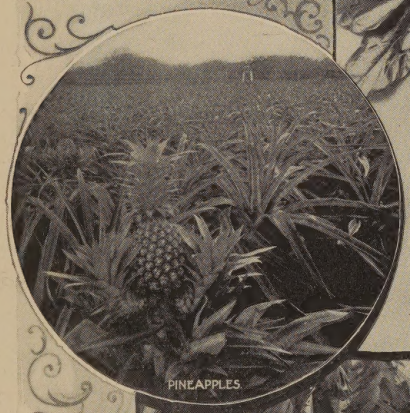
In 1890 the steamer *Hawaii*, especially constructed for the sugar-carrying trade, and the *Claudine*, a beautiful ship of eight hundred and forty tons, were built in Scotland and entered into the inter-island service. The *Claudine* and the equally handsome and efficient steamer *Kinau* do the largest part of the passenger traffic of the company, and are the only steamers of the line running on regular schedule time. The other vessels are now used as freight-boats, but sometimes carry passengers as an accommodation.

The *Claudine* and *Kinau* are elegantly appointed, with all the latest improvements throughout, including electric lights. The service and attendance are equal to those of the larger steamers. Some of my most pleasant voyages were made in these vessels. The *Kinau* makes regular trips to Hilo and return, stopping at

Lahaina and Maalea Bay, Maui, and at Mahukona and other landings on the Hamakua coast of Hawaii. The *Claudine* runs between Honolulu and Maui ports.

The Wilder Steamship Company was incorporated with a capital stock of half a million, all of which was subscribed in the Hawaiian Islands. About one half of the stock is owned by the Wilder estate. Their route to the volcano by way of Hilo is one of the favorite routes for tourists. The following is the list of the company's ships with their gross tonnage: *Kinau* 975, *Claudine* 840, *Likelike* 507, *Hawaii* 301, *Kilauea Hou* 208, *Lehua* 176, and *Mokolii* 72. The business for the last five years has fluctuated from $325,000 to nearly $500,000 per annum. In 1891–92 the company paid $45,000 in dividends, making nine per cent. on the capital stock. For 1893–94–95, the company paid $55,000 in dividends, making an annual dividend of eleven per cent. on the capital stock.

The Inter-Island Steam ship Navigation Company is also a corporation whose enterprise and liberal methods in the conduct of business have been prime factors in the development and directing of many industrial Hawaiian matters. Their line is another favorite route for tourists to the volcano. They go down the coast on the opposite side of the island from the ships of the Wilder Company. To see all the island one had better go on the Wilder Company's boat, the *Kinau*, cross over by stage to the volcano, and



HAWAIIAN FRUIT CULTURE.

thence to Punaluu and return on the *W. G. Hall.* The fare by either or both routes from Honolulu to the volcano and return, including hotel, is $50. The *W. G. Hall* touches at Lahaina and Maalae Bay on Maui, then steers for the larger island Hawaii. The *Hall* and *Iwalani* each make trips to Maui and Hawaii, the *Hall* running on regular schedule time. Both vessels are provided with elegant accommodations. The steamers *C. R. Bishop* and *Kaala* make frequent trips around the island of Oahu, stopping at different points.

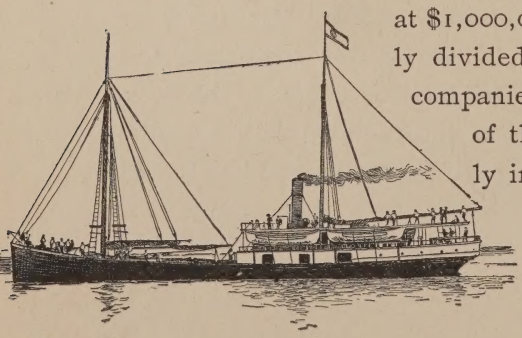
The *Mikahala* leaves Honolulu for Nawiliwili and other landings on Kauai every Tuesday, and the steamers *Waialeale*, *James Makee*, and others make regular voyages to Kauai.

The original founders of the Inter-Island Steamship Navigation Company were Messrs. J. R. Foster & Co., who were owners of a fleet of seven schooners, engaged in carrying freight between Honolulu and other portions of the Hawaiian Islands. The increasing business of the firm required greater and more expeditious facilities for the transportation of passengers and freight, and in 1879 the *James Makee*, under command of Captain W. B. Godfrey, was the pioneer steam-vessel of the company. The following year (1880) the steamer *C. R. Bishop* was purchased, and shortly afterward the *Iwalani* was added to the fleet. In 1893 the company was incorporated with a capital of $425,000, and with J. R. Foster as president. At

his death in 1889 Captain W. B. Godfrey became president.

Captain Godfrey is another example of what pluck, energy, and perseverance can do. He is a native of Nova Scotia, and is now about fifty-seven years of age. His father was a ship-carpenter, and while Captain Godfrey was an infant the family removed to Rockland, Me. Captain Godfrey enjoyed few advantages of school in his early life, and while yet a boy became a sailor. During the War of the Rebellion he served in the United States Navy, carrying supplies for the paymaster's department. After the war he accepted the position of captain of a merchantman, and after many trials and adventures drifted to the Hawaiian Islands early in the seventies. In 1877 he married a young lady in Honolulu. He was commander of the *James Makee*, as stated, until he became president of the company.

The vessels of the Inter-Island Steamship Navigation Company are the *W. G. Hall*, 380 tons net; *Mikahala*, 354; *Iwalani*, 240; *Kauai*, 265; *Ke Au Hou*, 193; *Waialeale*, 196; *James Makee*, 137; *Kaala*, 91.



The inter-island commerce can safely be estimated at $1,000,000 per annum, equally divided between these two companies. As the business of the islands is constantly increasing there is no

telling to what proportions it may grow. It is quite evident that not over twenty-five per cent. of the industries are yet developed, and, for aught we may know, not one tenth. Both companies pay larger dividends than three fourths of the railroads in America, and if taken upon a profit-sharing basis are far more valuable.

The inter-island commerce, like all business of the islands, has something about it very attractive. People residing along the wild, rocky shores of Kona look forward to "steamer-day" with the greatest pleasure. The ship from Honolulu, which is the center of their little world, brings letters from friends, papers, and visitors. The natives are great patrons of the inter-island vessels, and scarce a ship leaves any port that does not have from a dozen to twoscore dark-skinned passengers on board, who crowd the steerage.

The sailors of the inter-island vessels are almost exclusively Hawaiians. They are faithful, brave, and skilful. No white men could man boats and take them safely through such raging surf as sometimes rolls along the bays of the Hawaiian Islands. A storm must be fearful, indeed, if the Kanaka sailor does not brave it in his open boat. Many of the landings have to be made at midnight, but the night is never so dark that the sharp eyes of the native sailors can not penetrate it and see the beacon-lights on the docks or along the shore. When their boats are cap-

sized by the heaving waves, the sailors have been known to seize the passengers and swim ashore with them. But accidents are rare, and travel among the islands may be considered as safe as between New York and Chicago. The beautiful scenery and many curious and interesting incidents make it well worth one's while to take the voyage.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Railroads and Uninhabited Islands

Almost every large plantation on the Hawaiian Islands has a plantation railroad. These roads extend over the plantation, all converging to the mill, and sometimes several plantations are connected by a single railroad. The rails are small and the track "portable." The road can be changed without much expense, and often the track is laid, the road used until the crop is planted, then the track taken up, the ground plowed, and cane planted where the road had been.

The rails are slight, and the "cross-ties" are often made of iron in sections, so that when they are laid down flat on the ground, and bolted together, the road is complete. The plantation car and train is used in many ways. The manager often rides in his special flat car over the field; the road carries the hands to work in the morning, brings them home in the evening, brings cane to the mills, and carries steam-plows to the fields; it carries machinery, and in a hundred other ways makes itself indispensable.

Tho small and light, the engines draw tremendous

loads. A plantation, with its many switches and cars, has the appearance of a railroad junction. When the mills are in operation, there can be found no more animated scene. Great trains of cars, loaded with cane from the fields, are continually seen crowding toward the mills, and from them the cane in a mighty stream is taken to the carrier, and fed into the great crushers which extract the juice.

On September 4, 1889, the whistle of the locomotive was heard for the first time on the Hawaiian Islands among the hills that environ Honolulu, signaling the initial trip of the first passenger train over the Oahu Railroad. If there was any man who deserved to be proud on that day it was B. F. Dillingham, the man whose foresight and genius had first projected the road, and whose perseverance had enabled him to surmount almost innumerable difficulties and realize his ideal.

Mr. Dillingham is the Jay Gould of Hawaii. Perhaps he was the first man to conceive the plan of a railroad on the islands. He was thought to be visionary at first, and it was doubted if a railroad on those small islands would ever pay, unless a bridge could be built from one to the other, a plan long since abandoned as impracticable. Mr. Dillingham was born in West Brewster, Mass., September 4, 1844. At the age of fourteen, he shipped before the mast on the vessel *Southern Cross* for a voyage around the Horn to

San Francisco, which he reached in 1859, and returned the same way. Mr. Dillingham continued in the *Southern Cross* until June 6, 1863, when she was captured by the rebel cruiser *Florida*. He was taken in irons aboard a French vessel and carried to Brazil, from which place he was sent to Pernambuco, and from there Mr. Dillingham worked his way on the English brig *William Dodge* to New York city.

He was soon after made second mate on a merchantman, and finally secured a place on a vessel plying between San Francisco and Honolulu. While in Honolulu in 1865 he had the misfortune to have his leg broken, which compelled him to remain in the city after the ship left. On his recovery he entered into the employ of Mr. Henry Dimond as a clerk, in which capacity he served for three years.

By the end of that time he was a citizen of Honolulu and thoroughly identified with the interests of the islands. The keen, sagacious business men of the city soon learned that Mr. Dillingham possessed judgment and business sagacity far above the average men of his time. He served various persons in various capacities, and was trusted by all who knew him. Perhaps no man with a successful enterprise ever had greater difficulties to overcome than Mr. Dillingham. A railroad was supposed to be impracticable on an island so small as Oahu, being little more than one hundred miles in circumference. The Oahu Railroad,

now regarded of such signal importance to the Hawaiian Islands, was first projected by him about the year 1886. The franchise, after vigorous legislative opposition, was granted September 4, 1888. Many who were really benefited by the railroad opposed the franchise for reasons they were unable to explain. As in all enterprises of an untried nature, there were doubting Thomases, who prophesied complete failure.

"Now you have secured your franchise, when will the road be commenced?" some of the doubters asked Mr. Dillingham.

"This is my birthday," said Mr. Dillingham, "and one year from to-day you may have a ride on the Oahu Railroad." This was a bold declaration, when we take into consideration the fact that not a dollar had been subscribed, and the moneyed men looked with disfavor on the scheme. To incorporate a company with a capital of $700,000 was by no means an easy undertaking, yet Mr. Dillingham never faltered, and never doubted that his plan would ultimately succeed. We have not space to give a detailed account of his trials and failures. After all, it was only the same old story of genius struggling with adversity, and conquering in the end.

One of the stanchest friends and most able supporters of Mr. Dillingham in his enterprise was that remarkable Hawaiian gentleman, Hon. Mark P. Robinson, the son of an Englishman and a Hawaiian

lady of noble blood. Mr. Robinson had long been known as one of the leading business men of the city, whose far-sightedness and keen sagacity commanded the respect of all. The name of Mark Robinson was sufficient to give stability to any enterprise. But for his timely cooperation, it is doubtful if the success of Mr. Dillingham's enterprise would not have been indefinitely postponed. With Robinson's name, $30,000 worth of steel rails were ordered from Germany, which were to be paid for in three, six, and nine months. Messrs. Dillingham and Robinson became personally responsible for these payments. Mr. Dillingham staked all he possessed on the bold venture and won. The arrival of the rails gave the appearance of tangibility to the undertaking, and the $700,000 was subscribed and the company formed. Mr. Dillingham sold his franchise to the company, taking his pay in stock at par, sufficient to retain a controlling interest. He also took a contract to build the first twelve miles of road and stock it for $260,000. The road was bonded for this amount, and comparatively little difficulty was experienced in placing the bonds.

Mr. Dillingham conscientiously carried out his part of the contract. Nearly four sevenths of the road belonged to him, and no part of its construction was slighted. All possible speed was made in grading and laying the track, and the first ride was given the public as promised on Mr. Dillingham's forty-fifth

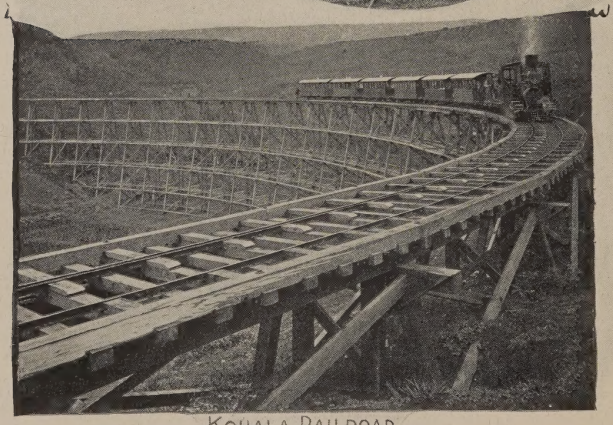
birthday. The formal opening of the road for business, however, was not until the following November 16, which was the king's birthday. It was a gala day in Honolulu. Trains to Halawa and back ran all day long, carrying the public free, and hundreds of people took their first railway ride.

The company owning and controlling the Oahu Railroad is known as the Oahu Railroad and Land Company. The assets of the company include the franchise, the road itself, a fifty-year lease of 18,000 acres of land adjoining Pearl City, a fifty-year lease of Honouliui, a 40,640-acre tract adjoining the Ewa plantation, through the most fertile and promising part of the island.

The railroad has been extended to Waiannae, and is now between thirty and thirty-five miles in length. The passenger receipts for the last few months of 1895 averaged $3,331.88 per month, which was an increase of $1,129 per month over the year before, or before the last extension to Waiannae. The road has floating bonds to the amount of $1,500,000, all of which was raised in Honolulu, save $35,000 in Boston. The railroad, including land and rolling-stock, is worth $3,000,000, with a debt of only $1,500,000.

Mr. Dillingham expects eventually to take the road entirely around the island of Oahu. He says the interest of the floating debt has been paid up for five years, and all bonds outside of construction bonds

OAHU RAILROAD.



KOHALA RAILROAD

have been paid. The manager estimates that he can build the road entirely around the island, with forty-eight-pound steel rails, and supply all the rolling-stock for $10,000 per mile.

There is a railroad on the island of Maui known as the Kahului Railroad. At Kahului Bay all goods shipped for that portion of the island are landed, and distributed throughout the island by this railroad. The sugar from four or five large plantations is conveyed to the bay by rail. The trains make regular trips from Wailuka to Paia, but there are few accommodations for passengers, as passenger travel is small.

On Hawaii there is a railroad extending from the steamship landing at Punaluu to Pahala, the terminus of the stage-line that extends to the volcano. This is a short line, but exceedingly picturesque. It is very crooked, winding over tall trestlework and bridges, spanning deep chasms. As the road is on the line of tourists' travel, it is provided with excellent passenger accommodations.

Railroads on the islands have not been a failure. In truth they have now become a necessity, and the time will come when each island will be girdled with steel belts, for the development of the islands has just begun. The disintegrated lava soil has proven the richest in the world, and not more than twenty-five per cent. of it is under cultivation.

In addition to the plantation railroads, and the three common carriers mentioned, Honolulu is supplied with a number of miles of street railway. The street cars are drawn by horses and mules. The inhabitants of the wide-awake little city are clamoring for an electric system, but an English company owning and controlling the horse-car system has a monopoly of the street-cars for several years yet, and refuses to give up horses and mules for electricity.

Chief among the uninhabited islands are Niihau, Lanai, Kahoolawe, Molokini, and the famous Leyson Island. There are other islands belonging to the group, but they are small and insignificant. Many, like Rabbit Island, are merely large rocks protruding from the water.

The island of Niihau, as I have stated in another chapter, lies off the west coast of Kauai, and is owned by Gay and Robinson. At present it is used only as a cattle-ranch. It is ninety-seven square miles in area, and two thirds of the island consists of a low plain, composed of an uplifted reef and matter washed down from the mountains in the west central part. The hilly portion is destitute of cones, craters, peaks, and ridges. There are few trees, but excellent pastures. The general appearance of the country is more like a well-kept estate in Europe or the Eastern States of America than what is usually seen on the Hawaiian Islands. The principal in-

dustry on the island is raising sheep. The Gays and Robinsons have thirty thousand sheep on the island, the wool of which is said to be equal to the finest in Australia. The overseer or manager is on the island most of the year, and the Gays and Robinsons sometimes live there for several months at a time. Tho life there is a sort of Robinson Crusoe existence, they supply themselves with all luxuries, and are shut off only from the worry and vexations of the world.

The island of Lanai, west of Maui, is one of the least fertile of the group. A little forest-land is found in the upper part of the gulches. The hills are covered with grass. The chief industry is sheep-raising, and the shepherds are perhaps the only persons on the island. The water-supply is chiefly obtained from rain, since there is only one stream, and for part of the year this does not reach the sea. Palawai, the tallest mountain, is thirty-two hundred feet above the level of the sea.

Perhaps one of the most interesting islands of the group is the one farthest removed from the main center, known as Leyson Island. This island is about eight hundred miles west of Honolulu, and it was not known until a few years since that it belonged to the Hawaiian group. The Hawaiian geography published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, a few years since, does not mention Leyson Island. It is a small island of (I should suppose) between ninety-five and

one hundred square miles, low, without mountains or any great elevation, and like Nihau seems to be an upheaved coral reef. It has no forest, but numerous small trees or shrubs. There is a house on the island in which the manager lives with two or three Japanese servants, about six months in the year. The island is valuable on account of its guano-beds.

It is the home of myriads of birds. Most of these are water-fowl, but there are some land-species known nowhere else in the world. Leyson Island is very interesting to the student of natural history. About twenty-five different species of birds are found there, including ducks, boobies, gulls, and frigate-birds.

On this small speck of land far out in the ocean, the birds lay, hatch, and die by millions. When they fly, the sun is darkened as if a cloud had passed over it. The decaying bones, with disintegrated coral, help to form the guano, which is exported every year by hundreds of tons in ships to the Hawaiian Islands and Pacific coast.

The birds seldom lay more than one egg before incubation, though often several in a season. They are very tame, and so bold that you can pick them up as you walk along the path. They snap at the trousers and dresses of persons who are crossing the island, so that one is compelled to carry a stick for self-protection. They gather on the railroad track in such numbers that a man has to sit in front of the car as it

THE HOME OF MYRIADS OF BIRDS.

THE EGGS ARE GATHERED IN WHEELBARROWS.

SEAL AND TURTLES

LAYSON ISLAND SCENES

is being drawn by the mules, with a stick in hand, and push them out of the way.

Sometimes parties of scientists or hunters visiting the island find the birds come tumbling into the doors of their tent, or any other opening, so that in order to sleep in peace every aperture must be kept closed. Mr. Frieze, the manager of the island, told me that he was often compelled to keep the door of his house closed to shut the birds out.

"Why, they tumble around us by the thousands, and become a nuisance," he said.

"Do you ever shoot them?" I asked.

"Shoot them—no! Why waste ammunition? If I want a bird I simply go out and pick it up. Often they will run right into my hands as if they wanted to be caught."

"Which is the shyest bird you have?"

"It is perhaps the frigate-bird. That bird can fly from Honolulu to San Francisco in twenty-four hours. He is a thief, and lives on fish which he never catches himself. He has no web-feet and can not swim, but perched on trees and rocks he watches the fisher-birds. When he sees one coming home with a fish in his mouth, he will soar above him, swoop down upon him, and compel him to drop his fish; then this frigate- or pirate-bird will snatch it up before it touches the water and fly away to make a meal upon it."

The eggs on Leyson Island are frequently gathered

in wheelbarrows, cars filled with them, and schooners loaded. This industry, however, is unprofitable, owing to the great distance they have to be exported.

The island of birds was once a scene of one of the depredations of Pirate Pease, the modern buccaneer, on whose head several countries had fixed a price a few years ago. Captain Clark, of the *Kinau*, thought the island an excellent place to raise swine. He imported some hogs to it, and the increase and growth promised a profitable return. But Pirate Pease, in his roving craft, swooped down on the island one day when the manager and his attendants were away, butchered every hog, salted down the pork in the hold of his vessel, and sailed away. There are many stories of the outlaw Pirate Pease, who seems to have been well acquainted in Honolulu at one time. One of his contemporaries in crime was a man named Bully Hayes, who was once well known in the Pacific. Both had been guilty of several murders, and both had prices fixed on their heads. These buccaneers frequently resorted to the uninhabited islands of Hawaii for water-supplies, or as hiding-places when closely pressed by revenue-cutters. Both met violent timely deaths a few years ago.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Other Industries of Hawaii

The industries of Hawaii are so numerous that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned in this chapter. Any fruit, plant, or vegetable found in any tropical country will grow on the islands; but as yet the chief of all productions is sugar.

Among the great variety of luxuriant tropical plants which attracted the attention of Cook and Vancouver, none excited greater admiration than the native sugar-cane on Kauai, with its astonishing growth and stalks twenty feet long, and its remarkable sweetness. It was found growing in every valley visited. The cane was, no doubt, originally introduced by the first settlers, who, as many believe, came from the East Indies, China, or Japan, many centuries before Cook's visit. The extraordinary saccharine qualities possessed by the cane found here may have been developed in part by the wonderful richness of the soil and the mild climate, which have combined to bring it to a perfection that it has nowhere else reached, yielding in some instances, of late years, from six to ten tons of pure sucrose per acre.

To the original inhabitants of Hawaii sugar-cane has been for centuries an indispensable article of diet. From it they derived both food and drink, and whether traveling on foot or voyaging in canoes, it served to appease both hunger and thirst. It was, therefore, universally cultivated, and cared for by them in their rude way. Soon after the discovery of the group, early foreign adventurers, but chiefly Chinese, attempted by various primitive methods to make both molasses and sugar from cane, these efforts dating from the early years of the present century. The first intelligent effort to establish a sugar-factory of which there is any record was made in 1835, when the American firm of Ladd & Co. secured a tract of land at Koloa, on the island of Kauai, and two years later erected the first iron sugar-mill ever set up in this group, which was propelled first by horses or mules, then by water, and still later by steam.

The Hawaiian Islands perhaps yield more sugar per acre to-day than any other land in the world. Three and a half tons per acre is a low average for any of the plantations, while six to ten tons is not uncommon, and one plantation on Kauai yielded eleven tons per acre. Men differ in regard to the time for planting, cutting, and grinding. As a rule, the grinding season begins in January, and continues to July. The cane matures in about twelve months; some cut it greener, and others wait longer. The

second crop from the planting is called the ratoons. Plantations are monster affairs. There are about seventy on the islands, which at a low estimate are worth half a million each.

There are two kinds of mills for extracting juice from the cane, one of which is the diffusion-plant, and the other the macerating or crushing. The latter seems to be the most popular, for while the diffusion will extract a greater percentage of juice the macerating plant will produce most sugar.

I visited the plantations at Paia, Wailuku, Spreckelsville, and Hanna on Maui, the Union Mills, and a number of others on Hawaii, and the Makaweli, Lihua, and Koloa Mills on Kauai. A description of all would be tedious and uninteresting.

The Ewa plantation, Mr. W. J. Lowrie manager, is perhaps as nearly a model plantation as any. The Ewa is situated about twelve or fifteen miles from Honolulu on the Oahu Railroad. Boarding the train at Honolulu, after a delightful ride through a picturesque portion of the country, I reached the plantation about ten o'clock in the morning. There were two gentlemen, an American and an Englishman, with me. We found Mr. Lowrie, the manager, at the depot waiting for us.

A special plantation-car and engine were in readiness. Chairs were placed on the little flat car, and with the engine behind pushing us we went flying

over the fields to the great pumping-plants. Ewa plantation is irrigated by water drawn from inexhaustible artesian wells. The water is pumped up into stand-pipes, and from those conveyed in large pipes and flumes to different fields in the great plantation, giving to each stalk of cane just its needed supply of moisture, and no more.

One is struck with wonder and admiration at the surveying and engineering required in the construction of these monster water-works that send streams for miles in every direction, and irrigate thousands of acres of land. They were clearing cane-lands, plowing cane-lands, planting cane, cutting and grinding cane at the same time. Instead of planting seed, they plant the stalk, which is cut into pieces two feet in length and dropped into the deep straight furrow and covered with soil.

Mr. Lowrie showed us one field that yielded eight tons to the acre for three years in succession. He informed us that some of the land had been known to yield ten tons to the acre. An eleven-ton yield on Kauai would be over half a pound to the square foot, which would cover the ground to the depth of half an inch with its own production. Such marvelous productiveness is rare even in the Hawaiian Islands, and perhaps was never dreamed of in any other country.

Mr. Lowrie told our engineer to steer for the mill. He had only to switch off on another track, crack on

steam, and we swept along at a horse-gallop pace across fields where busy Japs, Chinamen, and Portuguese were cutting, piling, stripping, or loading cane on trains on the side-track.

As we passed a schoolhouse, the young lady teacher waved her handkerchief for us to stop. Mr. Lowrie spoke to the engineer, and we slowed down and ran back for her. The schoolhouse stood near one of the great cane-fields, and the children of every hue and almost every nationality gathered about the car. Mr. Lowrie gave the lady his chair, and took a seat on the side. The frolicsome boys followed us a long distance trying to catch the flying car. At last the teacher ordered them back, and they obeyed with alacrity, showing a discipline that is not surpassed in the United States. The teacher was going to the station to take the train for Honolulu.

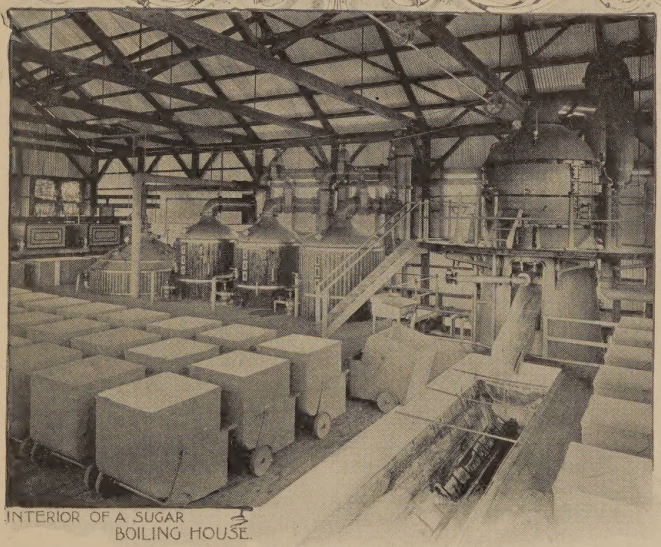
We left the car and entered the mill. Ewa Mill is the pride of the islands. It is wholly American, except that some of the drying-pans were made in Honolulu. The vast pipes and parts of the pumping machinery were made at Birmingham, Ala. The mill itself, the thunder of whose ponderous machinery is heard day and night, six months in the year, was made by the Fulton Iron Works, St. Louis, Mo. It has nine rollers on new and improved plans. Standing by those immense crushers and watching the long stream of cane rushing down the carrier into

them, and the perpetual torrent of juice pouring out from below, one can scarce help growing enthusiastic over the wonders which machinery and science can accomplish.

The extraction by the Ewa mill is 93.08 per cent. of the entire juice, and is a gain in sugar of eight per cent. over the diffusion-plant first tried by the Ewa plantation. The process of pumping cold juice into hot pans and boiling it by steam in copper coils, of skimming and "liming," and finally sending it through pipes and coils to the drying vacuum-pans was all explained. When the head sugar-boiler, who is always testing the thickening syrup, sees that it approaches the right degree of thickness, it is run off into what are called centrifugals, which to me resemble circular churns with wire screens. These centrifugals fly at a marvelous rate of speed, throwing the syrup through the wire screen and leaving dry sugar behind. The centrifugal is stopped, and the sugar, dry but still hot, is drawn off into bags by the Japanese, placed on cars, and run into the warehouse.

Not an ounce of wood or coal is used in the Ewa plantation mill for fuel. Every pound of steam and every degree of heat used for boiling the sugar is generated by burning the crushed stalks of cane, which are almost in powder when they come through the nine rollers, and can be easily ignited with a

CUTTING CANE, EWA SUGAR PLANTATION.



INTERIOR OF A SUGAR BOILING HOUSE.

match. The Ewa mill yields about one hundred tons per day.

The average yield and exportation of sugar from the Hawaiian Islands for the past few years has been about three hundred and thirty millions of pounds per annum, valued at about $10,000,000 each year. Nearly seventy thousand men, women, and children are engaged in the production of sugar, either as planters, managers, agents, field-hands, or otherwise.

One of the next most valuable productions of Hawaii is rice. Mr. J. A. Hopper, of Honolulu, is perhaps the best authority on the subject of rice, and from him I learned that about eighteen thousand tons of paddy are annually milled, making about twelve thousand tons, or two hundred and forty thousand bags of rice. Ordinarily there ought to be one hundred thousand bags of rice exported, but owing to the enormous home consumption the exportation does not exceed fifty or sixty thousand. Only one grade of rice is made on the islands, while Louisiana has five. The Hawaiian Islands are governed in their prices by the value of rice in Japan, altho Hawaiian rice is of much better quality. Mr. Hopper says their rice is from Carolina seed, which is considered the best.

"Our rice compares and sells with the very best in the market," said Mr. Hopper. "We get two crops per year from most of our land. Each crop will

yield a ton and a half per acre. In the United States they plant it from the seed, but we transplant it from beds sown broadcast. The field is laid off with a spirit-level, and terraced so as to flood with water, with which it is covered from half an inch to three inches deep. Just before harvesting, the water is drawn off and the ground allowed to dry."

Mr. Hopper has a rice-mill with a capacity of about two hundred and fifty bags per day, which runs nine months in the year. He exports about half the rice that is sent to the United States from the port of Honolulu.

From a published report of Mr. Hopper's, I gathered the following statistics. There were then in all the islands seventy-five hundred acres in rice (it is probably eight thousand or more now), of which amount fully two thirds was on Oahu. Rice lands were worth $1,925,000; buildings and mills, $250,000; animals, $100,000; paddy and rice, $500,000; tools, implements, fixtures, and leaseholds, $325,000, making a total at that time of $3,200,000. There are twenty-five hundred persons constantly engaged in the rice culture, and fifteen hundred more during the harvesting season, bringing the entire number of people employed to four thousand.

The coming industry, so the Hawaiians say, is coffee. Mention has been made of it in the other chapters, and to complete the subject I will quote an

extract from the holiday number of *The Evening Bulletin*. I regret that space will not permit the entire article.

"The history of the early production of coffee in the Hawaiian Islands is of little interest at the present time, taking into consideration the fact that the proper culture of the coffee-tree is a matter of so recent date. Furthermore, data relative to past experiment, whether attended by success or failure, is in this case of no commercial value. Suffice it to say that the very excellent reputation attained by our coffee must be accredited to the ill-cleaned, poorly cured product that was sent to the United States before the scientific methods were adopted, and when, in fact, no care was taken to obtain better results.

"It was the semi-wild, badly handled coffee that secured the name and standing which the grower of to-day reaps the benefit of. Considering this fact, there is no longer any room to doubt the future, providing the planter uses the same good judgment in marketing his crop as he is now displaying in the cultivation of it. There is no difference between this and many other pursuits. Intelligent management, from the clearing of the ground to the consigning of the product, will insure profit; the opposite course will just as surely bring reverses. But it is of great value to the grower that already a good name and a high value are placed on our coffee.

"Again, the berry being somewhat different in flavor from the Central American and South American coffees, places it at once in the line of specialties. No question has ever been raised as to the fineness of the aroma, purity, and healthfulness of the beverage brewed from the Hawaiian article, nor those general qualifications which facilitate its profitable handling by the importer and jobber. A splendid help is this to the planter, equal to cap-

ital to invest in a new enterprise. The writer deplores the custom of advertising coffee-raising in these islands as an industry in which any one may engage without means to start.

"There has been from certain sources altogether too much of a general invitation extended to people at large to come here and take up land. It is not well either for the settler or the country for this to be done.

"We do not need, we do not want the much-vaunted 'horny-handed son of toil,' who, under the easy land laws of America, has been unable to more than keep body and soul together, to emigrate to Hawaii with the expectation of reaping wealth. He can not accomplish his purpose or realize his ambitious hopes. Yet lurid descriptions of an easy road to opulence are more likely to attract that class of individuals here than any other.

"On the other hand, the man who has been successful in the world by a judicious use of the brains which God has given him, so that he can bring with him enough to support himself and family for two or three years, and systematically improve his land, is a desirable acquisition. The tendency in a community of such people is one of benefit to the whole district.

"Coffee-raising on the Hawaiian Islands on scientific principles has only been attempted within the past five or six years, but so far the results have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Wherever there is a record of failure, the lack of judgment in carrying on the work properly or the lack of means is easily traceable as the cause.

"The main purpose of this article is to lay before those who may chance to read it, a plain, simple statement of the present status of the coffee-plantations, and to convey, as well as may be, an idea of the opportunities now open to the intending growers.

MEN RETURNING FROM WORK, EWA PLANTATION.

PLOWING RICE FIELDS WITH CHINESE OXEN.

HAULING SUGAR CANE, EWA PLANTATION.

"First as to the land:

"There are about 200,000 acres of known good coffee-land on the islands. Two thirds of this area belongs to the Government, while about one third is under private ownership. Probably 20,000 acres of the private land are for sale, and are reached by good roads. Of the 135,000 acres over which the Government has proprietorship, about 90,000 acres are available to settlers. Of this latter amount 25,000 have been located upon. The distribution of the whole among the various islands of the group is as follows:

"Hawaii 178,000 acres, 50,000 of which may be reached by existing roads; Maui, 14,000 acres, half as yet inaccessible; Oahu, 3,500; Kauai, 1,500.

"Government land, as fast as it is surveyed and platted, is placed on the market for lease or purchase. The exact conditions under which it is obtainable vary, but without a doubt a good general system will be adopted in a very short time.

'The Government desires to avoid two evils: placing the lands beyond the reach of the homesteaders, and allowing corporations or syndicates to secure control of vast areas for speculative purposes. At present good-sized holdings are obtainable under one of the following conditions:

"First, an annual rental of from one to two and a half dollars per acre; second, a leasehold at eight per cent. on the valuation of $5 per acre, with a purchase clause at that figure; third, homesteads limited to eight acres at nominal cost.

"Under any of the above-mentioned methods, a certain percentage of the area taken must be cleared of forest and otherwise improved."

The same paper estimates that there are about fifty-

five hundred acres on all the islands planted in coffee, and about three thousand more acres cleared, and that there would be in the year 1896 five thousand acres more put under cultivation. The reader can readily see from the above that the coffee industry is still in its infancy, but that there is a bright future in store for it.

Among the agricultural products, the next in importance is the banana culture. Banana plantations are many and large, but as foreign markets are difficult to reach, and shipping expensive, the industry is slighted. The custom-house reports show that in 1894 123,004 bunches of bananas were exported, for which there was a return of $123,507.12. The same report shows that pineapples worth $9,889.81 were exported. There is nothing in the report to show any exportation of oranges, and yet the best that grow can be found on Hawaii.

The Honolulu Iron Works is an establishment of which any city might well be proud. Like many similar enterprises it had a small beginning, but has grown to gigantic proportions.

The consummation of the reciprocity treaty with the United States and the Hawaiian Islands, in 1876, gave such a stimulus to the sugar industry and, contingent upon that, to other industries, that general prosperity was the happy result. Next to the planters themselves, the Honolulu Iron Works felt the bene-

ficial effect, and, upon increased demands from the planters for larger and better machinery, responded from time to time by enlarging the premises, adding more highly improved and more powerful tools to each department, multiplying appliances and increasing the number of skilled and unskilled workmen to such an extent that the pay-roll soon showed an average circulation of $12,000 per month instead of as many hundreds. The annual rent of ground occupied by the various new buildings, over and above the large area owned in fee-simple by the company, now amounts to nearly $6,000; most of this money, which is scattered in Honolulu, comes direct from the sugar industry.

Mr. Hedemann, the assistant manager and draftsman of the Honolulu Iron Works, informed me that in the last nine years the establishment had made sixty crushing-mills for plantations, nine vacuum-pans, and forty or fifty triple effects. Being on the ground, the iron-works can supply machinery to order on short notice, when it would take weeks or months to get it from the United States or any foreign country. This is the only advantage the Honolulu Iron Works have. Their coal and iron must all be imported, as no mineral in paying quantities has as yet been found on the islands, and from that fact machinery can be procured cheaper in America or Europe. For the last two years competition has been very sharp; nevertheless

the iron-mill of Honolulu keeps up its share of the ever-increasing business, and now has a pay-roll of $5,000 per week.

"What country is your greatest competitor?" I asked Mr. Hedemann.

"The United States," he answered.

"Why?"

"Because they make better machinery, and sell cheaper."

The Hawaiian Electric and Cold Storage Company of Honolulu is another great enterprise. It is under the management of Mr. Theo. Hoffman. The company was incorporated in 1892 with a capital stock of $250,000, has three powerful engines of two hundred, two hundred and fifty, and ten hundred and fifty horse-power, with sufficient capacity to light a city twice the size of Honolulu; it runs elevators and cars, and in addition cold-storage and ice-manufacturing rooms of over one hundred thousand cubic feet.

Honolulu, it is said, has the best telephone system in the world. Every part of the island is reached by wires of the Mutual Telephone Company. In Honolulu alone there are a thousand 'phones, which I have been told, according to population, exceeds any city in the world, and six operators manage the entire line. They are all Hawaiians, and speak both English and Hawaiian.

CHAPTER XXXV

Education

Education on the Hawaiian Islands may be traced to the beginning of the missionary work. To touch the heart, the missionary must first enlighten the mind, for a leading from heathenism to Christianity must be along the path of intelligence, and not through the dark mists of superstition. The first schools organized were parochial in their nature, and supported wholly by missionary funds.

There are many endowed institutions for the education and development of the Hawaiian boys and girls on the islands, among which are the Kamehameha schools, founded from the funds left by the will of Mrs. Bernice Pauahi Bishop, a lineal descendant of the Kamehamehas, and a lady noted for her great wealth and liberality. She was the wife of Charles R. Bishop, who possesses the same qualities. The former Bishop homestead is now used as the public school-building, but it more nearly resembles a king's palace.

Prof. Theodore Richards, a New York gentleman, is principal of the Kamahameha schools for boys;

with him are associated sixteen instructors in various departments. Not only are the boys given a classical education, but they are taught useful arts and trades. They have in connection with the school a foundry and miniature iron-works, in which most of the iron-work needed for the schools is made. Carpentering, wood turning and carving, tailoring, and printing, and in fact all branches of industrial education are taught with the intent to make the Hawaiian boys useful men. The Kamehameha schools are for orphan Hawaiian children. A nominal fee is charged. I think $24 per annum entitles the student to board, books, and tuition. A boy or girl who is worthy of an education can in some way raise $24. The school for girls is also on the industrial plan. The pupils are taught the essentials of good housewifery, and receive also an excellent English education, including music and painting. The Lahainaluna Seminary at Lahaina, on Maui, is another institution somewhat similar to the Kamehameha schools, in that it is parochial in its nature.

The government schools, of which there are a great many, are very good, yet some improvements might be made among them. Education is made compulsory, and each child of school age is required to attend unless some lawful excuse can be offered. The English language is almost universally taught. I was informed that there are but three Hawaiian

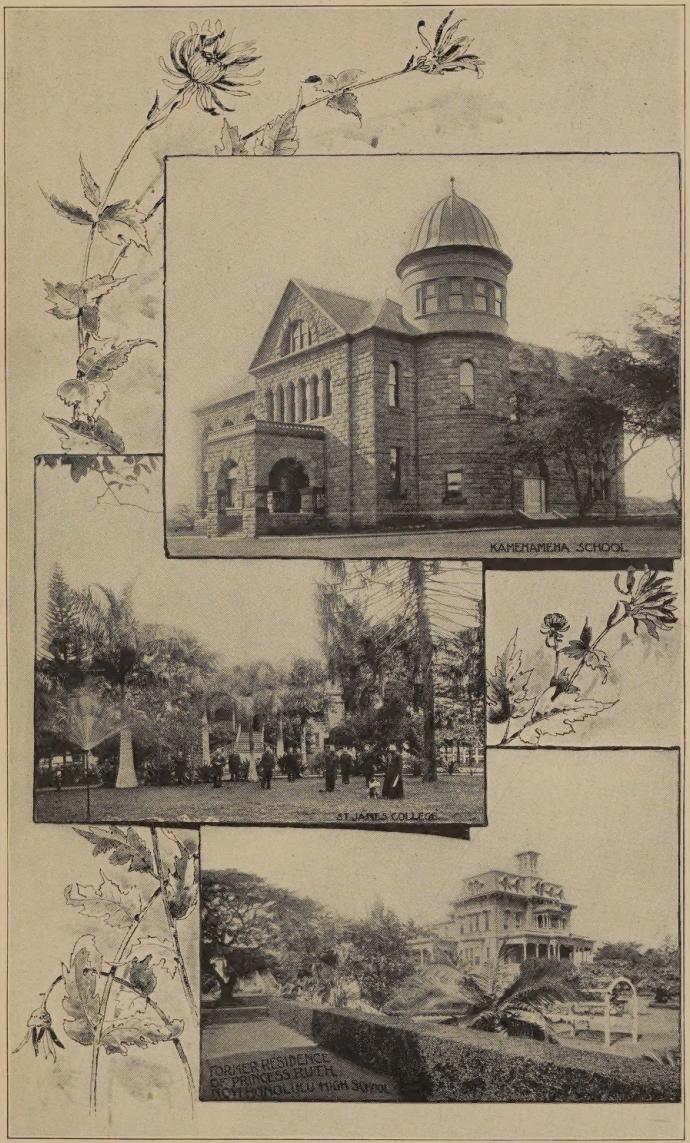
schools now on the islands. The Hawaiian language, always narrow, is dying, and must in time yield to some more universal tongue. The individual who knows only Hawaiian is restricted to the very limited Hawaiian literature. Educators have seen this, and have been gradually supplanting the Hawaiian with English.

An improvement might be made in some of the teachers. One can not doubt their qualifications, but unfortunately a few of them are foreigners, who can not speak the English language correctly. The Hawaiian child is as impressionable as wax. It seldom hears English spoken save in school, for at home it discourses only in Hawaiian. When a teacher with a Scotch brogue or Swedish accent is employed to instruct the little Kanakas, their English becomes badly mixed with Kanaka and Scotch or Swedish. A gentleman told me that he had met a native who spoke English with an Irish brogue, and, on inquiring the cause, he learned that the native had been taught by an Irish school-master.

What past governments may have done for the native, I can only judge from the record left behind, which, except in the case of Kamehameha III., is not always commendable. The present Government could hardly do more than it is doing with the means at its command. All Hawaiian children are educated at the expense of the Government, unless they are in

some endowed or parochial institution. No child, however poor, is allowed to go without a common-school education. If the Hawaiians are sick, they are sent to the hospital, and cared for free of charge until they regain their health. When they are old and poor, the Government cares for them and clothes them so long as they live, and decently buries them when they die.

Even if we were to admit that the whites now in control of the republic of the Pacific are usurpers and conquerors, who wrongfully overthrew monarchy, we must still affirm that the Hawaiian is better cared for under their rule than under the native kings and queens. After all, are the usurpers who overthrew the queen any worse than the people of the United States, who seized a continent and drove the Indians from it, or limited them to such narrow bounds that they are rapidly dying out? The same arguments might be made against the English, who are by no means the original inhabitants of the island of Great Britain. But the moralists say this happened many years ago. Is it any crime in the nineteenth century for intelligence and morality to assert itself? The treatment of the Hawaiian and of the North American Indian will not bear a comparison. The Hawaiian is given his home and made a citizen, instead of being crowded off into a reservation and made the scape-goat for outlaws and the victim of unscrupulous


KAMEHAMEHA SCHOOL
ST. JAMES COLLEGE
FORMER RESIDENCE OF PRINCESS RUTH, NOW H.C.&S. (H.U. HIGH SCHOOL)

traders. The Hawaiian is educated by the Government, while we blush to call the so-called "government schools" for enlightening the Indians educational institutions—at least if those I have seen are a fair sample.

Hawaiian children are compelled to go to school, and compelled to learn useful arts which fit them for life, while the North American Indian, except as reached by the missionary, remains a barbarian or drunken loafer. Free hospitals are furnished the Hawaiians, but the frozen plain or swamp is the hospital for the sick or injured Indian, whose lands we now enjoy. Yet an uninformed press, and a syndicate of sporting men with a lottery in view, try to get up a sentimental feeling that the Hawaiian people have been greatly wronged!

Being imitative by nature, it is only natural that the Hawaiian should assimilate knowledge from his surroundings. The native as a rule advances well to a certain point, where he comes to a standstill. He may make a fair artist, as a copyist, but it is doubtful if there will ever be a Hawaiian master. His ambition or capacity refuses to go beyond a certain height.

If the natives have a special talent for anything, it is for music. Some of them have composed, but their music is as narrow as their own sphere, and will never become widely popular. The ex-queen has considerable musical ability, and has composed some

Hawaiian songs and instrumental pieces that have quite a vogue on the islands. They have their own national airs, but no Mozart or Beethoven has been found in Hawaii.

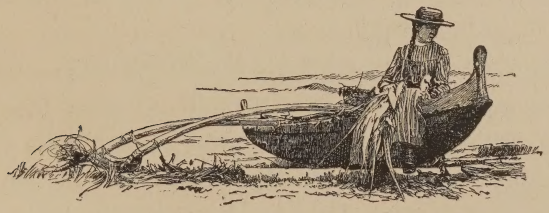
Hawaiian children do not object to attending school, and the truant officer has very little professional business to call his attention from other duties. The Board of Education intends to make the English language universal, and the time is not far distant when this will be accomplished. Since 1887 there has been a great advance made in all the educational work. The number of pupils attending the government schools in 1887 was 5,679, in 1894 the number had been increased to 8,050, and January 1, 1896, the number was swelled to 12,612. Of this number there are 7,405 Hawaiians, 4,177 whites, 740 Chinese, 261 Japanese, and 29 South-Sea Islanders.

In 1888 the government schools were made free, with the exception of two schools in Honolulu and one in Hilo. Aided by the liberality of three successive legislatures, over $60,000 have been expended on schoolhouses, which were urgently demanded in every part of the islands. Nor is the number yet sufficient for the demand. A uniform course of study has been adopted, which is thoroughly American.

The salary list shows that excellent wages are paid teachers in the islands. A country school that would be worth $35 to $40 per month in the United States

is worth $600 per annum in Hawaii. Almost any principalship is worth $1,000 a year. In most of the schools, teachers unable to secure boarding-places are furnished with houses and additional salary for support.

The educational outlook for Hawaii is bright. A better class of ethics is being taught, and morality is entering the homes of the natives. No longer having such examples as the orgies and debauchery of their kings and rulers furnished, such things are becoming unpopular, and in a short time will fall into disuse, as have other barbarous practises. The adoption of the English language will result in the dissemination of English literature all over the islands and a broadening of intelligence, by bringing the Hawaiians in touch with the outside world.



CHAPTER XXXVI

England or America

People who give the subject any thought are asking, What is to be the future of the republic of the Pacific? The islands are too far removed from other countries, and too weak to defend themselves against any great external force. They are rich, and in continual danger of the filibustering buccaneer. At present, that hydra-headed monster, the Louisiana Lottery, seems their worst foe, and, in the language of Senator Waterhouse, the people are compelled to sleep on their rifles to protect their lives. They may be overrun by buccaneers, their towns looted, and streets reddened with blood, but they will never return to monarchy.

Another danger menaces the Hawaiians. According to a treaty made by Kalakaua, or some preceding king, with Japan, the Hawaiian Government agreed to admit their people on the same terms as the most favored of nations, and to grant them the same rights and privileges. The Japanese, under the pernicious contract-labor system, have been imported to Hawaii by thousands, until there are now between twenty-

three and twenty-five thousand on the islands. As a rule they are an ignorant and prejudiced class, and it would certainly be fatal to give them the elective franchise, tho they are to-day clamoring for it. There are enough of them to outvote the whites, and the islands would be plunged into heathenism and debauchery worse by far than that from which they were rescued. Not only are the Japanese on the islands clamoring for recognition, but their Government through its ministers demands it. Japan, flushed with victory over China, may ere long conclude to enforce the demand with her army and navy. The Hawaiian Islands are too rich not to become the spoil of some nation, and what nation would be more likely to seize them than a half-civilized country like Japan?

Next comes the question, Does England really want these islands? Most of her newspapers and writers say no, and in the same breath assert that the United States can not have them. England has always looked with jealousy on the advancement of American interests in Hawaii. In 1853, when the Hawaiian Islands were making overtures toward annexation to the United States, England and France felt disposed to interfere, but a change of rulers put an end to what might have been a troublesome matter.

Hon. S. N. Castle, a man long in confidential relations with the different sovereigns, and on intimate

terms with foreign representatives of Honolulu, said: "It has been stated to the writer that Captain Laplace, in 1839, did not believe that the $20,000 demanded by him could be raised, and in failure thereof intended to take possession, as he had just done at Tahiti. Such is also believed to have been the intention of Captain Mallet in 1842. The occupation by the British in 1843 was to anticipate the French occupation, which they believe to have been determined upon, as was stated by one of the British commissioners to the writer at the time. That occupation, however, having taken place, would have continued, as stated by Lord Aberdeen to Mr. Richards, if the admiral had not already restored the flag. And it is stated that the admiral was moved to do this when he did, because Lord Paulet did not send his despatches to him as he should have done, but sent them directly to the foreign office."

Edward Everett, American Minister to England, wrote from London to the State Department, August 15, 1843:

"Had France got possession of the Hawaiian Islands, she would certainly have retained them. Had intelligence been received here of Lord George Paulet's occupation of them before the promise was given to recognize them, England, I think, would not have given them up."

Commodore Kearney, of the United States frigate

Constellation, arriving at Honolulu on July 6, issued a protest against the cession of the islands to Great Britain, and when his vessel was visited by the governor of Oahu and the young chiefs, he saluted them under the Hawaiian flag, which greatly annoyed Lord Paulet. Dr. Judd, the missionary, who was confidential counsellor of the king, fearing the seizure of the royal archives, secretly removed them to the royal tomb, where, in the words of Jarves, "surrounded by the former sovereigns of Hawaii, and using the coffin of Kaahumanu for a table, for many weeks he nightly found an unsuspected asylum for his labors in behalf of the kingdom."

The Hawaiian Islands have been an object of concern to Great Britain for years. They complete the chain across the Pacific from her Australian to her British American possessions, and in case of a war with the United States or any other power would give her almost complete possession of the Pacific Ocean. If Great Britain owned the islands, our fleets would be able to find no more rest in the Pacific than Noah's dove when sent forth over the waters of the deluge. There now is, has been, and always will be a commercial rivalry between the United States and Great Britain. If England is jealous of anything more than another, it is of her commercial interests. A glance at the custom-house reports for the last ten or fifteen years shows very clearly the cause

of England's anxiety in regard to the Hawaiian Islands.

Only a few years ago the imports to Hawaii were chiefly from Great Britain; perhaps eighty per cent. of the machinery, cotton, silks, and woolen fabrics, coming from Europe. Thrum's Annual for 1896 shows that 76.23 per cent. of all the imports to the Hawaiian Islands now come from the United States, and only 8.16 per cent. from Great Britain. This of itself is enough to awaken the jealousy of the latter country.

The English press and English authors, while denying any interest in the Hawaiian Islands so far as political or commercial matters are concerned, become frantic when the subject of annexation of these islands to the United States is mentioned. Mr. Nottage makes the following statement in his book on the islands:

"Neither Chinese nor Japanese have the franchise; and the Hawaiians have, or rather had, 8,777 votes out of a total registry of 13,593. The half-castes had 777, and the Portuguese 2,091. English, Germans, Americans, and other nationalities held 1,848 among them. I do not suppose there has been any great change since 1890, when the number of registered voters was recorded. If on the question of annexation the voters had been consulted, there is little doubt that, out of this 13,593, 10,000 at least would have voted against it. I shall be told that admitting the natives, almost to a man, are averse to annexation, it is the minority of the voters that represent the

NATIVE GIRL
DECORATED FOR
DEPARTURE FROM HOME

TYPICAL
ANCIENT HAWAIIAN

NATIVE WOMAN

wealth of the country. Allowing this to be the case, does it furnish sufficient excuse for ignoring the native in order to humor a small contingent of speculators, who, if they did not like the state of affairs, could have left the islands?"

A large percentage of the so-called speculators, whom Mr. Nottage would have leave the islands, were born there, and are as much Hawaiian as he is English. The last sentence of the author reveals the feelings of his country in the matter. They wish Americans and American sentiment excluded from the country. The statement of Mr. Nottage that the natives to a man are opposed to annexation is not correct. In fact a large percentage, if left to themselves, would favor it, and I believe that seventy-five per cent. of them are indifferent.

A gentleman of Honolulu in a private letter says:

"It is a fact that should not be lost sight of by men whose statements and opinions gain wide circulation among the masses, that English influence is always opposed to American influence, American systems, and American ideas in the Hawaiian Islands. The native's position has been scarcely more clearly defined than that of the Indian in the French and Indian War. He has been a kind of catspaw with which the British have for fifty-three years waged a commercial and political war against Americans and American commerce on these islands. The late British minister to Honolulu, James Hay Wodehouse, engaged for thirty years in the constant struggle to set English prestige against American influence, and make it predominate; and, as an essential part

of this policy, to maintain the monarchy and keep alive the monarchical spirit. . . ."

The acquisition of the Hawaiian Islands would, as England fears, increase the strength, power, and commercial interests of America, which England thinks quite great enough already.

A Hawaiian correspondent of the Washington *Evening Star*, October 2, 1894, says:

"Our last advices from Washington intimate that Admiral Walker reports that the royalists here are warmly supported by the British residents and officials. This is true, and some remarks upon the alliance of these parties may be of interest. . . .

"It is entirely natural that Englishmen should be unable to view with complacency the occupancy by the United States of this central and commanding position in the north Pacific. The grand assertion here by the American colony on January of last year, of the supreme civilization and political life over the capricious and heathenish monarchy, together with the close alliance sought with the United States, were extremely bitter to most of the English element in Hawaii. There never has been a time when Englishmen so keenly felt their own need of being owners of the Hawaiian Islands. Their sense of this will increase from year to year. Hawaii is the one great strategic point which they lack to complete and round out their chain of military and naval outposts of the globe. With much reason, Britons feel that they are the commercial rulers of the world. It is a severe trial of their equanimity to see Americans tightening their claim on this controlling strategic point, central to half their hemisphere, without a rival in commanding position.

"Just now, Englishmen are very intent on strengthening and completing their steamship and cable connections across the Pacific between their splendid Australian and American colonies. It is seven thousand miles from Sydney to Vancouver. Steamer lines are already running. They are preparing to lay a telegraph cable. It is of the greatest importance to them, in case of war, to own all the stations where the cable lands on this long line. England owns all the stations except Hawaii. By the perversity of fortune, that most important and strategic point of all is lacking to her, and practically in the hands of her great rival on the Pacific. She holds New Zealand and Fiji. She also possesses the Fanning Island group of Atolls, one thousand miles south of Honolulu. One more good station and she is all right. Honolulu is just the place which nature has provided, but, alas! it is not a British possession."

There has been perhaps a spirit of jingoism in some of the representatives of the English on the islands, for which allowance must be made. Admiral Walker, mentioned in the correspondence to the Washington *Star*, is a very patriotic and at the same time conservative gentleman. He never draws a conclusion on any subject without reason for doing so. About eight or nine months after Mr. Cleveland's effort to restore the queen, Admiral Walker arrived in Honolulu. Mr. L. B. Timmons, of the Hawaiian *Star*, called on the admiral on board his flag-ship *Philadelphia*. The substance of that interview I give in Mr. Timmons's own words:

"After I had introduced myself, and we came to

speak of the late trouble in the islands, the admiral said: 'Don't you think that the real cause of the present trouble in this country was the commercial and political jealousy of the British in opposition to the Americans?'

"'I have never thought of it much, but it might be,' I answered.

"'I believe it is so,' he declared.

"'He said he was posted on the history of the country, and looking over the matter, commercial interests had done much to bring about the state of affairs. He added the British were pursuing the same course in this that they had in many other countries and were beyond doubt behind the present crisis. Admiral Walker was of the opinion that the British were the cause of the opposition to the Hawaiian republic, and if it were not for them, the natives would soon recognize the people of the Government as their truest friends."

Admiral Walker is not the only patriotic American who has arrived at the same conclusion. No one who has carefully and dispassionately investigated the matter from an impartial standpoint can come to any other conclusion.

Shortly after the uprising of 1895 there appeared in the San Francisco *Examiner* a queer story, which one could hardly credit, if uncorroborated. It breathes of dark plots and schemes more in keeping with buc-

caneers than enlightened Christian officials of a great nation. We give the story, which is as follows:

Honolulu, February 23.—It will be remembered that when Admiral Walker transmitted to the Secretary of the Navy his report on the stay of the *Philadelphia* in Hawaiian waters, together with a recommendation concerning Pearl Harbor as a naval station, that allusion was made to the fact that he did not leave as soon as his directions called for, stating a fear of British intervention should the *Champion* be left alone in the harbor of Honolulu. I am able to throw some light on the cause of such detention, which proves conclusively the soundness of the action of the American admiral and shows him to have been well informed of the true situation of affairs in Hawaii at the time mentioned. Such is borne out by the following exclusive report of a member of the secret service branch of the Hawaiian Government, a copy of which has been forwarded to Washington, and will unquestionably be made use of in the coming discussions of the Hawaiian question.

During the month of March, 1894, while in the employ of the secret-service branch of the Hawaiian Government, the undersigned became acquainted with a person employed aboard the British man-of-war *Champion*, then in the harbor of Honolulu. The duty of the person was to gather all the political news possible bearing on the restoration of monarchy, and to secure as many secrets of the then Provisional Government. He secured plans of the executive building and other public government places, modes of defense, number of available soldiers, guns, munitions of war, etc. This information was mainly secured through parties who had been enlisted in the army of the provisionals and friendly to the late *régime*. The person referred to made regular excursions

ashore for the purposes mentioned, and would make report of the same to Captain Rooke, commanding officer of the *Champion*. It was possible for the party to secure this information through different channels, as he was an officer and in a position to act in the premises without suspicion being attached to his movements. The secret-service employee of the Hawaiian Government was successful in obtaining the confidence of the British spy through methods best known to himself, was received kindly aboard the *Champion*, and made a confidante of by the officers of that vessel. Through such he became possessed of the entire plot, which had for its purpose solely and only the restoration of the monarchy and the return to power of Liliuokalani through aid from the British ship and under British protection. The plan, as outlined and agreed upon, was to induce the *Philadelphia*, the only American war-ship then in the harbor of Honolulu, to leave the islands. In order to carry out this scheme it was necessary that some understanding be arrived at between the representatives of the American and British governments. A conference was arranged and held, at which those persons were present, together with Admiral Walker and Captain Rooke. The state of affairs at that particular time was unusually quiet, and there seemed no apparent necessity for any war-vessel to remain in Hawaiian waters. It was agreed upon at that meeting that both the *Philadelphia* and *Champion* should depart, the former for the United States, the latter on a Southern cruise, a certain date being fixed for the leaving of the two vessels.

According to the report of the secret-service employee, once out at sea the *Champion* would bid a friendly good-by to the *Philadelphia*, and steam away on her southern cruise. When the American ship was too far away to prevent any possible return, and according to the care-

fully arranged plans of the British officers, the *Champion* would make her way back to Honolulu, and on her arrival would make some trivial pretext for her appearance. As many men as could be spared from the ship were to be allowed shore liberty, and they were to wear civilian's dress, each one being armed with a revolver. Once on shore they were to meet with the royalists and render all the assistance in their power and act as leaders in a revolt against the Government.

When the detective learned of this plan a report in accordance was sent to Admiral Walker, who took due cognizance of the matter and informed Captain Rooke that circumstances made it necessary to change his plans, and the *Philadelphia* would only leave Honolulu when the *Champion* had taken her departure. Shortly after the *Champion* did leave, and was succeeded by the *Hyacinth*, which vessel remained in the harbor for some time.

The story as told by the detective is borne out by many additional facts, and is said to be minute in its details and vouched for under oath.

Such a plot seems wholly incredible, and I could not believe that any official of Great Britain could be so zealous in his theories of monarchy as even to contemplate so despicable a plan for overthrowing a weak, struggling republic. I had not been long in the islands before I met gentlemen who gave credence to the story.

"Why do you believe it?" I asked of one, who seemed candid, honest, and intelligent.

"There are many things that give color to the story," said the gentleman. "There is no question

but that there was an agreement between the *Philadelphia* and the *Champion* to leave port, and that Walker after gaining this information refused to sail."

I found several Hawaiian officials who gave credence to the story. One who at the time commanded the Hawaiian army said:

"I know that Admiral Walker, acting on the report of the detective, refused to leave port. Thus the plans of Wodehouse, Captain Rooke, and the royalists fell through."

I asked one of the gentlemen who believed the story if he could procure me an affidavit of one of the detectives who was on board the *Champion*, and knew the circumstances.

"I can," he answered.

"I would like to have it."

"You shall."

The following affidavit was brought to me within three or four days:

HONOLULU, HAWAII, January 2, 1896.

Alexander D. McEvoy, of lawful age, being sworn, upon his oath deposes and says as follows, to wit:

That in the month of October, 1893, he was deputy sheriff of Fresno county, Cal., U. S. A. That learning from rumors that efforts were about to be made to overthrow the Provisional Government of Hawaii and restore the queen, I resigned my position in Fresno county and came to Honolulu, arriving here December 15, 1893. I

applied to W. O. Smith, attorney-general of Hawaii, for a position in the secret service of the Provisional Government, and obtained the position, entering on my duties January 18. In order to effect my purposes I professed to be a royalist, and having been born in a British province I was supposed by them to be a British subject. I stopped with a royalist named Archie Sinclair, a Scotchman by birth, who had previously been arrested, tried, and imprisoned for conspiracy against the Provisional Government. Through conversation with royalists I learned that the officers on board the British man-of-war *Champion*, then lying in Honolulu harbor, were going to aid in the restoration of the queen.

The *Champion* sent their chief gunner, Marchant, ashore to act as a spy. I met him at the house of Archie Sinclair, and became acquainted with him. By means of a letter having the seal of Scotland Yard on it, I made him believe I was a Scotland Yard detective. Then he told me the plans of the *Champion*, which in brief were:

Captain Rooke of the *Champion* had arranged a conference between the representatives of the American and British governments, for the purpose of having both the American and British war-vessels leave Honolulu at once. The plan was, when the *Champion* and American vessel left the harbor, parted company and were out of sight of each other, the *Champion* was to return. Captain Rooke was to make some excuse for returning. In a few days he was to give general shore liberty to his men, who were to go ashore in uniform of the British navy, then to go to different places agreed upon, and change to civilian's dress. Go out to another place agreed upon, near Sherwoods at Long Branch, to receive the arms which were to be landed there by the boats of the British man-of-war, through a narrow passage which runs into the above-named place. Then they were to take those arms and

lead the natives and other royalists, make an assault on the government building. When the trouble began, Captain Rooke, by order of the British minister, Wodehouse, was to land heavy guns and all the men available, for the pretended purpose of protecting British subjects. An excuse was to be made that the British subjects were being shot down by the Hawaiian Government, and take the place by conquest. But if the Royalists got the best of it without his aid, he was to do nothing. The queen was to be restored, and it was agreed that when she was restored, according to Hawaiian laws, she was to execute the officers of the Provisional Government, then abdicate in favor of Great Britain, and the British flag to be raised over the government building.

I went on board the British man-of-war *Champion* and met the two lieutenants of the vessel, who, believing me to be a Scotland Yard detective, entered fully into the scheme and confirmed all that Marchant had told me. Captain Rooke of the *Champion* told me he was doing all in his power to restore the queen, and so was Minister Wodehouse, the British minister, and he thought they would succeed.

Upon receiving this information I caused it to be transmitted to Admiral Walker, flagship *Philadelphia*, then lying in the harbor of Honolulu. That was all that I did in the matter above referred to. And I do hereby solemnly swear that the above and foregoing statement is true and correct, as stated above, so help me God!

A. D. McEvoy.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 4th day of January, 1896.

William J. Forbes,

[Seal.] *Notary Public.*

Unless there have been many false statements,

England wants the Sandwich Islands, and her officials have been interfering with the affairs of the local Government far more than Americans have been accused of doing.

Does the United States want the islands? is the question to be determined. No man can doubt that if President Harrison's term of office had lasted thirty days longer, the Hawaiian Islands would have been annexed; and there can be no doubt that Mr. Cleveland, his successor, was averse to annexation. In this great country of ours every man is permitted to have his own opinion as to the advisability of any public measure, tho as a rule his opinion is about all he does have. The evidence in these pages is spread before the people, and they are as capable of judging as any public official.

The annexation feeling is growing every day in the Hawaiian Islands. The people realize that they must inevitably belong either to America or to Great Britain, and the near proximity of the islands to the United States naturally makes union with that country preferable, especially as it constitutes their chief market.

The more intelligent natives are catching the annexation fever, for they feel that, as wards of so powerful a nation as the United States, they would be protected from foes without and within their own country. The royalists are losing all hope of the res-

toration of the queen, and since the emphatic assertion of the Scotchman, Mr. Morrison, that there would be no monarchy, they have also lost all hope that the Princess Kaiulani will ever be crowned; consequently they are coming to favor annexation. They reason that it would give them a stronger government than they can ever hope to have if they remain a separate country.

Japan is ready to seize the islands on the slightest provocation, and the chief, in fact the only ultimate hope of the people is either Great Britain or America.

CHAPTER XXXVII

The Policy of Annexation

Taking San Francisco as a center, let a thread representing twenty-one hundred miles be swung on the map as in drawing a circle, and the line of circumference will touch Honolulu, the capital of the Hawaiian Islands on the southwest, the Alaska peninsula on the northwest, the Mississippi River on the east, the city of Houston, Texas, on the southwest, and the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico, on the south. These facts illustrate the proximity of the Hawaiian Islands, and prove that Chicago and the original thirteen States of the Union are farther from San Francisco than Honolulu. "One can sail fifteen hundred miles due west from Honolulu, three times the distance between Buffalo and Chicago, and by thence following a great circle sail due north and arrive at United States territory in Alaska." In all that distance there is no land, only a vast ocean teeming with commerce.

The Hawaiian Islands can no longer be called insignificant. The Pacific Ocean is destined some day in the near future to float the commerce of the world.

In 1852 William H. Seward, in the United States Senate, said:

"The Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and its vast region beyond will become the chief theater in the world's great hereafter."

"In the furtherance and protection of commerce, contiguous territory is less advantageous than land that is reasonably proximate while yet out on the ocean's highways. That Hawaii would constitute a most important American outpost in the growing commerce of the Pacific can not be doubted on geographical considerations alone."

The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands is no new theory. It is a subject that has been under consideration by our best statesmen for nearly, if not quite, fifty years. The action of Kamehameha III., in taking steps at the close of his reign for annexation of the islands to the United States, was the initial point in a discussion of the question throughout the reign of Kamehameha V. There were advocates of a reciprocity treaty between the two countries, but there was a strong sentiment favorable to annexation. There was a marked opposition, both in Hawaii and in the United States Senate, to a reciprocity treaty on the score that it would operate against annexation of the islands, which was deemed more desirable. On September 12, 1867, Secretary Seward wrote to the American Minister at Honolulu:

"Circumstances have transpired here which induce the belief that a strong interest, based on a desire for annexation of the Sandwich Islands, will be active in opposing a ratification of the reciprocity treaty. It will be argued that reciprocity will tend to hinder and defeat an early annexation, to which the people of the Sandwich Islands are supposed to be now strongly inclined. It is proper that you should know that a lawful and peaceful annexation of the islands to the United States, with the consent of the people of the Sandwich Islands, is deemed desirable by this Government; and that if the policy of annexation should really conflict with the policy of reciprocity, annexation in every case is to be preferred."

In 1873 the subject had not lost interest; for the American Minister, Mr. Pierce, on February 17, two months after the death of Kamehameha V., wrote to the American Secretary of State as follows:

"Annexation of these islands to the United States, and a reciprocity treaty between the two countries, are two important topics of conversation and warm discussion among government officials and foreign residents."

The cause of this agitation was the growing feeling that Hawaii must sooner or later abandon all thought of an independent government. The line of nobles and chiefs was almost extinct, and with Kamehameha V. departed the last of the truly royal kings. Even

Hawaiian officials who had the good of the islands at heart were looking toward annexation as their only hope.

On his death-bed, Kamehameha V., realizing the dangers that menaced his country from the weak and vascillating heirs to the throne, said:

"What is to become of my poor country? Queen Emma I do not trust; Lunalilo is a drunkard; and Kalakaua is a fool." His predecessor, Kamehameha III., known as Kamehameha the Just, perhaps the most patriotic Hawaiian of the line of kings, is said to have favored annexation as the only means whereby a stable government could be obtained.

In the United States arguments are brought to bear against the annexation of the islands similar to those which were used against the Louisiana purchase. The country east of the Mississippi was then thought quite large enough. Not only did they declare that there was no need for any more territory in the United States, but they declared the act unconstitutional. President Jefferson admitted that he stretched his authority in making the purchase, yet he never doubted the wisdom of the act. To-day we owe Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, and all the territory west of the Mississippi, save later purchases and conquests from Mexico, to the wisdom and sagacity of the patriots of the first days of the century. President Grant and the American Congress saw fit to pur-

MANGOES.

YUCCA BLOSSOMS.

MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS

PAPAYA TREE FRUIT.

chase the Territory of Alaska for the sum of $7,200,000 in gold. The Hawaiian Islands are offered to the United States as a free gift, and no one can doubt but that they are worth ten times the price paid for Alaska.

It is estimated that not more than twenty-five per cent. of the cultivable lands of Hawaii are under cultivation, and that not one tenth of the grazing land is used. Hawaii can produce as fine wool as Australia, and the smaller islands could be made homes for shepherds. According to the most careful estimate, the islands can furnish homes for four or five hundred thousand Americans wholly engaged in agricultural pursuits. If they should develop manufactures, or become a pleasure resort, they could, of course, support an untold number. The exports of Hawaii, in round numbers $10,000,000, can be increased to $100,000,000, for some of the most valuable products of the islands are still in their infancy. According to the custom-house reports and the minister of finance, the income of the last year was $1,700,000. A present of $1,700,000 per annum is one not to be slighted even by our great country. We must also keep in view the fact that this income of $1,700,000 per annum is capable of being increased to four or even to ten times that amount.

Our exports to the island are now 76.23 per cent., against 8.16 per cent. of Great Britain. But if Great

Britain should get possession of the islands, who knows what legislation and inducements would be brought to bear to reverse matters? The chief exports to the islands are iron, machinery, corn, wheat, oats and hay, all sorts of cotton and woolen fabrics, lumber, and woodwork. Hence every farmer, mechanic, and manufacturer, as well as every merchant in the land is interested in the question of annexation. If a political union with the islands will increase their inhabitants from one hundred thousand to half a million, or perhaps a million non-competitive consumers of American products, then it is to the interest of America to bring about this union; while, on the other hand, if a political union with some other country would rob us of the business we already have with the islands, such a union should be thwarted, if possible.

The language of the islands is English, and as a natural sequence the islands should either be English or American. Oriental supremacy is repugnant to the refined people of the country, and could only be brought about by violence.

Tho at present only a little over seventy per cent. of their imports are from this country, yet a political union, with careful legislation and courting the trade of the islands, would increase the American trade to ninety per cent.; and with an increase of population to at least five times what it is at present, those imports would become considerable.

Sugar, the greatest industry of the islands, may be increased to three or four times its present yield. Coffee being an infant industry, it is impossible to estimate to what it may be extended. It can, no doubt, be increased a hundredfold—perhaps more.

If Hawaii by annexation can fulfil half the promises made by her friends, she would not only furnish homes for half a million of our people, but would consume from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000 worth of our products annually; would furnish us with hundreds of thousands of tons of sugar, rice, and coffee, in addition to tropical fruits, and would yield a revenue to the Government of from $6,000,000 to $10,000,000 per annum.

The Postmaster-General's report for the biennial period ending March 31, 1894, gives the following as the amount of money-order transactions with the United States and Great Britain: During that term there were issued 6,054 foreign money-orders to the United States, amounting to $70,197.07. To the Kingdom of Great Britain 670, amounting to $9,273.08. The business of the banks shows about the same ratio as between the two countries, and the friends of annexation claim that, having a fast hold upon a trade susceptible of being increased almost indefinitely, the opportunity should by no means be neglected.

But there are those on the islands and in the United

States who oppose annexation, and they should be heard before making up the final verdict.

One of their objections is that Hawaii has a national debt of $3,000,000, which the United States, in accepting the present, would have to assume. As an answer to this the friends of annexation state that the income of $1,700,000 per annum would soon liquidate the debt, and leave a constantly increasing surplus in the treasury.

Another objection is that the Hawaiian people are like the Indians or the people of the South American States, and would be constantly engaged in revolt. This, however, is not the case. The Hawaiians, tho courageous, are not at all warlike. They are friendly, harmless, and child-like. From the time of Kamehameha I. down to 1895, aside from one or two riots, there was nothing like an insurrection, and that of 1895 was brought about by the instigation of the whites. The Hawaiians may be stirred up to mob violence occasionally, but a general uprising is very rare.

The most serious objections of all are the Orientals and the contract-labor system. This system, inaugurated under some of the monarchs, has brought in a class of Orientals who are somewhat worse off than the negroes in the days of slavery. The contract laborer has no more privileges than the negro slave had. His government, for a certain stipulated sum, by some sort of contract, hires him to the Ha-

waiian Government, and that government for a given period and a given sum hires him to the planters and business men of the country. It is the most wretched of all slavery.

The most miserable being in existence is the contract laborer. A Japanese receives as an average, I am told, $12 per month, out of which he boards and clothes himself. Some receive much less, and I have heard it said that some of the lower classes live on $1 per month. They are usually attired in cast-off clothing, and their diet is rice and water. The plantation employers of the Japanese and Chinese usually furnish huts for the employees to live in, and medical attendance for them when sick; but that is all.

The Oriental question is the only serious objection to annexation. The people of the United States are hostile to Asiatic immigration, and it is doubtful if they would want to take in a country that already had between twenty-five and forty thousand of these objectionable people. Yet we must admit that as they are not citizens of Hawaii they would in no sense be citizens of the United States if annexed. The Hawaiian people claim they are dispensing with contract labor as speedily as possible. Mr. W. J. Lowrie, manager of the Ewa plantation, opposes the system and emphatically says:

"We can well afford to give it up, and even transport the Japanese and Chinamen back to their own

countries, for the benefits that would accrue from annexation."

If the Japanese and Chinese were sent from the islands, it is claimed that negroes could advantageously be procured from the Southern States to supply their places.

"The negro might cost a little more," said one of the planters, "but he is capable of doing more work, and the change would, in the long run, be profitable I am sure."

Dr. C. T. Rodgers, the secretary of the labor bureau, in referring to the contract-labor system, says:

"As a great deal has been sought to be made out of our contract-labor system in the United States, it should be understood that even on sugar-plantations, for which the system was originally devised, and to which it is perhaps better adapted than to any other of our industries, less than one half of all the laborers are under contract, and the number and proportion of those not under contract are on the increase. The natural tendency of things is away from the contract system. The labor statistics presented at the meeting of the Planters' Labor and Supply Company last month showed that the Japanese were the only class of plantation laborers among whom the contract hands were in a majority. In every other class and nationality of plantation laborers the free preponderated over the contract laborers—in some cases largely."

As in all questions there are two sides, and as in all cases persons are partial to their own peculiar views, it becomes the duty of the American people and the

American Congress to examine both sides of the Hawaiian question carefully, impartially, and dispassionately; and if a closer political and commercial union will be profitable to both nations, and can be brought about peacefully, then there should be annexation. If, on the other hand, such a union should be productive of more evil than good to either country, then there should be no such union.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Aloha

February 1, 1896, the day of my departure from this delightful country, dawned bright and clear. Never did the Southern sky seem more blue, nor were the distant mountain peaks more clearly defined. It was a day of joy and sadness. Joy that I was returning to loved ones far away, and sadness that I was separating from new friends, who, tho I had known them but a few months, had endeared themselves to me, and will always have a warm place in my heart.

Busy, bustling, yet lovely in her summer garb, Honolulu is a place one regrets to leave. The umbrageous shades of the palms, algarobas, and bananas invite the tourist to linger longer. The soft music of the ringdove above the subdued hum of the city was more plaintive and melancholy on this morning than it had ever been before. It was like the mournful sobbing of a well-beloved friend.

Again and again I had to unpack and change this and that, to make room for something that had been forgotten. It was high noon before I finally closed

COCOANUT GROVE

OLD PLANTATION.

PEARL HARBOR.

the lid of my trunk, locked and buckled my baggage for the last time, and felt a degree of relief, when the expressman came to take it to the steamer.

The hour for sailing drew near, and I went down Fort Street toward the bay, meeting acquaintances and friends everywhere, and pausing at every few paces to bid some one adieu.

"Come again; don't let this be your last visit!" This is the parting invitation every tourist receives from the land of sunshine, rainbows, and flowers. Friendship in the South is a plant of rapid growth, and Hawaii is no exception to the rule.

Along the foot of Fort Street we found the Hawaiian flower-women with wreaths and leis, which they sell people to decorate departing friends. The departure of the *Australia* is a profitable day for them, for the native custom of decorating a departing friend has been adopted by the whites of Honolulu. The nearer we approached the dock, the more dense became the crowd, and the greater the confusion.

The dock was crowded. Dark-skinned longshoremen were busy placing bags of sugar and rice in the hold of the *Australia*, which lay at her pier, the smoke rolling in a cloud from her chimney to mingle with the ethereal blue of the bay.

The Hawaiian band was on the dock discoursing the sweetest airs. The *Australia* seldom leaves port without a serenade from the band. The soul-stirring

airs cheer the voyager, and leave a tender memory of the land of beauty on his mind.

After seeing my luggage safely in the stateroom, I went on deck to take a farewell look at the city and bay. Never did the harbor seem more attractive than on this beautiful afternoon, when I took my farewell view of it. Only a few rods away lay the *Bennington* of the White Squadron, and near her the still more majestic *Boston*, an old friend in Honolulu, about which some tender memories linger. A large British merchantman was not ten cables' length away, and beyond on every side a little forest of masts and smoke-stacks met our view. The water about the *Australia* was alive with boys swimming like fish, or sitting upright, calling to the passengers to toss their nickels in the water and see them dive for the coin.

When a gentleman made a motion to throw a small coin this way and that, the water was all commotion. The heads glided here and there, the flying hands and feet beat the sea to a foam. The gentleman at last tossed the coin far away from any of them. There was a loud splashing and naked legs and feet disappeared under the water. There was a great swirling and commotion as if submarine monsters were battling, then the waters grew more calm, and only a ripple here and there told where the divers had disappeared. A few moments elapsed, and then a head appeared, and then another and another, until

all were once more above the surface. One boy bobbed up half-way out of the water, and holding the coin aloft in his hand cried: "Here's yer neekel!"

A cheer for the successful diver went up from the deck, and other nickels were tossed into the water for the divers to catch, and not one was lost.

Several members of the Honolulu press came on board to gather the latest news of the ship. Passengers were easily distinguished by the leis and wreaths with which their friends had decorated them.

Among the many visitors who came to bid adieu to friends was Kate Field, who was "in a flutter." Poor Kate! she was usually in a flutter, for she was a bundle of nerves, with energy and brain far superior to her physical strength. Some one had started the report that she was the thirteenth wife of Brigham Young; and while she thought it was bad enough to be a spouse of the Mormon chief at all, to be an unlucky number was utterly unbearable. She had another cause for flutter this afternoon. Kate Field had ever been a warm friend of the Hawaiian republic, and Minister Willis and Consul-General Mills had insulted her friend. On the January 17, when the Government celebrated the overthrow of monarchy, Minister Willis had failed to fly the American flag, or to attend a reception given by President Dole, as his Government, he claimed, had not recognized the "Provisional Government."

While discussing the enormity of this crime, she suddenly discovered Mr. Towse of *The Star*, who had given circulation through his paper to the "thirteenth-wife story," and broke off in her discourse to lay the editor out in fine style. Towse, who had treated the whole matter as a joke, assured her that everybody would take it as one. In order to divert her attention to more agreeable subjects I asked if she had been to the volcano.

"No; I was to have gone on the last *Kinau*, but I suppose I swallowed a microbe, and had an attack of cholera morbus. It was providential, I suppose, that I was left, tho I don't believe much in such things. Had I gone I would not have been here to have reported this trouble."

"You refer to the trouble between Minister Willis and the Government."

"Yes, that is why I am down at the ship now, instead of lying in bed. I came to send my despatches."

"What do you think of the affair, Miss Field?"

"Well, I just say, if this was a strong Government, it would demand the recall of every one of those fellows," she declared, her eyes once more flashing with fire. Glancing toward the war-vessels in the harbor, she added. "I don't blame those fellows one bit. They, of course, have to obey their masters, but Mr. Willis is too much of a gentleman to insult the Government whose hospitality he enjoys."

"Why did he do it?"

"Oh, I suppose he thinks it was born in iniquity and sin, and that it would be contrary to his conscience to recognize its birth."

Miss Field was then in poor health, but her mind, bright to the very last, was grasping subjects that would have taxed the brain of a skilled statesman and diplomat, and her sharp, caustic pen was ever active in the cause of the oppressed. Learning that she was going to Hawaii, and from Hilo to Kailua, and from personal experience realizing what a journey through South Kona was, I began to dissuade her from undertaking it in her feeble health. Her faded azure eyes once more flashed with ambition, as she answered: "I can try. I expect to die in the harness."

As I held her small, thin hand in my own, and gazed into that noble face which had aged so in the last few weeks, I little dreamed that this was the last time I should ever see my traveling companion of so many trying journeys.

"Miss Field, if you go it will kill you," I declared. "You are not as strong as you once were."

"I shall go," was her firm answer. Knowing how useless it was to persuade her, when once her mind was set, I changed the subject, and we talked of the late Eugene Field, and other literary people whom we had known, and she bade me farewell, and left the ship's side with the great mass of visitors who had

come to see us off. This was the last time I ever saw her. In May following she went to Hawaii, and at Kailua, North Kona, had an attack of pneumonia. The rough journey was too much for her in her feeble state of health. She was taken in the *W. G. Hall* to Honolulu, and died within an hour after reaching that city, May 19, 1896. In her death, society, literature, and the political world lost one of their brightest gems.

The last moment had arrived, the great whistle of the steamer sent forth its ear-splitting shriek, a steward struck the gong, and all visitors hurried ashore.

Captain Houdlette was on the bridge, the pilot at his post, and they only waited for the last visitor to get ashore before shoving off. "Alohas!" loud and profound, were exchanged. The captain gave the signal, the gang-plank fell, the moorings were cast off, and we drifted out into the bay. Handkerchiefs waved, tears fell, and sobs broke from those who had been silent, as the band struck up the sweet plaintive air, so old and yet so new, "Auld Lang Syne." The dock was a sea of faces and a cloud of fluttering handkerchiefs. The flags on the American men-of-war were dipped as we glided farther and farther toward Diamond Head.

I still remained on the deck gazing back toward the fairy city long after it was hidden from view; stood

gazing at the fast-receding mountains and valleys until they melted into the mists and shadows of night, then with a sigh exclaimed:

"Farewell Hawaii, thou fairy world! Land of endless summer, flowers, beauty, and love,—farewell!"

PAU LOA.

APPENDIXES

APPENDIX A

MESSAGE

FROM THE

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

TRANSMITTING

A Treaty for the Annexation of the Republic of Hawaii to the United States, Signed at Washington by the Plenipotentiaries of the Parties, June 16, 1897.

To the Senate of the United States:

I transmit herewith to the Senate, in order that, after due consideration, the constitutional function of advice and consent may be exercised by that body, a treaty for the annexation of the republic of Hawaii to the United States, signed in this capital by the plenipotentiaries of the parties on the 16th of June instant.

For the better understanding of the subject, I transmit, in addition, a report of the Secretary of State, briefly reviewing the negotiation which has led to this important result.

The incorporation of the Hawaiian Islands into the body politic of the United States is the necessary and fitting sequel to the chain of events which from a very early period of our history has controlled the intercourse and prescribed the association of the United States and the Hawaiian Islands. The predominance of American interests in that neighboring territory was first asserted in 1820 by sending to the islands a representative agent of the United States. It found further expression by the signature of a treaty of friendship, com-

merce, and navigation with the king in 1826—the first international compact negotiated by Hawaii. It was signally announced in 1843, when the intervention of the United States caused the British Government to disavow the seizure of the Sandwich Islands by a British naval commander, and to recognize them by treaty, as an independent State, renouncing forever any purpose of annexing the islands or exerting a protectorate over them. In 1851 the cession of the Hawaiian kingdom to the United States was formally offered, and altho not then accepted, this Government proclaimed its duty to preserve alike the honor and dignity of the United States and the safety of the Government of the Hawaiian Islands. From this time until the outbreak of the war in 1861 the policy of the United States toward Hawaii and of the Hawaiian sovereign toward the United States was exemplified by continued negotiations for annexation or for a reserved commercial union. The latter alternative was at length accomplished by the reciprocity treaty of 1875, the provisions of which were renewed and expanded by the convention of 1884, embracing the perpetual cession to the United States of the harbor of Pearl River in the Island of Oahu. In 1888 a proposal for the joint guaranty of the neutrality of the Hawaiian Islands by the United States, Germany, and Great Britain was declined on the announced ground that the relation of the United States to the islands was sufficient for the end in view. In brief, from 1820 to 1893 the course of the United States toward the Hawaiian Islands has consistently favored their autonomous welfare with the exclusion of all foreign influence save our own, to the extent of upholding eventual annexation as the necessary outcome of that policy.

Not only is the union of the Hawaiian territory to the United States no new scheme, but it is the inevitable consequence of the relation stedfastly maintained with that mid-Pacific domain for three quarters of a century. Its accomplishment, despite successive denials and postponements, has been merely a question of time. While its failure in 1893 may not be a cause of congratulation, it is certainly a proof of the disinterestedness of the United States, the delay of four

years having abundantly sufficed to establish the right and the ability of the republic of Hawaii to enter, as a sovereign contractant, upon a conventional union with the United States, thus realizing a purpose held by the Hawaiian people and proclaimed by successive Hawaiian governments through some seventy years of their virtual dependence upon the benevolent protection of the United States. Under such circumstances, annexation is not a change; it is a consummation.

The report for the Secretary of State exhibits the character and course of the recent negotiation and the features of the treaty itself. The organic and administrative details of incorporation are necessarily left to the wisdom of the Congress, and I can not doubt, when the function of the constitutional treaty-making power shall have been accomplished, the duty of the national legislature in the case will be performed with the largest regard for the interests of this rich insular domain and for the welfare of the inhabitants thereof.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
Washington, June 16, 1897.

THE PRESIDENT:

The undersigned, Secretary of State, has the honor to lay before the President, for submission to the Senate, should it be deemed for the public interest so to do, a treaty signed in the city of Washington on the 16th instant by the undersigned and by the fully empowered representative of the republic of Hawaii, whereby the islands constituting the said republic and all their dependencies are fully and absolutely ceded to the United States of America forever.

It does not seem necessary to the present purpose of the undersigned to review the incident of 1893, when a similar treaty of cession was signed on February 14 and submitted to the Senate, being subsequently withdrawn by the President on the 9th of March following. The negotiation which has culminated in the treaty now submitted has not been a mere resumption of the negotiation of 1893, but was initiated and

has been conducted upon independent lines. Then an abrupt revolutionary movement had brought about the dethronement of the late queen and set up instead of the theretofore titular monarchy a provisional government for the control and management of public affairs and the protection of the public peace, such government to exist only until terms of union with the United States should have been negotiated and agreed upon. Thus self-constituted, its promoters claimed for it only a *de-facto* existence until the purpose of annexation in which it took rise should be accomplished. As time passed and the plan of union with the United States became an uncertain contingency, the organization of the Hawaiian commonwealth underwent necessary changes, the temporary character of its first Government gave place to a permanent scheme under a constitution framed by the representatives of the electors of the islands, administration by an executive council not chosen by suffrage, but self-appointed, was succeeded by an elective and parliamentary *régime*, and the ability of the new Government to hold — as the republic of Hawaii—an independent place in the family of sovereign states, preserving order at home and fulfilling international obligations abroad, has been put to the proof. Recognized by the powers of the earth, sending and receiving envoys, enforcing respect for the law, and maintaining peace within its island borders, Hawaii sends to the United States, not a commission representing a successful revolution, but the accredited plenipotentiary of a constituted and firmly established sovereign state. However sufficient may have been the authority of the commissioners with whom the United States Government treated in 1893, and however satisfied the President may then have been of their power to offer the domain of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States, the fact remains that what they then tendered was a territory rather than an established Government, a country whose administration had been cast down by a bloodless but complete revolution and a community in a state of political transition.

Now, however, the republic of Hawaii approaches the United States as an equal, and points for its authority to that

provision of Article 32 of the constitution, promulgated July 24, 1894, whereby—

> The President, with the approval of the cabinet, is hereby expressly authorized and empowered to make a treaty of political or commercial union between the republic of Hawaii and the United States of America, subject to the ratification of the Senate.

The present negotiation is, therefore, as has been said, not a mere renewal of the tender of Hawaiian territory made in 1893, but has responded to the purpose declared in the Hawaiian constitution, and the conferences of the plenipotentiaries have been directed to weighing the advantages of the political and the commercial union alternatively proposed, and relatively considering the scope and extent thereof. It soon appeared to the negotiators that a purely commercial union on the lines of the German Zollverein could not satisfy the problems of administration in Hawaii and of the political association between the islands and the United States. Such a commercial union would on the one hand deprive the Hawaiian Government of its chief source of revenue from customs duties by placing its territory in a relation of free exchange with the territory of the United States, its main market of purchase and supply; while on the other hand it would entail upon Hawaii the maintenance of an internal-revenue system on a par with that of the United States, or else involve the organization of a corresponding branch of our revenue service within a foreign jurisdiction. We have had with Hawaii since 1875 a treaty of commercial union, which practically assimilates the two territories with regard to many of their most important productions, and excludes other nations from enjoyment of its privileges, yet, altho that treaty has outlived other less favored reciprocity schemes, its permanency has at times been gravely imperiled. Under such circumstances, to enter upon the radical experiment of a complete commercial union between Hawaii and the United States as independently sovereign, without assurance of permanency and with perpetual subjection to the vicissitudes of public sentiment in the two countries, was not to be thought of.

Turning, then, to the various practical forms of political union, the several phases of a protectorate, an offensive and defensive alliance, and a national guaranty, were passed in review. In all of these the independence of the subordinated state is the distinguishing feature, and with it the assumption by the paramount state of responsibility without domain. The disparity of the relative interests and the distance separating the two countries could not fail to render any form of protective association either unduly burdensome or illusory in its benefits, so far as the protecting state is concerned; while any attempt to counteract this by tributary dependence or a measure of suzerain control would be a retrograde movement toward a feudal or colonial establishment alike inexpedient and incompatible with our national policy.

There remained, therefore, the annexation of the islands and their complete absorption into the political system of the United States as the only solution satisfying all the given conditions and promising permanency and mutual benefit. The present treaty has been framed on that basis, thus substantially reverting to the original proposal of 1893, and necessarily adopting many of the features of that arrangement. As to most of these, the negotiators have been constrained and limited by the constitutional powers of the Government of the United States. As in previous instances when the United States has acquired territory by treaty, it has been necessary to reserve all the organic provisions for the action of Congress. If this was requisite in the case of the transfer to the United States of a part of the domain of a titular sovereign, as in the cession of Louisiana by France, of Florida by Spain, or of Alaska by Russia, it is the more requisite when the act is not cession, but union, involving the complete incorporation of an alien sovereignty into the body politic of the United States. For this the only precedent of our political history is found in the uncompleted treaty concluded during President Grant's Administration, November 29, 1869, for the annexation of the Dominican Republic to the United States. Following that example, the treaty now signed by the plenipotentiaries of the United States and the republic of Hawaii

reserves to the Congress of the United States the determination of all questions affecting the form of government of the annexed territory, the citizenship and elective franchise of its inhabitants, and the manner in which the laws of the United States are to be extended to the islands.

In order that this independence of the Congress shall be complete and unquestionable, and pursuant to the recognized doctrine of public law that treaties expire with the independent life of the contracting state, there has been introduced, out of abundant caution, an express proviso for the determination of all treaties heretofore concluded by Hawaii with foreign nations and the extension to the islands of the treaties of the United States. This leaves Congress free to deal with such especial regulation of the contract-labor system of the islands as circumstances may require. There being no general provision of existing statutes to prescribe the form of government for newly incorporated territory, it was necessary to stipulate, as in the Dominican precedent, for continuing the existing machinery of government and laws in the Hawaiian Islands until provision shall be made by law for the government, as a Territory of the United States, of the domain thus incorporated into the Union; but, having in view the peculiar status created in Hawaii by laws enacted in execution of treaties heretofore concluded between Hawaii and other countries, only such Hawaiian laws are thus provisionally continued as shall not be incompatible with the Constitution or the laws of the United States or with the provisions of this treaty. It will be noticed that express stipulation is made prohibiting the coming of Chinese laborers from the Hawaiian Islands to any other part of our national territory. This provision was proper and necessary, in view of the Chinese exclusion acts, and it behooved the negotiators to see to it that this treaty, which in turn is to become, in due constitutional course, a supreme law of the land, shall not alter or amend existing law in this most important regard.

Respectfully submitted.

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, JOHN SHERMAN.
Washington, June 15, 1896.

TEXT OF THE TREATY.

The United States of America and the republic of Hawaii, in view of the natural dependence of the Hawaiian Islands upon the United States, of their geographical proximity thereto, of the preponderant share acquired by the United States and its citizens in the industries and trade of said islands, and of the expressed desire of the Government of the republic of Hawaii that those islands should be incorporated into the United States as an integral part thereof and under its sovereignty, have determined to accomplish by treaty an object so important to their mutual and permanent welfare.

To this end, the high contracting parties have conferred full powers and authority upon their respectively appointed plenipotentiaries, to wit:

The President of the United States: John Sherman, Secretary of State of the United States.

The President of the republic of Hawaii: Francis March Hatch, Lorrin A. Thurston, and William A. Kinney.

ARTICLE I.

The republic of Hawaii hereby cedes absolutely and without reserve to the United States of America all rights of sovereignty of whatsoever kind in and over the Hawaiian Islands and their dependencies; and it is agreed that all the territory of and appertaining to the republic of Hawaii is hereby annexed to the United States of America under the name of the Territory of Hawaii.

ARTICLE II.

The republic of Hawaii also cedes and hereby transfers to the United States the absolute fee and ownership of all pub-

lic, government, or crown lands, public buildings or edifices, ports, harbors, military equipments, and all other public property of every kind and description belonging to the Government of the Hawaiian Islands, together with every right and appurtenance thereunto appertaining.

The existing laws of the United States relative to public lands shall not apply to such lands in the Hawaiian Islands; but the Congress of the United States shall enact special laws for their management and disposition. Provided: that all revenue from or proceeds of the same, except as regards such part thereof as may be used or occupied for the civil, military, or naval purposes of the United States, or may be assigned for the use of the local government, shall be used solely for the benefit of the inhabitants of the Hawaiian Islands for educational and other public purposes.

ARTICLE III.

Until Congress shall provide for the government of such islands all the civil, judicial, and military powers exercised by the officers of the existing government in said islands shall be vested in such person or persons and shall be exercised in such manner as the President of the United States shall direct; and the President shall have power to remove said officers and fill the vacancies so occasioned.

The existing treaties of the Hawaiian Islands with foreign nations shall forthwith cease and determine, being replaced by such treaties as may exist, or as may be hereafter concluded between the United States and such foreign nations. The municipal legislation of the Hawaiian Islands, not enacted for the fulfilment of the treaties so extinguished, and not inconsistent with this treaty nor contrary to the Constitution of the United States, nor to any existing treaty of the United

States, shall remain in force until the Congress of the United States shall otherwise determine.

Until legislation shall be enacted extending the United States customs laws and regulations to the Hawaiian Islands, the existing customs relations of the Hawaiian Islands with the United States and other countries shall remain unchanged.

ARTICLE IV.

The public debt of the republic of Hawaii, lawfully existing at the date of the exchange of the ratifications of this treaty, including the amounts due to depositors in the Hawaiian Postal Savings-Bank, is hereby assumed by the Government of the United States; but the liability of the United States in this regard shall in no case exceed $4,000,000. So long, however, as the existing Government and the present commercial relations of the Hawaiian Islands are continued, as herein before provided, said Government shall continue to pay the interest on said debt.

ARTICLE V.

There shall be no further immigration of Chinese into the Hawaiian Islands, except upon such conditions as are now or may hereafter be allowed by the laws of the United States, and no Chinese by reason of anything herein contained shall be allowed to enter the United States from the Hawaiian Islands.

ARTICLE VI.

The President shall appoint five commissioners, at least two of whom shall be residents of the Hawaiian Islands, who shall, as soon as reasonably practicable, recommend to Congress such legislation concerning the Territory of Hawaii as they shall deem necessary or proper.

ARTICLE VII.

This treaty shall be ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, on the one part; and by the President of the republic of Hawaii, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, in accordance with the constitution of the said republic, on the other; and the ratifications hereof shall be exchanged at Washington as scon as possible.

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed the above articles and have hereunto affixed their seals.

Done in duplicate at the city of Washington, this sixteenth day of June, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-seven.

JOHN SHERMAN. [SEAL.]
FRANCIS MARCH HATCH. [SEAL.]
LORRIN A. THURSTON. [SEAL.]
WILLIAM A. KINNEY. [SEAL.]

APPENDIX B

GLOSSARY OF HAWAIIAN WORDS

USED IN THIS VOLUME.

Pronunciation of Hawaiian Words.

The original Hawaiian alphabet, adopted by the first missionaries, contained but twelve letters, five of which were vowels and seven consonants, viz.: a, e, i, o, u, h, k, l, m, n, p, and w. The number of distinct sounds is about sixteen.

No distinction was formerly made between the sounds of *k* and *t*, or between those of *l* and *r*. In poetry, however, the sound of *t* was preferred to that of *k*. The letter *w* generally sounds like *v* between the penult and final syllable of a word.

A is sounded as in father, *e* as in they, *i* as in marine, *o* as in note, *u* as in rule, or as *oo* in moon.

Ai when sounded as a diphthong resembles the English *ay*, and *au* the English *ou* in loud.

Besides the sounds mentioned above, there is in many words a guttural break between two vowels, which is represented by an apostrophe in a few common words, to distinguish their meaning, as Kina'u.

Every word and every syllable must end in a vowel, and no two consonants occur without a vowel sound between them.

The accent of about five sixths of the words in the language is on the penult. A few of the proper names are accented on the final syllable, as Paki', Kiwalao', and Namakeha'.

Alexander.

a'a (ah-ah), a form of cooled lava stream, consisting of rough blocks piled to a height of twenty to forty feet, the material being brittle but not scoriaceous; contrasted with pahoehoe.—*Standard Dictionary.*

Aloha, love; also used for good-by, good-morning.

Aloha hookaawale, adieu.

Aloha nui (nū-ē), much or great love.

E moe, sleep.

Hale (haley), house.

He hoka, a failure.

He kane, male.

He makai, policeman.

Imu (ē'mū), a pit for roasting meat.

Kahuna (ka-hoo'na), a doctor who uses charms and conjuring.

Kaikamahine (kī-kă-mä-hee-nă), girl.

Kamaaina (ka'mī-nă), old resident.

Ka make, death.

Kanaka (kā-năk'-ă), man.

Kukae pele (kū-kō-pay-ley), a match, bad-smelling fire.

Lanai (law-nī), porch or piazza.

Lei (lay), wreath or garland.

Lois (lō-ē), taro patch or field.

Luau (lū-ŏw), native feast.

Mahope (mahoppy), by and by.

Mai (mī), sick.

Mai pake, leprosy.

Makai (mă-kī), toward the sea.

Malo (mā-lō), covering for the lower part of the body, a breech-cloth.

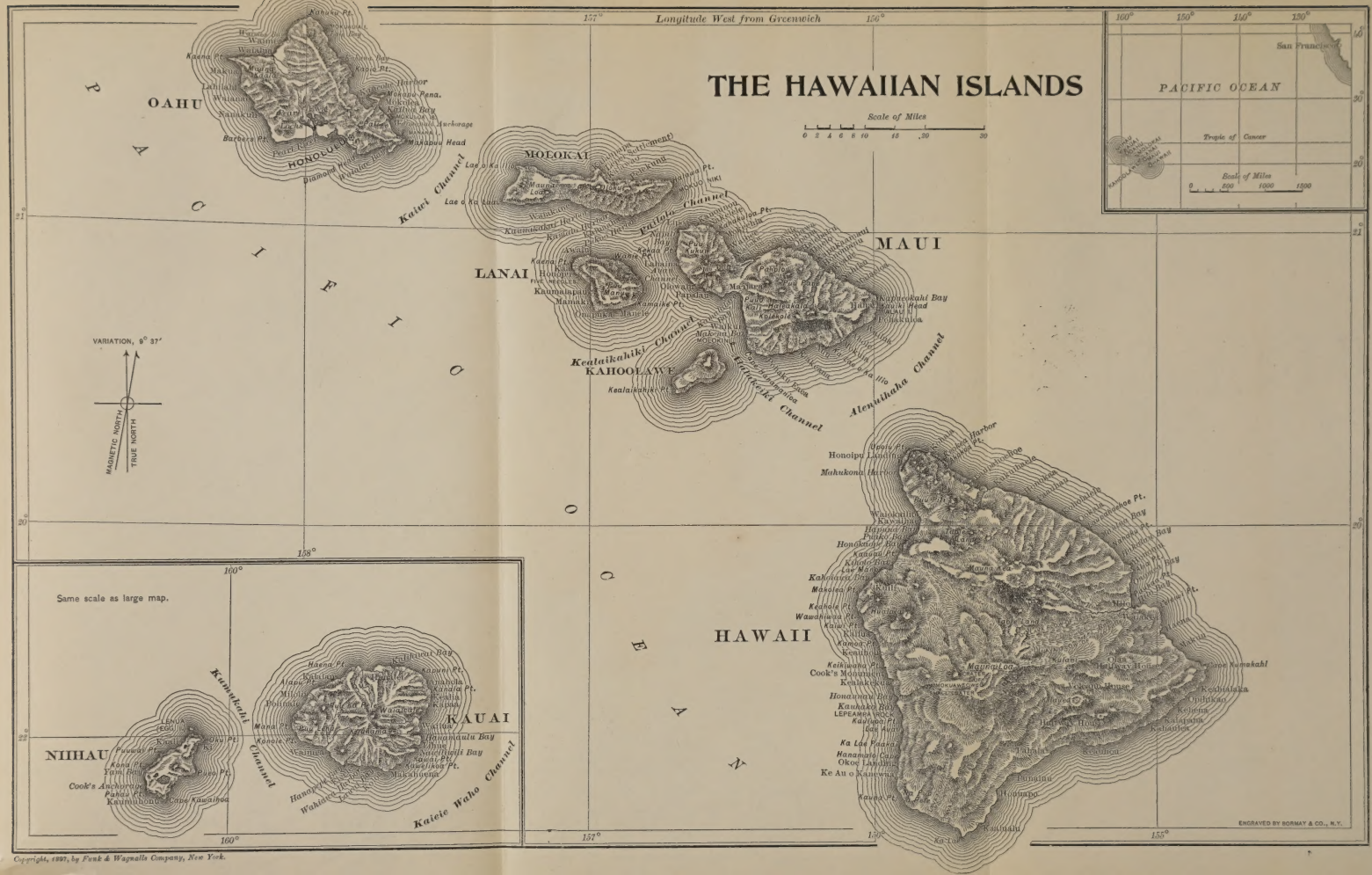
Mauka (mow-kee), toward the mountain.

Ohia (o-hēē-a), a species of tree or wood.

Opiopio, young.

Pahoehoe (pay-hoe-hoe), smooth lava flow as contrasted with aa.

Pali (pä-lē), cliff, precipice.
Pau (pow), done, finished.
Pau loa, all done, completed, the end.
Pele (pā-lē), fire goddess.
Pilikia (pĭlē-kēa), trouble.
Waa maoli, canoe.
Waapa, boat.
Wahahee paha, fishy.
Waihine (wi-hē-na), woman.
Waihine mare, wife.
Wiki wiki (wick-ēē wick-ēē), hurry up, make haste.


THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
Longitude West from Greenwich
157°
156°
155°
160°
158°
21°
20°
22°
OAHU
HONOLULU
Kahuku Pt.
Waialua
Waianae
Makua
Kaena Pt.
Lahaina
Waikiki
Honolulu Harbor
Monoapa Pena.
Mokolea Pt.
Kaihiki Bay
Kaihiki Pt.
Quarantine Anchorage
Barbers Pt.
Pearl Harbor
Diamond Head
Koko Head
Waimanalo
Kaiwi Channel
MOLOKAI
Mauna Loa
Kalaupapa
Lae o Ka Laau
Kaunakakai
Pukoo
Kamalo
Kaluaaha
Halawa
Pelekunu Bay
Waikolu Valley
Kalaupapa Settlement
Kalawao
Kalaeokahaia Pt.
Kaiwahine Pt.
Kaiwahine Bay
Kalaeokamoku Pt.
Kalaeokamoku Bay
Kalaeokaiwa Pt.
Kalaeokaiwa Bay
Kalaeohaehae Pt.
Kalaeohaehae Bay
Kalaeohaehae Valley
Kalaeohaehae Ridge
Kalaeohaehae Gulch
Kalaeohaehae Stream
Kalaeohaehae Falls
Kalaeohaehae Trail
Kalaeohaehae Road
Kalaeohaehae Bridge
Kalaeohaehae Cemetery
Kalaeohaehae Church
Kalaeohaehae School
Kalaeohaehae Store
Kalaeohaehae Post Office
Kalaeohaehae Telegraph Office
Kalaeohaehae Telephone Office
Kalaeohaehae Express Office
Kalaeohaehae Railroad Station
Kalaeohaehae Steamship Landing
Kalaeohaehae Wharf
Kalaeohaehae Pier
Kalaeohaehae Breakwater
Kalaeohaehae Lighthouse
Kalaeohaehae Fog Signal
Kalaeohaehae Buoy
Kalaeohaehae Beacon
Kalaeohaehae Range
Kalaeohaehae Channel
Kalaeohaehae Anchorage
Kalaeohaehae Harbor
Kalaeohaehae Bay
Kalaeohaehae Point
Kalaeohaehae Island
Kalaeohaehae Reef
Kalaeohaehae Shoal
Kalaeohaehae Rock
Kalaeohaehae Sand
Kalaeohaehae Mud
Kalaeohaehae Coral
Kalaeohaehae Kelp
Kalaeohaehae Seaweed
Kalaeohaehae Fish
Kalaeohaehae Whale
Kalaeohaehae Shark
Kalaeohaehae Turtle
Kalaeohaehae Seal
Kalaeohaehae Bird
Kalaeohaehae Albatross
Kalaeohaehae Gull
Kalaeohaehae Tern
Kalaeohaehae Pelican
Kalaeohaehae Frigate Bird
Kalaeohaehae Booby
Kalaeohaehae Petrel
Kalaeohaehae Shearwater
Kalaeohaehae Storm Petrel
Kalaeohaehae Fulmar
Kalaeohaehae Gannet
Kalaeohaehae Cormorant
Kalaeohaehae Anhinga
Kalaeohaehae Heron
Kalaeohaehae Egret
Kalaeohaehae Ibis
Kalaeohaehae Spoonbill
Kalaeohaehae Flamingo
Kalaeohaehae Crane
Kalaeohaehae Stork
Kalaeohaehae Duck
Kalaeohaehae Goose
Kalaeohaehae Swan
Kalaeohaehae Pelican
Kalaeohaehae Penguin
Kalaeohaehae Ostrich
Kalaeohaehae Emu
Kalaeohaehae Cassowary
Kalaeohaehae Kiwi
Kalaeohaehae Moa
Kalaeohaehae Dodo
Kalaeohaehae Great Auk
Kalaeohaehae Passenger Pigeon
Kalaeohaehae Carrier Pigeon
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